Esquire

JULY
1937

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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LOGAN CLENDENING
LOUIS ZARA
JOHN KOBLER
HARRY SALPETER
O. ARRINGTON
JOHN R. WATT
MILTON S. MAYER
JAMES SMITHSON
CHARLES J. DUTTON

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JESSE STUART
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
LYNN MONTROSS
MICHAEL FESSIER
WILL GIBSON
HARRY SYLVESTER
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A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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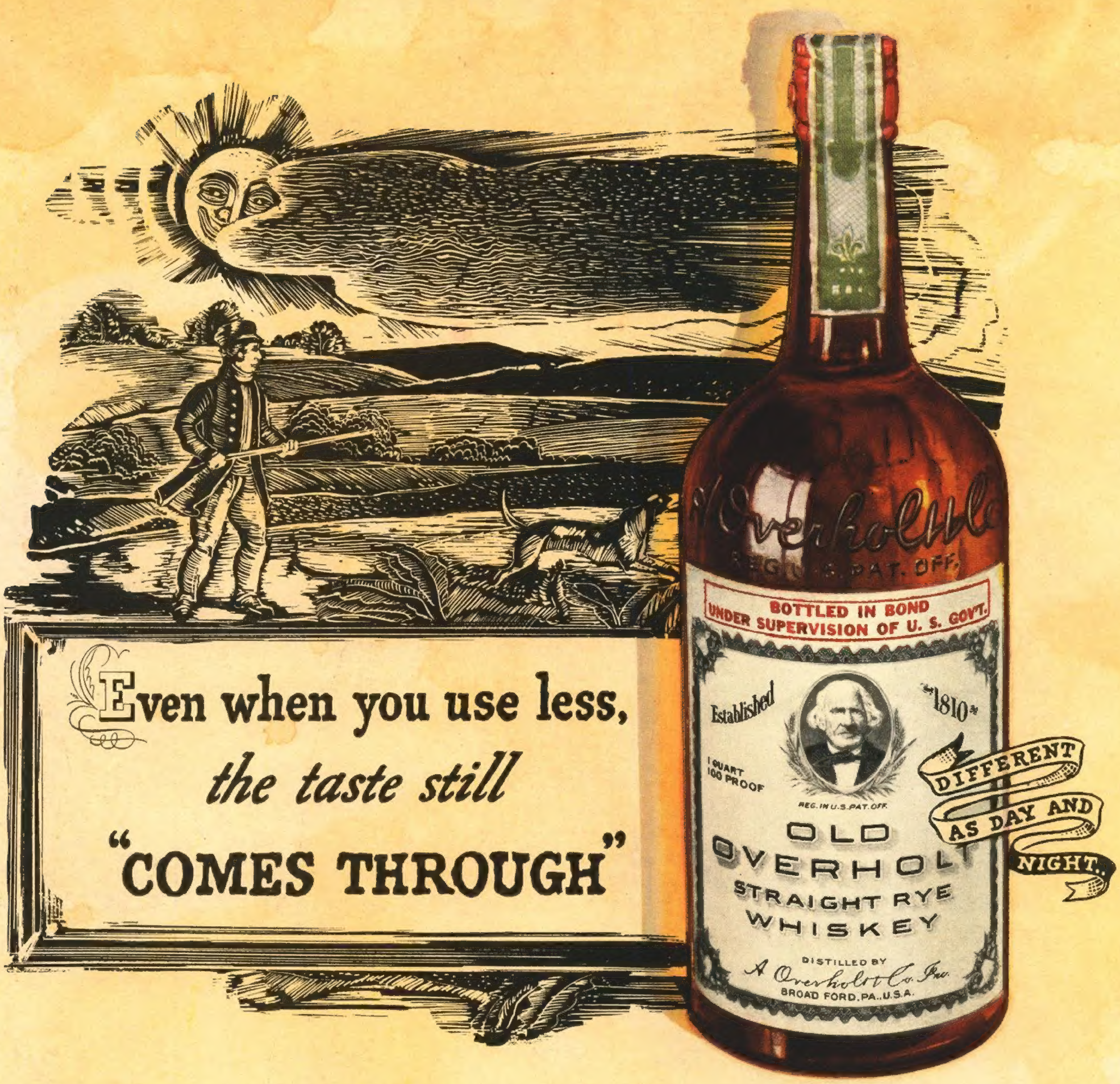
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS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1 QUART
100 PROOF
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WHISKEY
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BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.
DIFFERENT
AS DAY AND
NIGHT

Even when you use less, *the taste still* "COMES THROUGH"

Richer and sturdier to start with—definitely a masculine whiskey—Old Overholt goes further in a rye highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned. You can use less of this great straight old-time whiskey without enfeebling its character or making the drinks taste thin. Try Old Overholt—different as day and night—once you learn you'll never forget.

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Straight Rye Whiskey — Full 100 Proof

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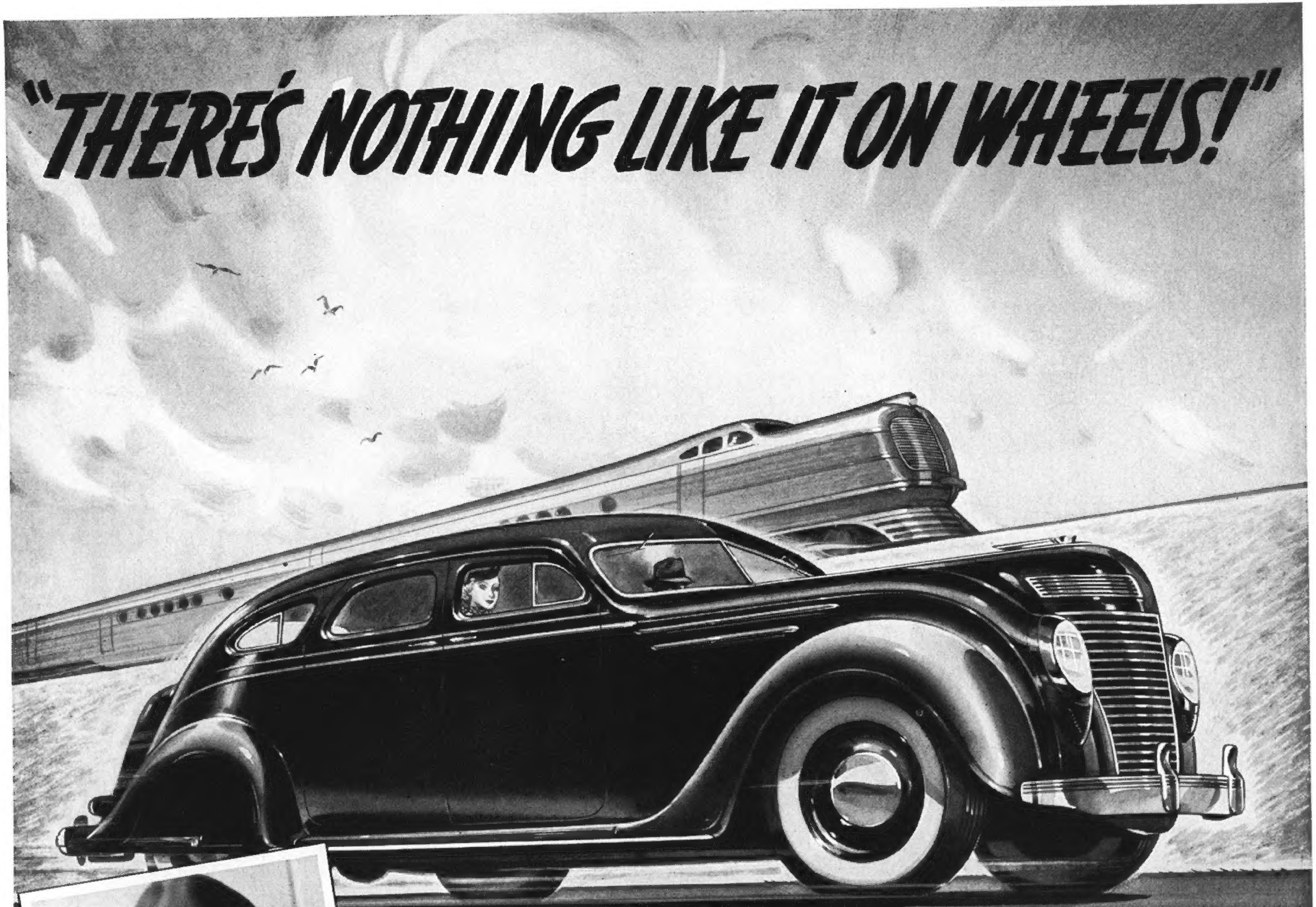
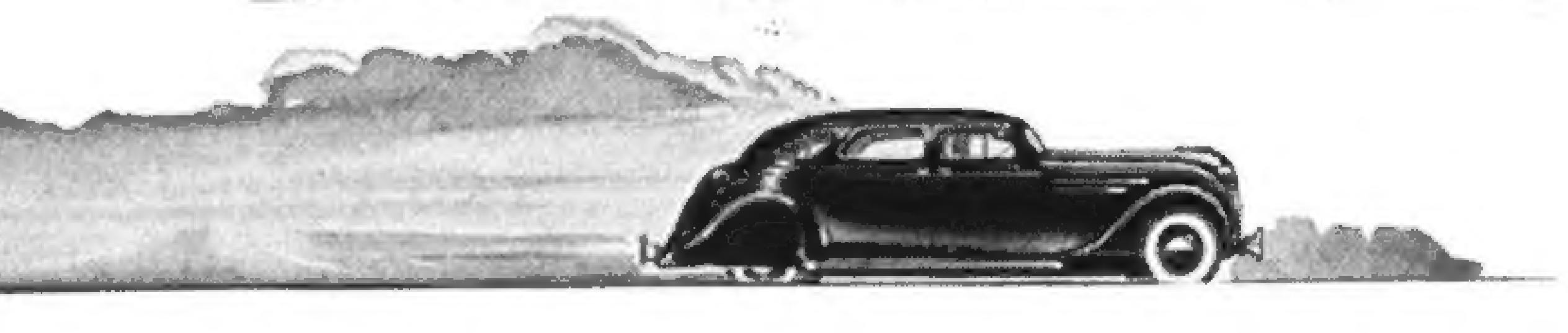

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT ON WHEELS!"

"I've driven automobiles since 1898—and for sheer motoring pleasure, for roominess and comfort, for safety and mechanical perfection, there's nothing in the world like a Chrysler Airflow!"

RICHARD H. WHEELER, JR.
Newport, R. I.

RIDE AN AIRFLOW BEFORE YOU BUY!



THE owners of the Chrysler Airflow are the happiest motorists in America. Their pleasure is exclusive... because they enjoy things which simply don't exist in any other car.

They talk about the amazing riding ease..."640 miles in one day, with complete mental and physical comfort."

The Floating Ride of the Airflow simply cannot be had elsewhere . . . for no other car is so scientifically balanced . . . no other manufacturer has gone so far with advanced weight distribution as Chrysler.

Airflow owners enjoy an exclusive luxury of roominess . . . because Airflow design permits the greatest possible space in the car.

Yet this same streamlining makes for genuine economy. The Airflow holds an official record of 18.1 miles per gallon . . . and owners' reports of "15 to 18 miles per gallon" are commonplace.

No car on the road is as safe as the Chrysler Airflow . . . for no car offers its matchless combination of unit frame and body, genuine hydraulic brakes and Lifeguard tubes in the tires. Airflow passengers ride *inside* the frame of the car . . . surrounded both by the all-steel body and sturdy girders of the frame.

A few years ago . . . the Chrysler Airflow was a pioneer. Today it is proved by thousands of owners and millions of miles of travel . . . the most imitated car ever built. With the world's most advanced engineering, it offers you the world's finest motoring at a surprisingly moderate cost. Drive a Chrysler Airflow before you buy *any* motor car . . . today.

Easy to buy. Time payments to fit your purse on official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . Sedan and Coupe.
☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . Sedan and Sedan-Limousine.
☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Six body types.
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AS QUICK AS THAT
Just "zip" the Talon slide fastener . . . one quick, easy motion . . . and your trousers are opened or closed!

YOU'RE SAFE
You *know* your trousers are closed when you close them with the Talon slide fastener. Nothing to forget!

"The Suit's swell–but the pants are a *Knockout!*"

BEHIND THE TIMES...The unsightly gaps often caused by old trouser closure.

UP-TO-DATE... A seam-like closing, with the Talon slide fastener for trousers.

IMPOSSIBLE
Nothing to break off! And neither pressing nor dry cleaning damages the Talon fastener.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Expect "the surprise of your life" the first day you wear trousers closed with the Talon slide fastener.

Fabric, cut, fit, pattern . . . they'll all be rivaled by the amazing ease and speed of the Talon trouser fastener. "This makes sense," you'll say. "Why fumble with five fastenings when *one* is so much simpler . . . and makes a better-looking closing as well!"

See the Talon slide fastener for trousers the next time you buy a new suit. Introduced in expensive, custom-tailored clothes . . . this *extra value* now comes on better-made suits of all prices!

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PA.

"HEY! IT LOCKS"
Notice that the Talon fastener locks at the top. Can't open by accident!

*TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . .
by Peters, Saalburg, Grafstrom, and Fellows beginning on page 124

Art Directors: ERIC LUNDGREN, TONY PALAZZO

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Sing a song of summer time

This is ESQUIRE's fourth July. In July a measurable proportion of advertisers take to the tall timber, not to come out into the open again until the leaves begin to turn, and most magazines enter the summer of their discontent with the editorial menu reduced to famine porportions, resulting in summer editions so light that they could hardly serve as paperweights. Not so with this one. You could use this issue as a doorstop. This July for the fourth time, our song of the season is *Keep the Quantity Up.*

Thought flies east of Miami

Speaking of songs of the season, two words in this month's fashion pages tickle the soles of our feet, and set us dancing with that old itch to get away from it all. Those two little words are Bimini Blue. Boy, to be in Bimini, now that July is here. That's when the big ones come to Bimini. And they don't come any bigger anywhere. Bimini Blues by the gospel of pages 124 and 170 is the color of a dinghy suit, a jumper affair resembling abbreviated pajamas, and very nice, too, for lounging about the beach or boat or boardwalk. But Bimini Blue in our memory book means blue water, bluer than you've ever seen anywhere, and blue marlin, bigger and blacker than you'd believe. They look the size of tank cars when they first clear the water after they've been hooked. Kip Farrington says there'll be more record fish taken there in the next ten years than anywhere else in the world. We couldn't know about that, because the best we've done so far is lose them. But seeing them come out of the water like flying submarines is thrill enough. And it's better to lose 'em in Bimini than catch 'em anywhere else.

Getting at the facts of life

To get our minds back on our work, we recommend to your considered and careful attention the thesis in this issue, beginning on page 35, devoted to a serious though far from solemn study of *The Facts of Life.* Don't let the forbiddingly scientific aspect of the charts scare you off this piece of homework. If you persist and follow the results of the research done by this anonymous (for darn good reasons) author, as developed out of statistical tabulation of 138 case histories, you will learn, perhaps to your surprise, that "the average girl goes on her first date when she is fifteen years old. She is kissed for the first time within a very few months, and receives her first proposal at eighteen, either in an automobile or in a living room. The proposal occurs in the spring of the year at ten o'clock in the evening. She is married at twenty-three. Three times out of four, she is not a virgin, having been seduced at the age of seventeen by a man of twenty-five whom she had known less than a year, as the result of a heated petting-party stimulated by liquor. Her seduction took place in the spring, at eleven p. m., in an automobile or a living room. If she was never subjected to any penalty, the chances are that she never regretted her seduction, and the probability is that she remained faithful after marriage, except for one or two missteps."

Life and death of two rumors

And now, please, may we here flatly and finally deny that the first issue of ESQUIRE is worth three thousand dollars? May we also, while we are at it, deny that the first issue of CORONET is worth three hundred dollars? Hardly a day goes by that we don't get letters, a week that we don't get telegrams, ten days that we don't get long distance calls, all in excited inquiry about these two perennial rumors. When we explain that the sale of the first issue of ESQUIRE exceeded a hundred thousand copies, and most people saved 'em, you can readily see how stupid the three thousand dollar a copy legend is. Assuming that only half of them are still in existence after three and a half years, that would still mean a total valuation of $150,000,000. The putative three hundred dollar a copy valuation of the first issue of CORONET is equally cockeyed, as there were well over a quarter of a million of those sold, and after a mere eight months there might easily be two hundred thousand still extant. Ergo, a $60,000,000 total price tag on that item. Now as far as we know there's no first issue of any magazine worth more, as a collector's item at today's prices, than around seventy-five dollars. Yet we have heard in recent months of copies of the first issue of ESQUIRE being sold for as high as a hundred and fifty. The only possible explanation is that somebody, banking on that nine-lived rumor about the three thousand dollar value, was willing to go as high as a hundred and fifty only because he was sure he was putting over a fast one and could turn over the deal at a profit of $2,850. Here's hoping that all such purchasers have to eat their copies to get rid of them. The value of a copy of the first issue of ESQUIRE, as a collector's item, is actually about twelve dollars and a half. About two years ago, when it was hovering around five dollars, we bought up a sufficiency of those copies, for file and binding purposes, at that price. We don't want any more, not even for nothing. We're sick of the whole silly business.

ESQUIRE
July, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol.VIII,No.1
Whole No. 44
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Beau Bacchus (*God of Wine*)
SAYS:

The real reason the British are still seeking the Cup, is just to fill it with **MOËT & CHANDON**

MOËT & CHANDON
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN — WHITE SEAL
LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE
Starlight Roof
LEO REISMAN
and his famous orchestra
•
XAVIER CUGAT
The Tango-Rumba King
•
Other Glamorous Entertainment
•
Dinner and Supper Dancing
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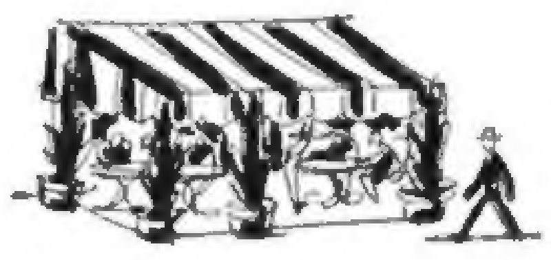
Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000
THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
Park Avenue • 49th to 50th • N.Y.
Beginning June 25
GUY LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians

QUEEN MARY
Restaurant, 40 E. 58 St., PL. 3-2313
DINNER . $1.25
LUNCHEON . . 75c
With FAMOUS SWEDISH HORS D'OEUVRES
Sunday Dinner from 1 P. M.
ENTERTAINMENT AND SUPPER DANCING

DIVAN PARISIEN
"Le Restaurant Par Excellence"
CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for "CHICKEN DIVAN"
and SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 E. 45 ST. • *Air Conditioned* • VA 3-9011

Montparnasse, the handsome tavern at 50 East Seventy-ninth Street, has moved to its roof with the blue inane for covering. A handsome decorator's job, helped out by God. The food remains as excellent as ever, under Henry, who knows his onions, being the first to pioneer with a swank restaurant in this vicinity. Recently we had a dinner for the epicures, shrimp, petite marmite, Scotch partridge with wine sauce, broccoli and a bottle of superior Medoc, '29. For the sweet there was one of Henry's specialties, *crepe Montparnasse.* Henry used to make this for the then Prince of Wales at the Barclay, London. It is a sort of glorified crepe, the best we ever had. And if the Duke of Windsor moves over here we will know it is to be near Henry's kitchen.



Manhattan has adopted the sidewalk cafe in a half-hearted way from Paris. Neither our tempo of life nor our idea of civic cleanliness is conducive to its growth. The best available are those on the Park, St. Moritz, the Essex, or that middle-class paradise, the terrace at the Zoo, Central Park. Then there is the Prometheus one at Rockefeller Plaza, or the beautiful room with a view at the Sherry-Netherlands and also the Brevoort.

As to roofs, that is Manhattan's own invention. All the better hotels do themselves and visitors proud. Pierre, one of the most fortunate in town, as to location, has a new ceil of blue and silver stars. The show is slight, not to interfere with dancing; Basil Fomeen and his orchestra furnish the tunes.

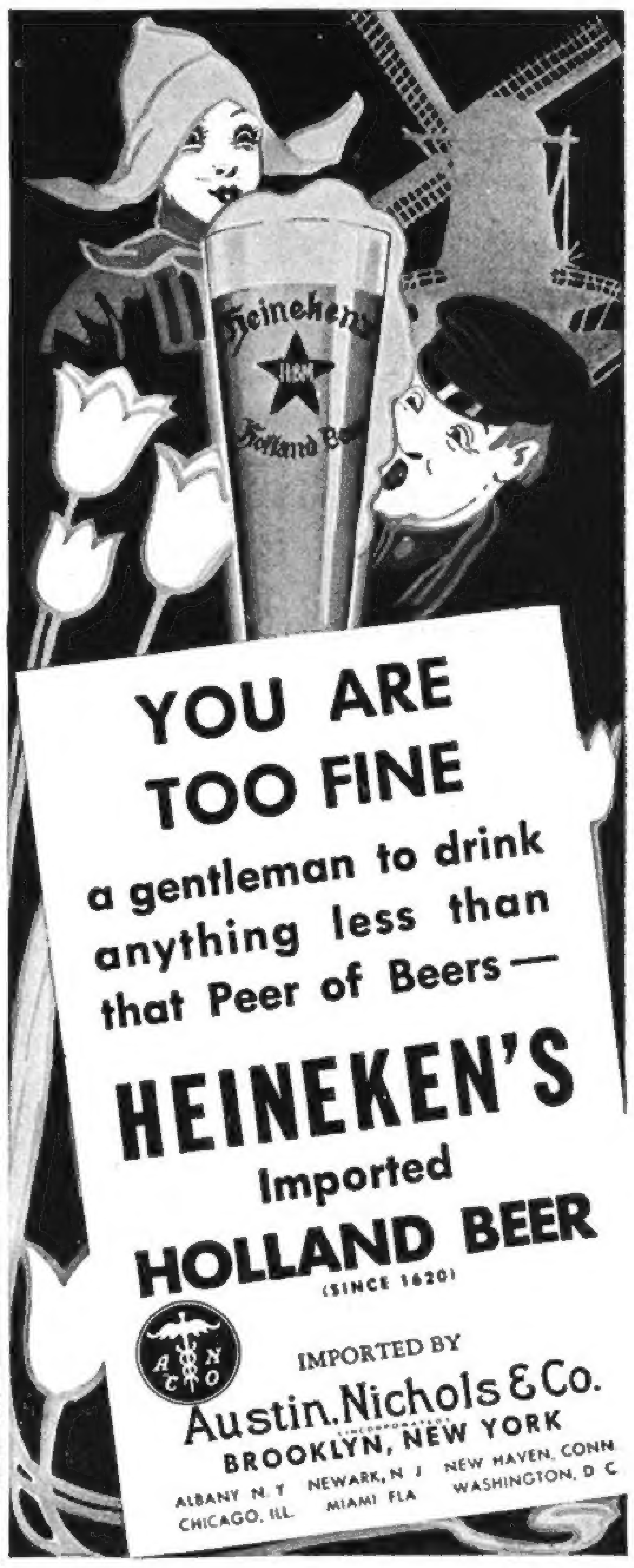
The Viennese Roof of the St. Regis is as continentally handsome as ever. The show is about as before with a tendency toward the outmoded forms of the classic ballet interspersed with the most modern of vaudevillians. Jacques Frey and his orchestra supply the cultured music.

The Starlight Roof of Waldorf Astoria is in full swing with two name bands for the gypsy feet. There is Leo Reisman and his orchestra for the week days and Xavier Cugat with his tango orchestra for Sundays. The Palm Bar, opening off the Starlight Roof, opens in time for cocktails.

The Rainbow Room decides to become informal about this time of the year. Well they might, having filled the place all winter with admirers of the remarkable Alec Templeton, pianist and the genius, Edgar Bergen and his stooge. The Rainbow Room and its half sister, the Grill, should be on all summer lists.

The Astor found Rudy Vallee good enough for their Skywalk Cafe and have brought him back this year. In that sector, the Astor Roof is one of the best. The Pennsylvania Hotel and the two spots in Brooklyn, the Bossert and the St. George, about complete the list for sky dining.

Relatives are never happy unless you take them to the Village, so you might as well know the meritorious spots. Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan Street, is an institution by now and will doubtless exist as long as there are visiting firemen and salesmen with one night out from the little woman. Whether the mode be fan dancers or just girls taking their panties off, there is always a show right in your lap, noisy and fast moving. The food is average, but no one goes there for that.



YOU ARE TOO FINE
a gentleman to drink anything less than that Peer of Beers—
HEINEKEN'S
Imported
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)
IMPORTED BY
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INCORPORATED
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The BLUE TRAIN
Cocktail LOUNGE
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THE MOST
UNUSUAL & DELIGHTFUL
In Boston
. . . LOCATED ONLY
2 MINUTES FROM
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AT THE
POPULAR
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ROOMS *from* $2.50

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OPEN AIR ROOF
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Dinner Cocktail Hour Supper

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• 112 EAST 52nd STREET •
"The Elite Have Known Tony for a Decade"
COCKTAIL HOUR
ENTERTAINERS AFTER DINNER
AIR CONDITIONING
A FAMOUS BAR • A FAMOUS CUISINE

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Hot Sun and Cold Showers can ruin the looks of your Hair!

Protect yours with
VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A LOT OF LONG DRIVES and canny chip-shots may tempt you to forget that while golf is great for your body and your spirits, it can be and often is definitely hard on the health and looks of your hair.

For the combination of a hot summer sun, blazing down on your unprotected hair, and a wet shower afterward is a pretty stern regime. First the sun bakes, then the water drenches, and your hair is robbed of its natural oil and dries out brittle and unruly.

To combat this double threat of broiling sun and soaking water, your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Apply Vitalis briskly to your scalp. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation increases. Your scalp feels awake—alive. And the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. 50 seconds to rub—10 seconds to comb and brush—and your hair has a healthy, handsome look.

With Vitalis, every hair is firmly in place—just the way you want it. And you'll notice too, your hair is easy to comb—with none of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

So disport yourself upon the golf course, sun yourself upon the sands, enjoy your tennis, your fishing and your swim—but protect your hair, enhance its good looks with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

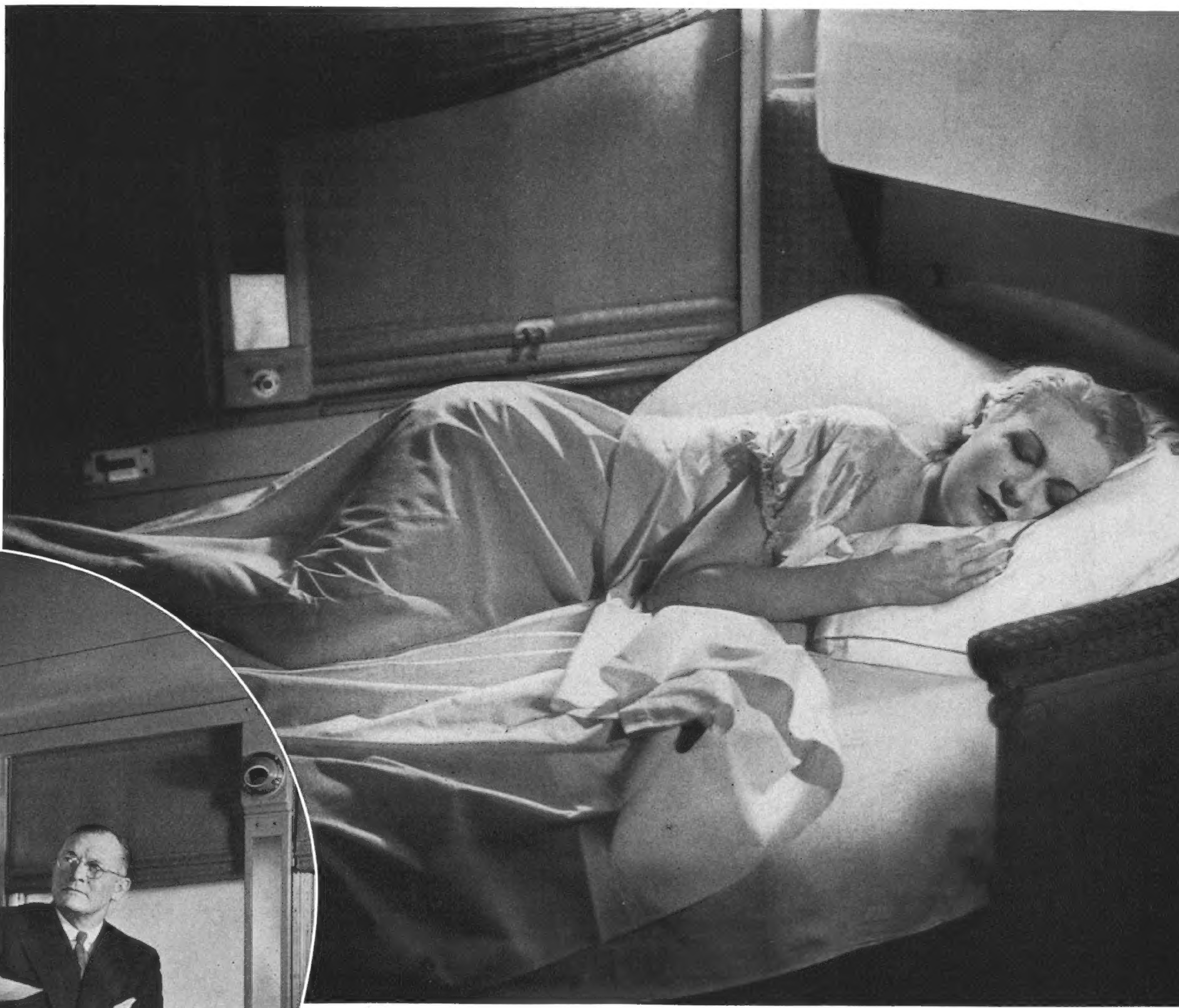
WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

See how little it costs you now to travel safely, in comfort, by

The LOWER BERTH →

"Tuck me into a Pullman lower and I'm the happiest girl alive," says **Kay Campbell,** radio artist. Miss Campbell calls her journeys "Pullman Pilgrimages"—and writes appreciatively of Pullman service. Like the majority of all Pullman travelers, her preference is for the comfortable lower berth (illustrated at right). When she makes a typical overnight trip, it costs her only $2.50.



← The SECTION

"I wonder if folks realize how economically they can enjoy Pullman comfort," says **Tom Walsh** of Quaker Lace Co. Mr. Walsh likes the Single Occupancy Section (illustrated left above). He has the space of both upper and lower berths, with only the lower made into a bed at night, giving added privacy and with extra room to dress. During the day both seats of the section are his. On one of his typical overnight trips, the Single Occupancy Section costs Mr. Walsh only $1 more than the lower.

The COMPARTMENT

"Alone, or with a business associate, the Pullman compartment is my rolling office," says **Mr. B. E. Henderson,** Pres., Household Finance Corp. This accommodation is a spacious private room with upper and lower berths, private lavatory and toilet. When Mr. Henderson makes one of his usual overnight trips alone the Compartment (illustrated below) costs him $5. When an associate goes along this Compartment costs $7—only $3.50 each.

The DRAWING ROOM

"We think travel by Pullman is the best kind of rest and relaxation," declares **Audrey McGrath,** who, with her traveling companion, **Gladys Reinhart,** prefers the Drawing Room (illustrated at left). Upper and lower berths and full-length lounge, with private toilet and lavatory in a separate annex. For two, an overnight journey costs $9 or $4.50 each; one, $6.25.

Pullman

HERE ARE EXAMPLES OF THE LOW COST OF PULLMAN ACCOMMODATIONS

About one-half of those who use Pullman cars during the course of a year travel between places where the lower berth rate is $2.50 or less. A $2.50 lower berth rate covers a typical overnight journey—about 300 miles. These pages picture and indicate to you the cost of each of the various types of Pullman accommodations for such a typical overnight journey. For longer trips, of course, the rates are correspondingly higher, but the ones quoted will give you an idea of the relatively low cost of Pullman service. Pullman accommodations may be purchased by passengers holding transportation tickets required by the railroad company. The rates shown on these two pages are Pullman charges only and do not include the cost of railroad transportation tickets. Your ticket agent or The Pullman Company will gladly quote rates on available accommodations for your next journey.

Taking a 300-Mile Overnight Trip?

Your Pullman accommodation would cost about	
Lower Berth	$2.50
Upper Berth	2.00
Single Occupancy Section	3.50
Bedroom for one, $4.50; for two, each	2.50
Compartment for one, $5.00; for two, each	3.50
Drawing Room for one, $6.25; for two, each	4.50

(Railroad fare is in addition to these rates)

Where "tourist" cars are operated, berth and section accommodations are available at rates approximately half those charged between the same places in "standard" cars.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

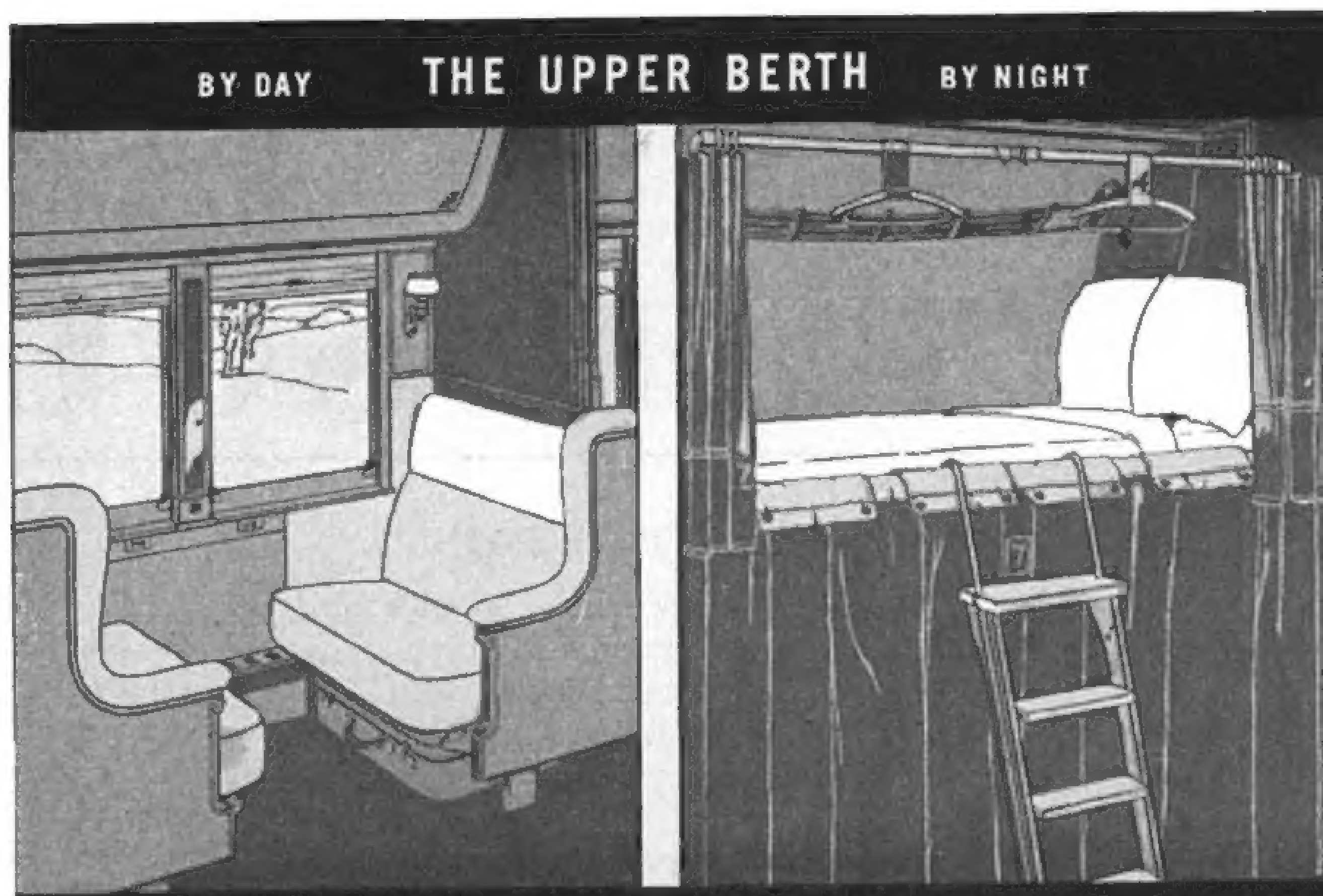
All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

The BEDROOM

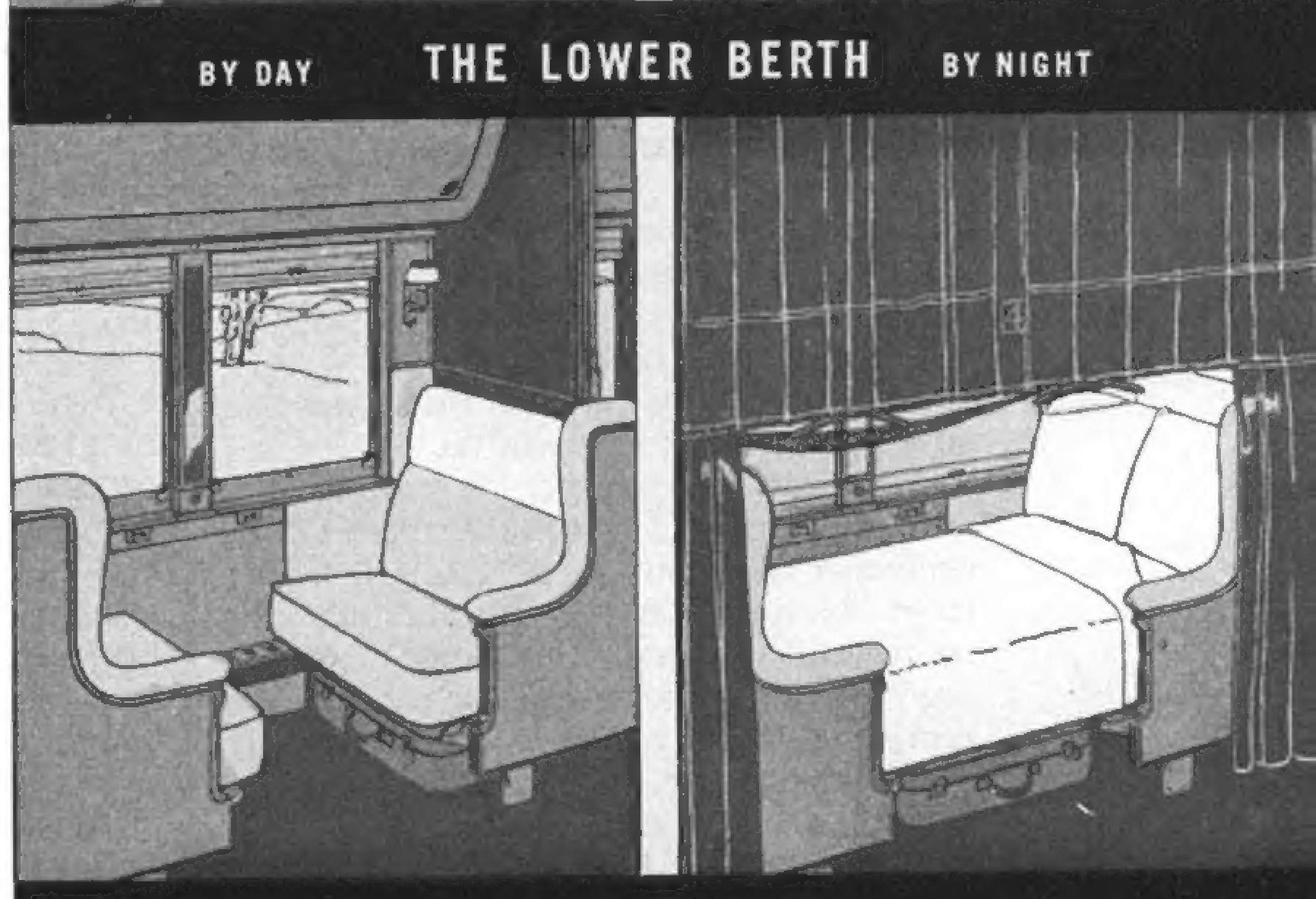
"Think of having a private room while traveling—it's just like home to us," declare **Madeleine Shannon** and her friend **Linda Yale.** Their favorite Pullman accommodation is the Bedroom (illustrated above), with desk, lavatory and toilet. A comfortable sofa, with concealed upper berth above, become commodious beds at night. When Miss Shannon goes on an overnight journey, the Bedroom costs $4.50. When Miss Yale is along, the price of the room is $5, or $2.50 each.

The UPPER BERTH

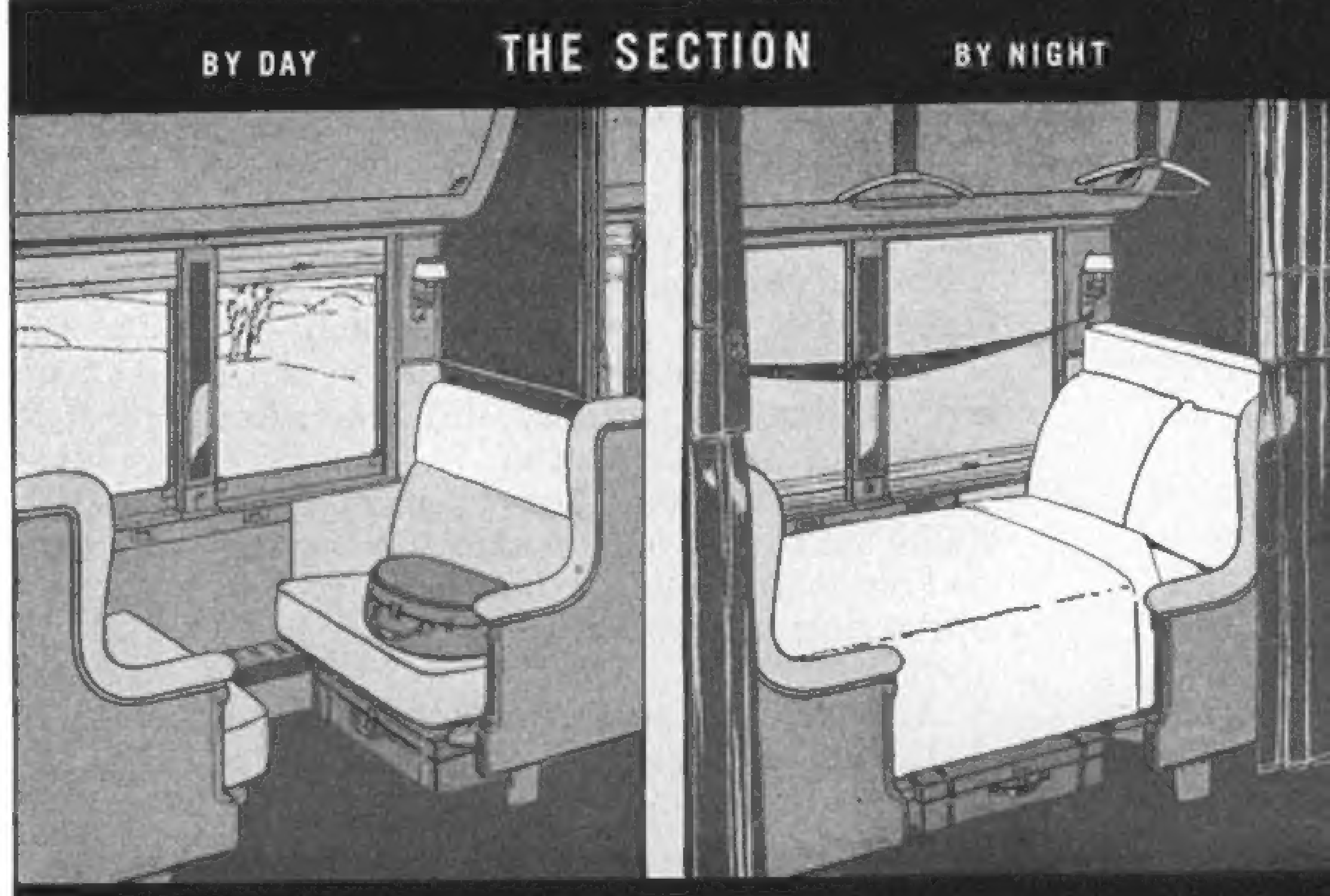
"I've got to get plenty of sleep at night," says **Miss Helen Reese,** actress. "And I sure get it on a Pullman when I am on tour." Miss Reese always takes an upper (illustrated below). That's the accommodation she prefers. Miss Reese's upper berth costs her $2 for her usual overnight trip—20% less than she would pay for a lower for the same trip.



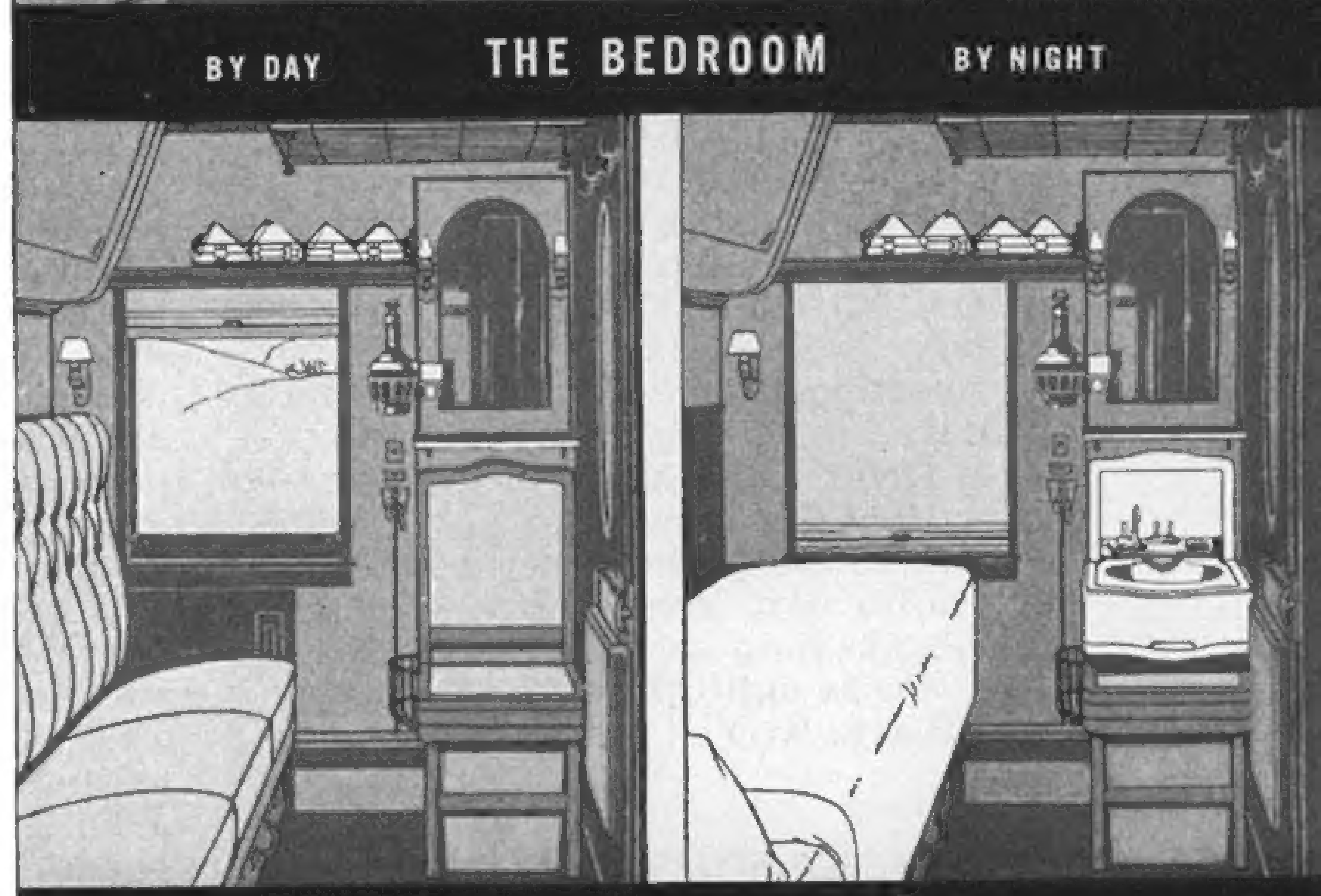
BY DAY THE UPPER BERTH BY NIGHT



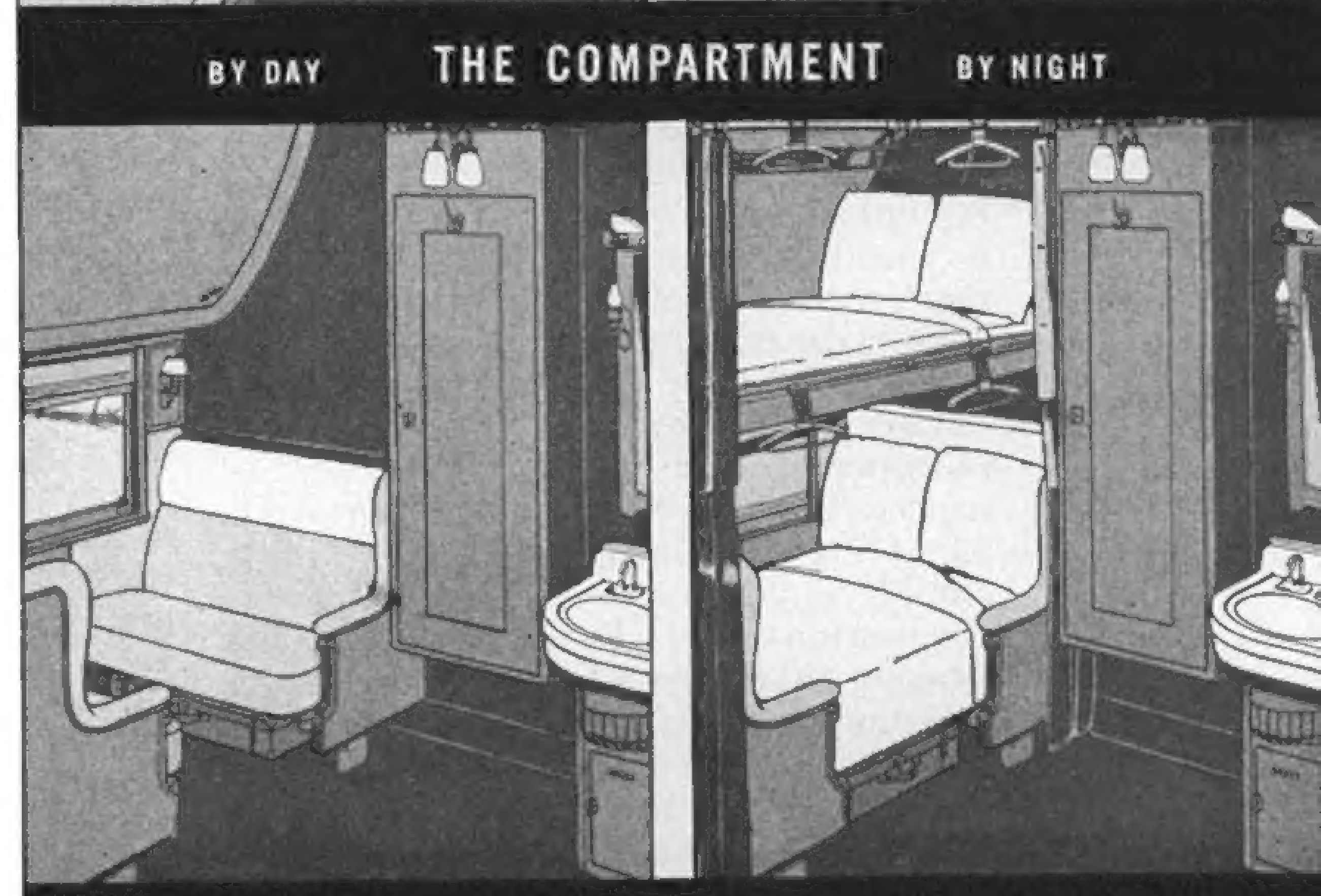
BY DAY THE LOWER BERTH BY NIGHT



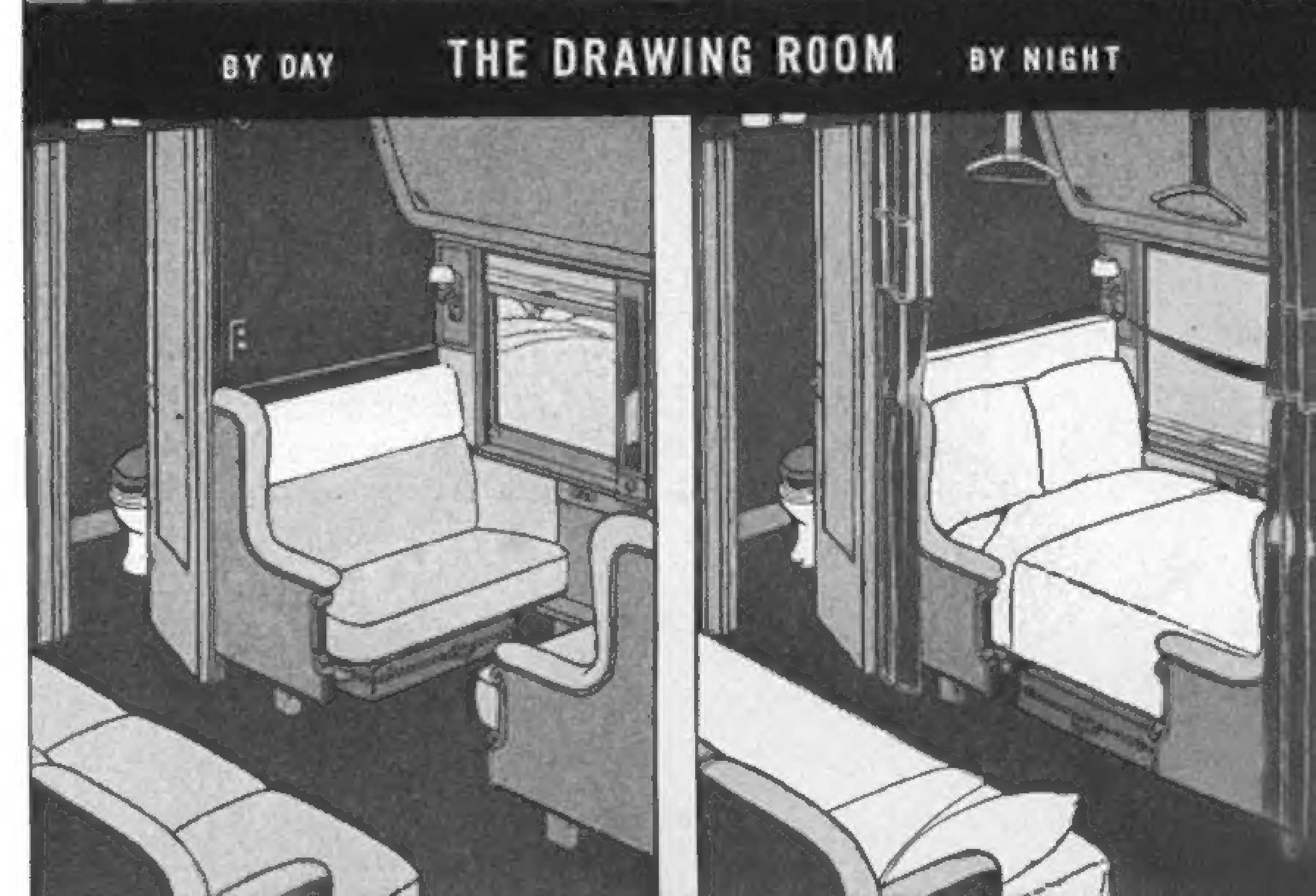
BY DAY THE SECTION BY NIGHT



BY DAY THE BEDROOM BY NIGHT



BY DAY THE COMPARTMENT BY NIGHT



BY DAY THE DRAWING ROOM BY NIGHT

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

TAINTED PAINT

Of all the dizzy tales I ever had the misfortune to stumble across in the course of an evening's search for something decent to read, *The Tainted Mirror*, in your May issue, certainly takes the cake.

Why you have to encourage such fantastic tripe when there's so much worthwhile stuff in the literary market, is beyond me. After having read most of the really worth-the-reading stories in that issue, it was an awful let-down to come across one that was such, so utterly impossible.

Well, to be frank, it ruined my whole evening. I felt so terrible I took recourse in a bottle of Crab Orchard (98c the pint) which bottle partially mollified the terrific feeling of despondency which overcame me after completing the story (?).

Do you know, it didn't seem so bad after that, so I reread it, and came to the conclusion that it must be the state of mind I was in, at the first reading. I had a different reaction this time, I felt sort of useless, as though I had wasted time that wasn't my own.

I pondered this awhile, and decided it was the state of mind I was in at the time, so I opened up a bottle of Crab Tree (98c the pint) after such, or which, I felt more like going on with my reading. By the way, did I mention I was reading Esquire?

Well, it was some heavy, bulky magazine that gives one an arm ache trying to hold it up. A lot of moronic cartoons cluttering up the nice, shiny pages, (hot stuff).

Anyway, I wanted to tell you that I thought that story *The Tainted Mirror* was an asinine tale, no purpose, no meaning. Such a dizzy ending, I still don't know why I read the damn thing when there was a copy of *The Ladies' Home Journal* lying by me.

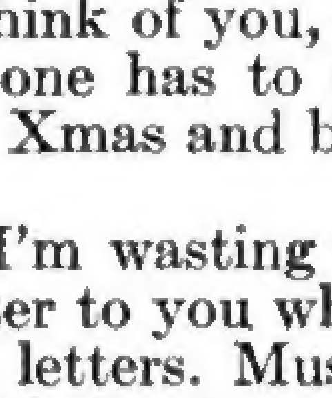
Some times I think you people are awfully good hearted the way you give these struggling authors a break, but do you ever stop to think of your readers? After all, they think of you, they buy the darn mag, one has to have something to give at Xmas and birthdays.

Don't know why I'm wasting time writing this darn letter to you when I owe so many people letters. Must be you've got some kind of appeal. Thanks for a lovely evening.

Yours until Esky sells for less,

Albany, N. Y. Cord F. Blackall

IN AND ABOUT ESQ.



If the unfeeling prophecies of *Sound & Fury* may be trusted as accurate, etching infallibly the certain shape of things to come, Esquire is faced with imminent secession of all subscribers. That's bad. To qualify the catastrophe, may I scamper up with unexpected reinforcements and assure you, Mr. Gingrich, that, so long as we both shall live, you may count on at least a circulation of one. To qualify the qualification, here are a few suggestions to become effective the day I first constitute your sole audience: Give George Jean Nathan a raise. I am constantly finding new uses for Mr. Nathan. Yesterday, for instance, I parsed him. . . . Retain, in perpetuity, Mr. Rascoe, expertly to winnow (that was a close one!) the books . . . Dismiss Meyer Levin without recommendation. . . . Of the stories submitted by F. Scott Fitzgerald, print a few as a titillating fillip of irritation. Return the rest with a rejection slip, revised to read: "Not for us, thank God." . . . Coerce Mr. Hemingway into constant service. . . . And if you think that soft living would not vitiate his gift, make Paul Webb some sort of vice-president. . . . Perhaps further suggestions had better wait till the time is ripe. I suspect that you will do as you like, anyway.

In the meantime, coming, as one does, to Jesse Stuart, maybe my admiration for his work is so extravagant that I am unduly sensitive to his dangers, but I think he is writing too fast. With such an exacting style, only apparently simple, his masterpieces need a long period of gestation. And *Fast Train Ike*, although head and shoulders above the other fiction in your May number, showed, I'm afraid I can't have been wrong, unmistakable symptoms of strain. (Or, was it permeated by, God forbid, the faint miasma of a bureau drawer?). . . . By the way, if Bach's music reminds Mr. Stuart, as it does me, of an especially conscientious maid dusting the piano, he must have been faintly flabbergasted to read that one fan, with a neat touch of Surrealism in her classification, brackets him with the *Toccato and Fuge in D Minor*. Don't worry, Jesse, you're no fuge. You're a damned site better than that. You're not even *Brahms Hungarian Dance No. 5*. For that matter, you're not even *Turkey in the Straw*. . . . Speaking of dangers, I was somewhat upset to read that a perfume manufacturer has, by some miracle of distillation *imprisoned* (in a flacon, $1.25), "the spirit of rolling Kentucky landscapes." How now, Jesse, how now?

My congratulations without stint or condition to your Discoveries. The acceptance of one's first story is, like young love, an experience so (excuse me) ineffably sweet that I, for one, am not yet sufficiently hardened in the ways of criticism (nor, indeed, in the literary respect, myself sufficiently without sin) to cast the first stone. Even in the interests of accuracy, that would be too churlish and unkind. When a second story has appeared, then is time enough to level, pitilessly, the canons (pun) of criticism. Meanwhile, to these youngsters whose industry and talent has successfully stormed the citadel of an editorial office, my best wishes. We should at least forgive them their little deficiencies of technique for the occasional glimpse they give us of honesty and originality, which, God knows, is as sweet, in these days when so much genius is derivative and insincere, as the scent of new-mown clover. (Victims of hay fever may substitute a simile of their own.) I rejoice with your Discoveries; but I *do* flinch at their excruciatingly coy autobiographies. Who do they think they are—Alexander Woollcott—that the course of their whole lives should be so goddamned, stet, stubbornly whimsical? For instance, attendance at a University may be funny but I refuse to believe that it is anywhere near as hysterically cute and funny as all that. And is one to understand that the only route to inspiration is entered upon by exchanging regular employment, with appropriate facetious comment, for the open road? In my own case, I have always been denied this *sina qua non* of young authorship by a deadly fear of my friends who, in their quaint, uncivil speech, have a funny name for inveterately romantic rovers. They call them bums. . . . Seriously, anyone who wishes to write about himself should watch how Stephen Vincent Benet, somebody really significant, does it. . . . A word, in passing, to Arthur Davison Ficke, who complains that his picture made him look like "an Italian gunman with a bellyache." Don't carp, Mr. Ficke. Photographers, after all, are photographers, not plastic surgeons. An appearance of chronic bellyache, you know, is notoriously the poet's cross. By the way, the occasional moist poetic touch almost spoiled that otherwise exceptionally written story by Lionel Wiggam, *A Disappointment to his Family*. Does Mr. Wiggam, in his spare moments, lie on a chaise longue, like Mrs. Browning, and write sonnets?

Generally, your cartoons are achieving a bright new variety and *freshness*. Particularly, however, I suggest that the next time you get a sheaf of them from E. Simms Campbell you look at their teeth—and refuse to bargain for any the constitutive humor of which does not safely antedate the memories of two generations. And—I'm back again—*must* Petty stand those architectural masterpieces of his on their heads? It's bad for their tender abdominal walls.

Pardon me, Mr. Levin, but would you care to fight? You irritate me. For no one isolable reason, but largely, I suspect, because your opinions strike me as mere contexts, indifferently sincere, fabricated solely to provide mounting for an occasional epigram, the sound (if not the sense, to say nothing of the fury****M.G.M.) of which inflates you with inordinate pride. I do not wish to be unfair, and perhaps I should not indict you on the testimony of my imagination alone, but it seems to me that your opinions lack entirely the critical integrity which, in Mr. Nathan (he can't help his disposition. Maybe it's something he eats) and in Mr. Rascoe, is as inviolable as an egg. If I am mistaken, my apologies. By the way, true or false, I am told that George Jean Nathan has recently published an original play with the sticky title *The Avon Flows*—thereby delivering himself into the hands of the actors. That was a tactical error. Now, the most obscure ingenue, holding forth in a barn in Far Rockaway, may snap her fingers at him and tell him she knew he was, to invert a metaphor, just a sheep in wolf's clothing all the time. I suggest, Mr. Nathan, that to complete your carnivorous record and in the best interests of all concerned, you eat your young.

Harry Salpeter's articles are literary masterpieces. Whether or not they are also critical masterpieces, I wouldn't know—I can't even *pronounce* Gauguin. For that matter, painting has always seemed to me to be, at best, a futile and imaginative art. Its allegedly good nudes strike me as fantastically plain lookers, almost repulsively utilitarian; even the bowls of fruit leave me thoroughly unbewitched; and why spend one's whole life attempting to embalm inaccurately in oils the fragile beauty of a daisy when, any summer, one may step outside and see, growing, a meadowful of them? If painting has a message, that, of course, is a different matter. But even then, unless you're George Grosz himself, the same thing may be said more effectively, using another medium. (I know the reply to all this but it would be silly to make it, here, and accomplish my own refutation. It is time I got back to my point, anyway.) Back at my point again, so seductive is Mr. Salpeter's prose that it makes me forget completely my active disinterest in what it's about. Wouldn't Harry knock them into the aisles if he wrote of something *intrinsically* thrilling like, oh, well, say . . . LIFE! . . . The articles of Gilbert Seldes (except, of course, that one on Noel Coward, which was studded with inaccuracy and *non sequitur*) are also uniformly excellent.

With regard to the articles on extraordinary subjects, there is a limit to the compensation that novelty of material can make for mediocrity of treatment. For instance, Mr. McNamara's *Essay on Jiggling*, though odder, was much less interesting than Mr. Kearney's courageous (in these days when whimsy is *de rigueur*) common sense, *Watchman, What of the Night*. . . . And with regard to Esquire's growing preoccupation with international politics, I suggest that war does us at least one service, often overlooked, in that, automatically, it stops articles about peace. Articles about peace are so damned dull—and so futile. For one thing, the people who make wars don't read them; and, as far as their evangelistic force is concerned, George Grosz, who has my uninhibited huzzas, can, with one swift sure stroke of the brush, sell more pacifism than all the windbags who ever held a pen. If I may be allowed a typographical error, said windbags never seem to know quite what they're *writhing* about, anyway. (Speaking of George Grosz, compare the authentic horrors he suggests with the synthetic creeps of *Nightmare Without Sleep* by Robert Meltzer. We saw you looking under the bed last night, Mr. Meltzer!)

The dreariest articles of all are articles about humor, no matter how many good jokes they drag in to peep unhappily from between (pardon me, Mr. Mencken) layers of theory. Such articles are especially dreary when they are called *Don't Laugh Now* and written by J. C. Furnas. . . . Parke Cummings also overestimates his comic gift, if any. His juvenile wit does not belong in a magazine of Esquire's stature and maturity.

Kindly allot my congratulations wherever due along the editorial line to him who, with such phenomenal success, ghostwrites Anonymous. Credit for a good many of the 600,000 scalps is his.

Congratulations also on that elaborately reticent and altogether elegant advertisement for a grand magazine, Coronet. By the way, do you mind that I pay you for said magazine in vulgar coin—or would you prefer, as the advertisement suggests, to barter, nicely circuitous, with priceless fragments of old lace? Speaking of advertisements, in the great crusade for comfort of the American crotch, I feel that "Feather Pongee," conceived and executed by one of the leading manufacturers of men's undies, is a noteworthy milestone. . . . And speaking of magazines, in view of the fact that the whole *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* may now be had for only $2.98 (which works out to not quite 50c a Pillar), I think the price of Esquire should be cut.

I am enclosing two ripe, government-tested, raspberries. The larger one is for that precious epicure, Murdock Pemberton. He and his sophisticated gravies! A few dashes of Peychaud bitters indeed! Please divide the other, in proportion of merit, between E. Simms Campbell (for his faithful application to that infinitely wearisome harem situation) and L. Fellows (who designed those golf umbrellas, complete, I suspect, with water-tight compartments for needlepoint). Meyer Levin, for reasons stated above, deserves the hull.

Thank you very much for the space, Mr. Gingrich. Now I will go away.

Yours very sincerely,

Ernest Redmond Buckler

Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

NO USE FOR ESQ.

The glorified edition of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue called Esquire was recently thrust into my hand by a disgusted friend. I use neither liquor nor tobacco, so have no use for night clubs and speakeasies; do not waste my time on cards, golf or the races; have a dress suit but have not worn it for fifteen years; am married and have three children; disposed of motor car because it kept me from getting as close as I desire to nature, which with wife and children I thoroughly enjoy. Have no use for radio, and patronize the movies only on rare occasions, so you will doubtless think me a rare bird, but I have rare friends, and enjoy an exceedingly happy existence without having nastiness doled out to me at fifty cents a month. I subscribe myself

A Perfect Thirty-six.

The Gay Lochinvar.

Never have bought goods on payments, even the motor cars.

Continued on page 12

Declaration of an Independent

We don't say that you have to be an independent distilling company like Frankfort in order to produce good whiskey. But we do believe that being independent helps.

For a family concern like ours, one that's been operated and controlled by the same family since its founding in 1865—such a company isn't beholden to outside financial interests. It has no fixed dividend requirement to meet. It can concentrate on the one business of making whiskey—*good* whiskey.

As our great-grandfather, the founder of Frankfort, said: "Let somebody else make the *most* whiskey—we want to make the *best* whiskey."

To make the best whiskey takes patience. It also takes the willingness to spend more money to produce better whiskey. But that's the way we operate.

We buy only the choicest grain—grain that's been seasoned to a dry, flinty hardness. (Because that's the kind of grain that makes the finest whiskey.) We still cling to the old-fashioned sour-mash method of distilling—a method that takes one-third longer, and produces less whiskey per batch of grain. (Because that, we believe, is the only way to make a truly great whiskey.)

Nor do we stop there. We try to make sure that our whiskey is sold as honestly—yes, and as honorably—as it is made.

We try to see to it that Frankfort whiskies are sold through the most reputable outlets. And we believe you'll find that the places that display Frankfort goods are the best in your city.

Moreover, it is our earnest hope that those who buy our whiskies are people who respect them as we do . . . people who believe that fine liquor has a deserving place in the scheme of gracious living and who treat their whiskey with gentlemanly moderation and discretion . . . people who share Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward liquor—that *"the difficulty lies not in the use of a bad thing, but in the abuse of a very good thing."*

* * *

• *To obtain a free reproduction of the above natural color photograph suitable for framing, write to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. D, Louisville, Ky.*

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES,
INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE and BALTIMORE

MAKERS OF

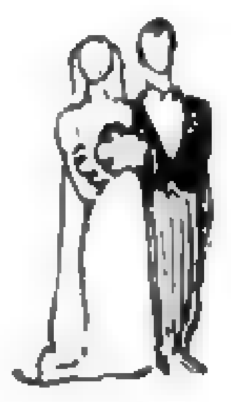
Four Roses 90 PROOF	Paul Jones 92 PROOF
Old Oscar Pepper 90 PROOF	Mattingly & Moore 90 PROOF

All blends of straight whiskies

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ. IS A LUXURY

Thank you for your fifth literary opus regarding my expired subscription. I have not written to you sooner because I figured each succeeding barrage of literature you sent me on why I should renew my subscription would be more disarming and mesmerizing than the previous letter, and I have not been disappointed. I looked forward to your letters with much the same anticipation I enjoyed when I first began collecting postage stamps, and the stamp companies sent me hundreds of stamps from which I could select and buy.



My conscience has stopped the fun; I feel I had better inform you that I was not renewing my subscription before the postage you might spend on ensuing letters would consume all the profit you made on my original $5 check.

I suppose you wonder why I am not subscribing to ESQUIRE any more.

This is the answer: I figure on getting married, and my entire financial structure will be grossly off balance if I continued to put $5 on the line each year. Thus:

WARDROBE FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE, STARTING FROM SCRATCH:

1 pair bloomers, peach basket applique on left knee, double reinforced, size small	14c
1 rayon vest with piped edges, size small	14c
1 pair silk chiffon full fashioned hose, menders, size 8½, new spring shade, pair	19c
1 pair black kid walking oxfords, special at Bargain Basement Dollar Day, pair (seconds)	$1
1 rayon acetate street dress with pique collar and cuffs and dainty lingerie trim, second	$1.59
1 jigger coat in soft pastel shade, of soft cotton fleece, with deep pockets	$2.98
1 new straw breton hat with dainty flower trim to be attached if you wish	94c
1 simulated patent leather bag with slide fastener inner purse, second,	59c
1 pair bengaline gloves with flare cuffs, seconds, copies from a much higher priced style that regularly sells in better stores throughout America at MUCH more, pair	39c
1 lipstick	10c
1 costume bracelet with set-in stones (her friends never will guess she's paid so little)	10c
GRAND TOTAL (*This total is not ridiculous as these purchases at these prices can be made*)	$8.16

WARDROBE FOR THE YOUNG BRIDEGROOM, STARTING FROM SCRATCH:

1 undershirt of combed cotton, second	14c
1 pair balloon seat full cut shorts in attractive new spring prints, seconds, pair	14c
1 pair hose, seconds, in new lateral stripes	9c
1 pair black leather shoes with sturdy composition soles, seconds, at Dollar Day	$1
1 fade proof reliably made suit, tailored to fit, with exceptional workmanship	$5
1 topcoat tailored in the English manner	$5
1 cap with sweat band and non-breakable visor	59c
1 vat dyed fast color pre-shrunk shirt, seconds	59c
1 rayon tie with silk tipped end, second	19c
GRAND TOTAL (*And this also is possible*)	$12.74

MEALS

(*Typical Menu for a Day*)

BREAKFAST	
2 rolls each, at 12c a dozen	4c
4 slivers of butter, at 27c lb	4c
4 cups coffee, at 24c lb.	4c
TOTAL	12c
LUNCH	
1 can pork and beans	12c
4 more of the rolls from above	4c
4 more slivers of butter	4c
4 eggs (2 for each), at 27c doz	9c
1 apple each	6c
Coffee (1 cup each at noon)	2c
TOTAL	37c
DINNER	
1 lb. hamburger	19c
1 can peas	14c
4 remaining rolls from breakfast	4c
2 more cups of coffee	2c
Butter (4 slivers for rolls, 2 for frying hamburger)	6c
1 small cellophane wrapped cake	6c
TOTAL	51c
TOTAL COST FOR MEALS PER DAY	$1

GRAND TOTALS FOR THE MONTH

Woman's clothing (this provides for a complete change of wardrobe each month, but must insist on washing of underwear each night as there are no substitutes	$8.16
Man's clothing for the month	12.74
MEALS for the month ($1 x 28 days)	28.00
Street car fare for a month (man walks to and from work morning, noon and night)	1.00
Entertainment (20c show for each once each week)	1.60
Toothpaste, soap, etc	1.00
RENT for a 1 room and bath furnished apartment, with gas, heat, electricity; man will have to shovel sidewalks and cut grass and watch the furnace of the apartment also	22.50
TOTAL	$75

Now, then, it costs $75 a month to live. Let's go ahead from here:

AMOUNT OF CAPITAL NEEDED AT 6% TO RECEIVE $100 a month income —$20,000.

WE ASSUME THE MAN EARNS $100 a month, so he can save $25 a month. In 66⅔ years he will have saved the required $20,000 and can retire.

IF, NOW, THE MAN BUYS AN ESQUIRE SUBSCRIPTION EACH year HE WILL BE ABLE TO SAVE ONLY $295 INSTEAD OF $300. Thus, in order to get the desired $20,000 he will have to save for 67 47/59 years.

QUESTION:

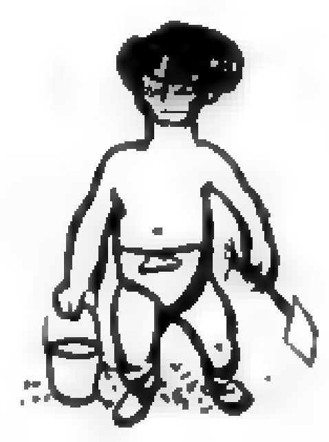
> DO YOU GENTLEMEN THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I AM GOING TO SLAVE ONE WHOLE ADDITIONAL YEAR, 8 HOURS A DAY, 6 DAYS A WEEK, 4 WEEKS TO THE MONTH, 12 MONTHS TO THE YEAR, JUST TO READ YOUR MAGAZINE?

Not me! 66⅔ years in the advertising business is enough!

Very truly yours,
ROBERT A. HEINZ
Milwaukee, Wis.

LOVE AMONG THE COMRADES

If there is anything sadder than a pseudo-intellectual dripping about the pity of it all, I have yet to discover it. Why doesn't some kind person tell Comrade Levin that if he could confide his effusions to straight reviewing, he might be a good critic? Must The Poor Downtrodden Common Man be ecstatically apotheosized for a thousand words in every issue? Being one myself, I think that Levin and his ilk are the cause of more petty dissension in the ranks than all of Moscow's paid agents. His propaganda stinks out loud.



The veriest moron can see through stuff like *Fury* and *Winterset*. Conceded they were extraordinary from the standpoint of acting and production, the type of maudlin emotional appeal entailed affects only the most roseate of newdealers and children under twelve.

Love and kisses,
Minneapolis, Minn. JOE PRICE

B. M. O. C.'S PROGRESS

Attached is an open letter to Mr. Kinsley Fall, whose literary triumph, but fraternal heresy appeared in a recent issue of ESQUIRE under the title *In The Goat Room.*

If *you* are a fraternity man, you'll probably print this letter. If you aren't, you won't understand the significance of it and will merely forward it to Brother Fall. Personally, I don't care what you do with it, only I do believe that most fraternity men, whether members of the author's pseudo-Pi Sigma or not, will be glad of the mild retaliation.

Myself, a "brother-in-bond" of Fall . . . well, I was nothing whatsoever in college. Neither a "Chicago Mouse" or a B. M. O. C. I was in a position to observe both types carefully. Frankly, I'd rather know the mouse.

Yours in sepulchral solemnity,
Chicago, Ill. BOWMAN KREER

Mr. Kingsley Fall
Via *Sound & Fury*
ESQUIRE Magazine

Dear "Brother" Fall:

There's another common fraternity "type" which, for some strange reason, you failed to mention in your recent masterpiece, *In The Goat Room.* Though I guess the omission is not so strange, when you come to think of it.

Your portrayal of Thad was perfect, and I'm sure that all of us who have rapped the bench in the long "narrow and dank" goat room have seen his ultra-sentimental Adam's Apple bob many times. But for the moment, let's leave Thad and turn to this other chap.

As a freshman he quickly gained prominence by inciting the other members of his class to turn on their sophomore terrorizers and smear their faces with shoe polish. (After first noting that the sophomores were outnumbered two-to-one.) He organized a premature cap-burning, but when a few straggling freshmen were caught in the act, he was laughing up his sleeve in his dorm room. He got invited to all the open houses, and stuck the invitations around the edge of his mirror. He finally pledged Pi Sigma because he figured he could "help the house start on the upgrade."

He bore his Hell Week ignominities with a sneering air of condescension, and instead of going down to White River Junction on skis, he sneaked over to Joe Pilvers and drank beer all evening. And then bragged about it. He softly laughed to himself while Brother Phalanx led him downstairs to get his pin, and while he was repeating the "sacred vows," was really thinking about a later date with Genevieve.

During his sophomore year he blossomed just as Thad did. Only it would be better to say, he came into full bloom. He, too, won a managership, but he was disappointed. He was sure he was a cinch for football. He made Green Key, but the hat made him look like a dope so he didn't wear it. He was well-known by everyone on campus. For one thing, he had the college record for getting from the Green to the Junc' in his car. Took him four minutes flat. The brothers in Pi Sigma thought he was a pain in the neck by this time. But even in the house he had a distinction. His favorite trick was to loose a blatant belch during fraternity meeting. This always drew a snicker, but it got pretty tiresome.

His Senior year he was really a Big Shot. He made Paleopitus and was elected to C&G. When he moved up to the C&G house the Pi Sigma brothers felt pretty badly about it. But he had by that time passed the stage of ordinary comradeship. He walked about with the other Gods and his total conversation consisted of a "Hy'ah boy." Unknowns basked for days in the sunshine of one of those carelessly flung "Hy'ah boys."

He slept through Commencement exercises, then left to take a "swell job" in a bank. All the brothers were sorry to see him graduate. Because they couldn't point him out any longer as a local boy who made good. But for no other reason.

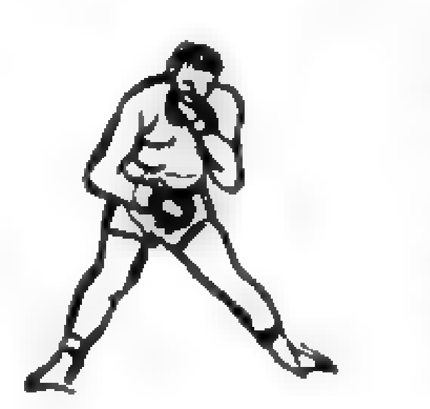
Haven't seen him since Commencement, but heard that he'd had a tough time finding a job that was good enough for him. The "swell job in a bank" wasn't. Understand he's doing a little writing. Newspaper, magazine stuff, you know. Hat still doesn't fit. He was too busy being a B. M. O. C. in college to realize that he was also pretty much of a self-righteous, conceited heel. Too bad, if that attitude shows in his writing.

Congratulations on a good job,
BOWMAN KREER

ESQ. FOR ACCURACY

Being one of ESQUIRE's regular college readers, I wish to correct mis-statements in William Inglis' article *Keep Those Punches Up* found in the April issue both for the sake of ESQUIRE's readers and for my good friend John McAvoy.

Holding the ability of Johnny McAvoy in high regard as it is held by many boxing experts, I wish to correct the assertion that by his decision of declaring Schmeling the winner in the Sharkey-Schmeling fight on a foul, the future of New York boxing was placed in a precarious position. It was not McAvoy who refereed the Sharkey-Schmeling bout as Inglis wrote, but Jim Crowley, and it was the latter who had to be told of the foul by Mr. Bond, officiating in the capacity as a judge, thus causing the dispute and the consequent "no-foul" rule of the New York Commission.

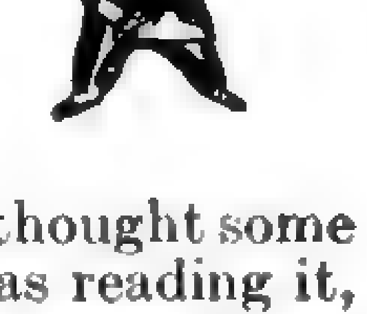


Very truly yours,
Easton, Pa. WILLIAM PAZICKY

ANSWERING THE CRY OF AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

In the *Sound and Fury*, on page 230 of the May issue one of your correspondents, named H. T. Guiterman, asserts that he has yet to find a good piece of fiction or non-fiction in ESQUIRE.

As a confirmed *Sound and Fury* addict I beg leave to violently disagree with Mr. H. T. Guiterman. That is to say, I beg leave to disagree violently. I beg leave to violently split an infinitive. I don't know so much about the non-fiction. Maybe the non-fiction has all been lousy. I thought some of it was good while I was reading it, but in literature I have learned that individual judgment aft gangs astray. So, as I say, all the non-fiction ESQUIRE has printed since Autumn, 1933, may, as Mr. Guiterman asserts, be unfit for intellectual consumption.

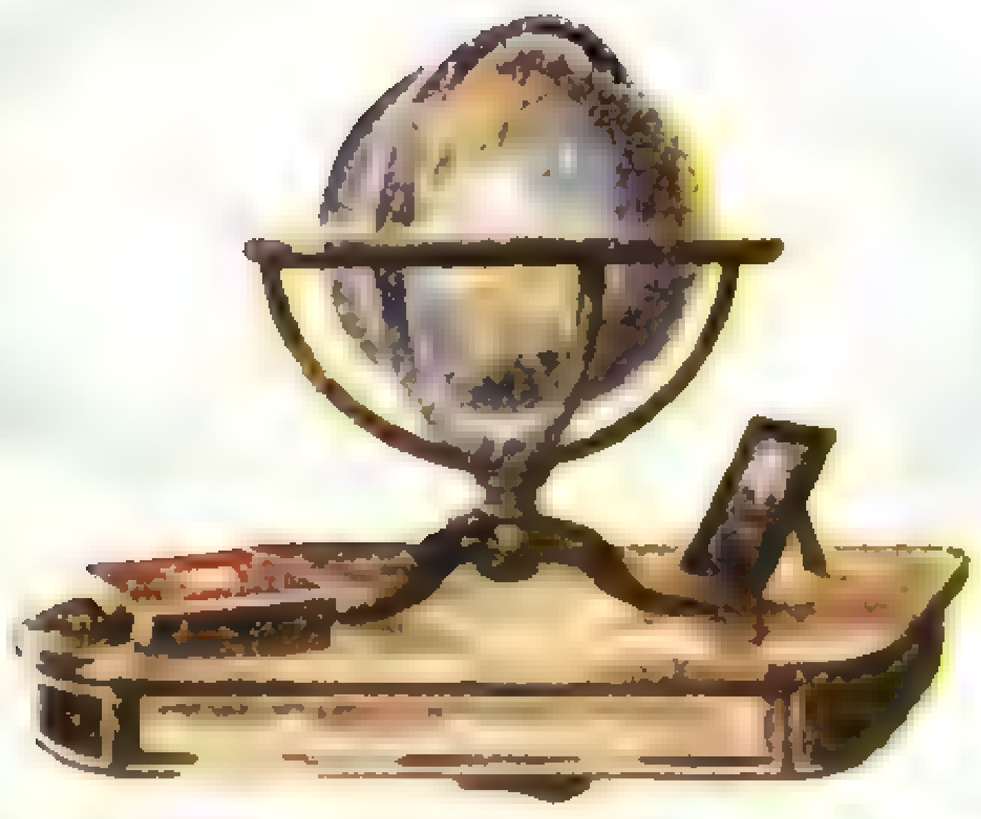


But I beg leave to disagree with Mr. H. T. Guiterman violently about the fiction ESQUIRE has seen fit to publish. I will go as far as to concede the possibility that most of the fiction has been poor; these things are so often in the realm of the imponderable. But I beg violent leave to except from Mr. Guiterman's too-inclusive category exactly seventeen fiction stories which have appeared in ESQUIRE. These have been, beyond question of opinion, first rate. By a curious coincidence these seventeen stories were all by Louis Paul. Sincerely,
Woodhaven, N. Y. LOUIS PAUL

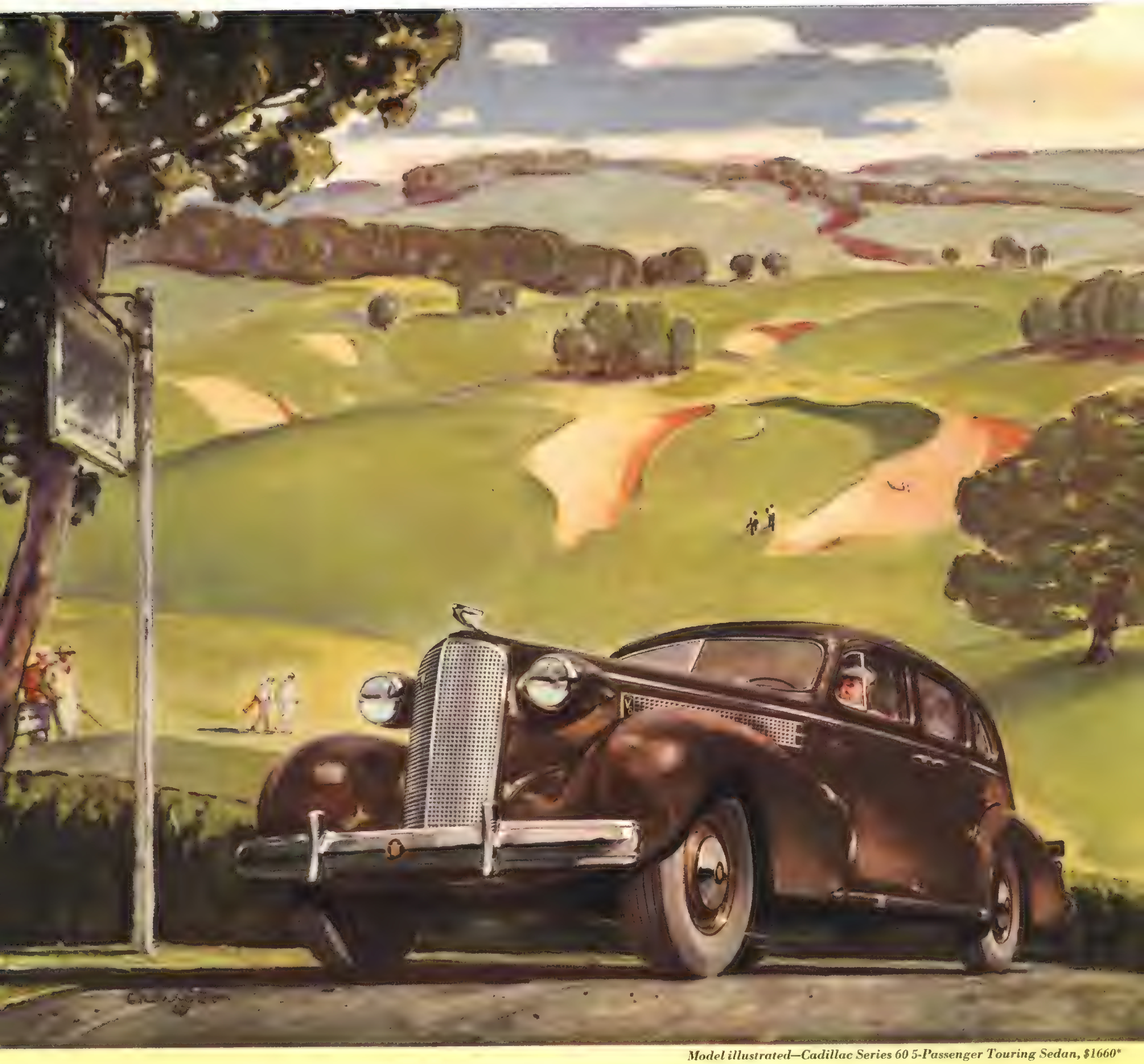
WIDE-OPEN

Suppose we allow yours is not a dirty magazine, that its cartoons are as clean as the paper they are printed on, and that it cannot be responsible for the state of its readers' minds; what then should be the state of its readers' minds? Cordially,
Evanston, Ill. MAURICE PAGE

Continued on page 176



CADILLAC leads the *world* in the field above $1500!



*Model illustrated—Cadillac Series 60 5-Passenger Touring Sedan, $1660**

Cadillac sells more cars priced above $1500 than any other motor car manufacturer in the world.

In fact, Cadillac sells almost as many cars in this price field as all the other American manufacturers combined. This has been true for a long time—and it is increasingly true today.

Surely, here is the final proof of how America ranks its motor cars. Seven builders offer cars in this field—and the buyer can take his choice.

Cadillac is made the big favorite for an obvious reason—an unchallenged reputation for prestige, quality and performance.

Always, Cadillac has held to its standards. Not once has its name been given to a car in the lower price range.

Yet advanced manufacturing practice has enabled Cadillac to lower its prices drastically. The Cadillac Series "60" now costs approximately half what a Cadillac cost four years ago.

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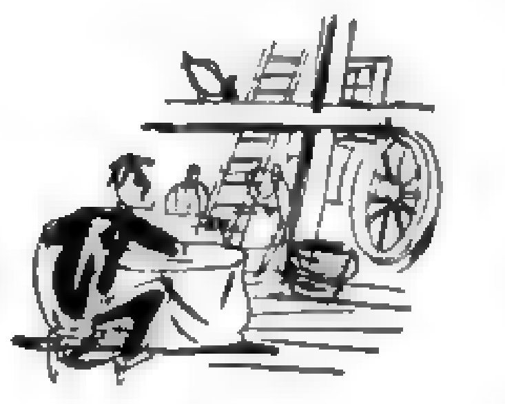
$1555
AND UP

**Delivered price at Detroit, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Prices include all standard accessories. Transportation, State and Local Sales Taxes, Optional Accessories and Equipment — Extra.*

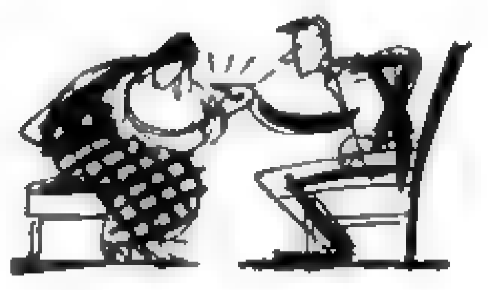
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



The Village Barn, 52 West Eighth Street, is one of those places that is happiest when the customer is participating in the services. There is usually a hot band and the background of rustic make-believe is the nuts for yokels. It also claims politicians and a following of band men. . . . But for high-up Warwicks go to John Lamanna's, 147 West Fourth Street, where amid the red plush you can see the political and sport world. . . . And still the best dollar dinner we have encountered in the city is at The Bat, 138 MacDougal Street.

For several seasons now, all the haughty faces smiling from the models in the shop windows have been caricatures of Katharine Hepburn. We are a little weary of so much studied scorn and were glad to note recently a model after the quizzical beauty of Ruth Weston, one of the town's better actresses.

The boys who run the Meurice have opened up a pleasant little bar called The Round Room, at 150 West Fifty-eighth Street. You can eat as well as drink at this emporium.

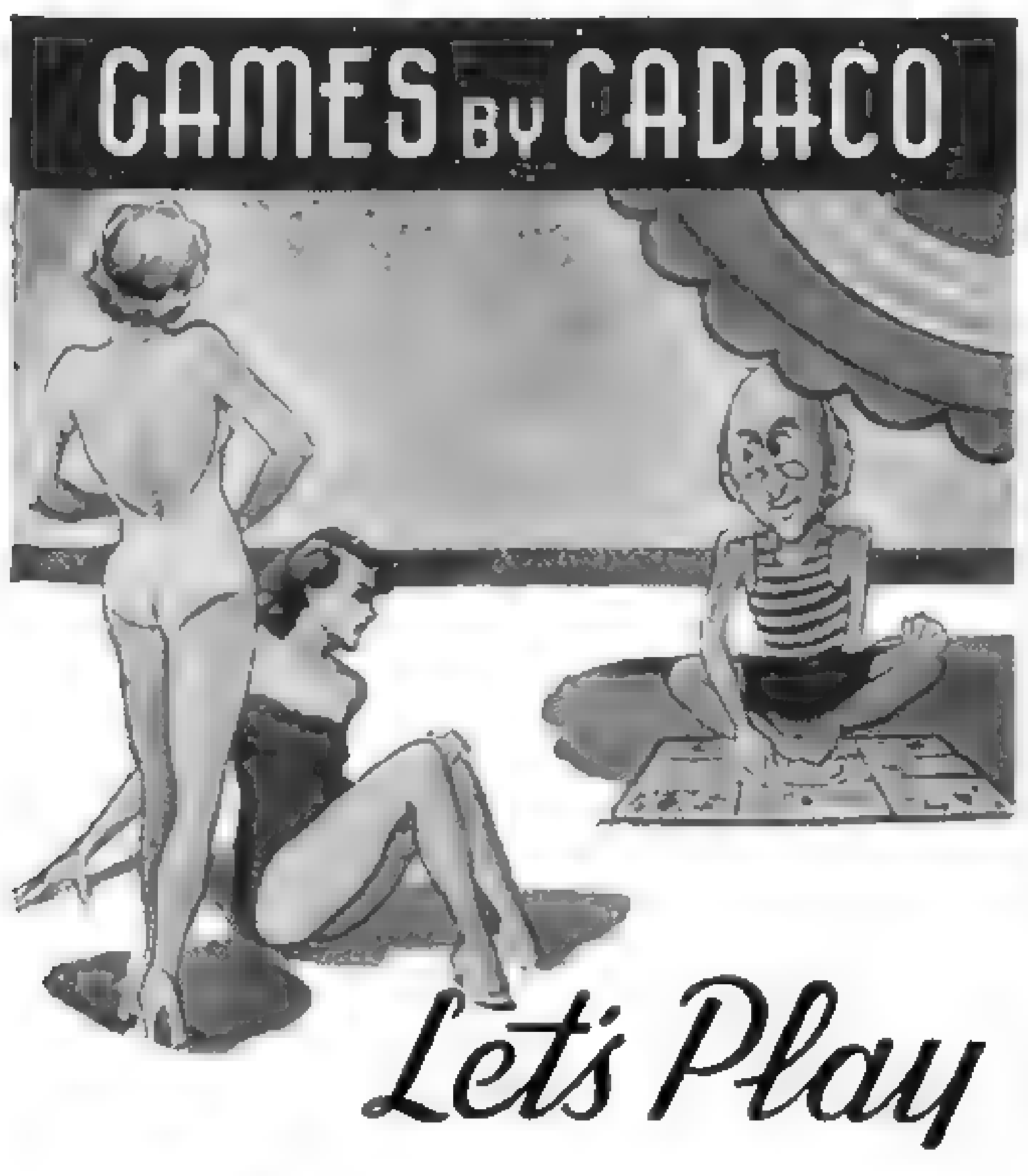


Of the latter day saints, the palm readers, we have come across two remarkable ones lately. Marka, at the Circus Bar of the Piccadilly Hotel, has a strange, far-away look in her eye that denotes business. She has had six years training in a psychiatric ward of a hospital, so unquestionably knows how to handle nuts. Not all flattery, she was one thousand per cent right on your correspondent. The business men's lunch at this theatrical hang-out is a bargain. . . . Another seer of distinction is Madame Olga of the Merry Go Round bar of the old House of Morgan, 49 East Fifty-fourth. The Madame doesn't miss a line in your grimy palm. Nick Bates, now head man of this enterprise, has caught the trade by adding name bands and snappy floor shows. If they ever take down the green billiard cloth, they will have one of the handsomest rooms in town.

Mr. Charles Edison owns a fine trout stream out Whippany way, New Jersey. So many friends dropped in that Mr. Edison finally turned the house into a club for nimrods. When he went to the Navy portfolio, Mr. Edison cast around and David Johnstone, of the Chanticleer, took the bait. Now Mr. Johnstone has a handsome place worth going miles to see. You find it near Troy Hills and it is called the Beverwyck. Mr. Johnstone has served many of the great, and it's a delight to listen to his tales of the war. The food is excellent, of the homecooked variety, the wine list adequate. In season a feature is the brook trout, a few hours out of the water, cooked as only fresh trout can be cooked. Should be on any one's country list.

The Vennini Brothers, who inherited the restaurant flair from their father, have a warm place on the edge of the village, called Little Venice, 126 West Thirteenth. Long a favorite spot of the judges and politicians who run our fair city, the Vennini boys do not fare badly. The bar tends toward the modern, some quite handsome photo murals of Venice being the high spot. In the usual red brick backyard the feature is an ailanthus tree that keeps a year-round schedule, growing under the roof in winter and above the roof in summer. The wine list is long and ample. The food is of the better Italian style with a bow to the French in frog legs. These come about as fine as can be found in New York.

GAMES BY CADACO



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TOP OF THE TOWN You're in step with the stars when you play the vertical game of "ups and downs." Played on a pyramid with movie stars for pawns. For 2 to 7 players. Board Edition $1.50; De Luxe $2.50. Dept. E 7

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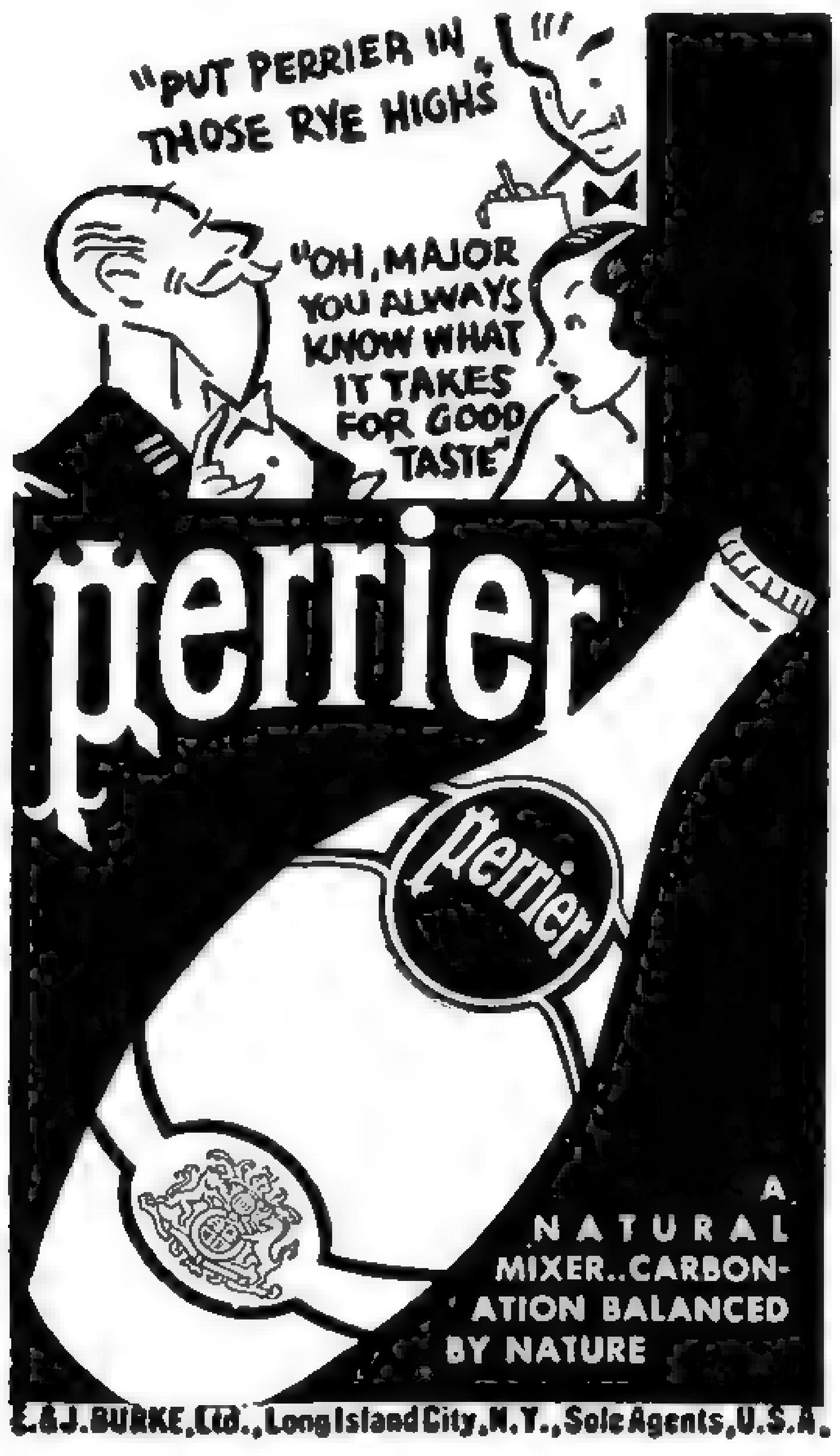
"PUT PERRIER IN THOSE RYE HIGHS"
"OH, MAJOR YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHAT IT TAKES FOR GOOD TASTE"
Perrier
Perrier

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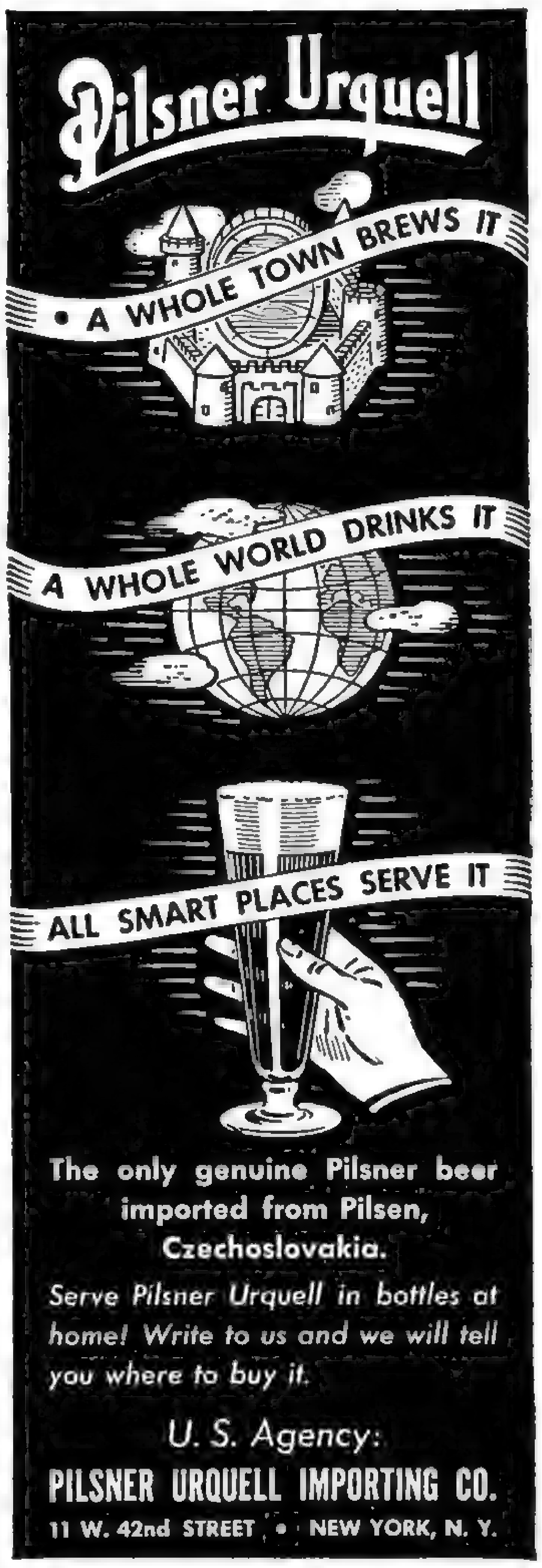
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• A WHOLE TOWN BREWS IT
A WHOLE WORLD DRINKS IT
ALL SMART PLACES SERVE IT

The only genuine Pilsner beer imported from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

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America's Smartest Resort Hotel
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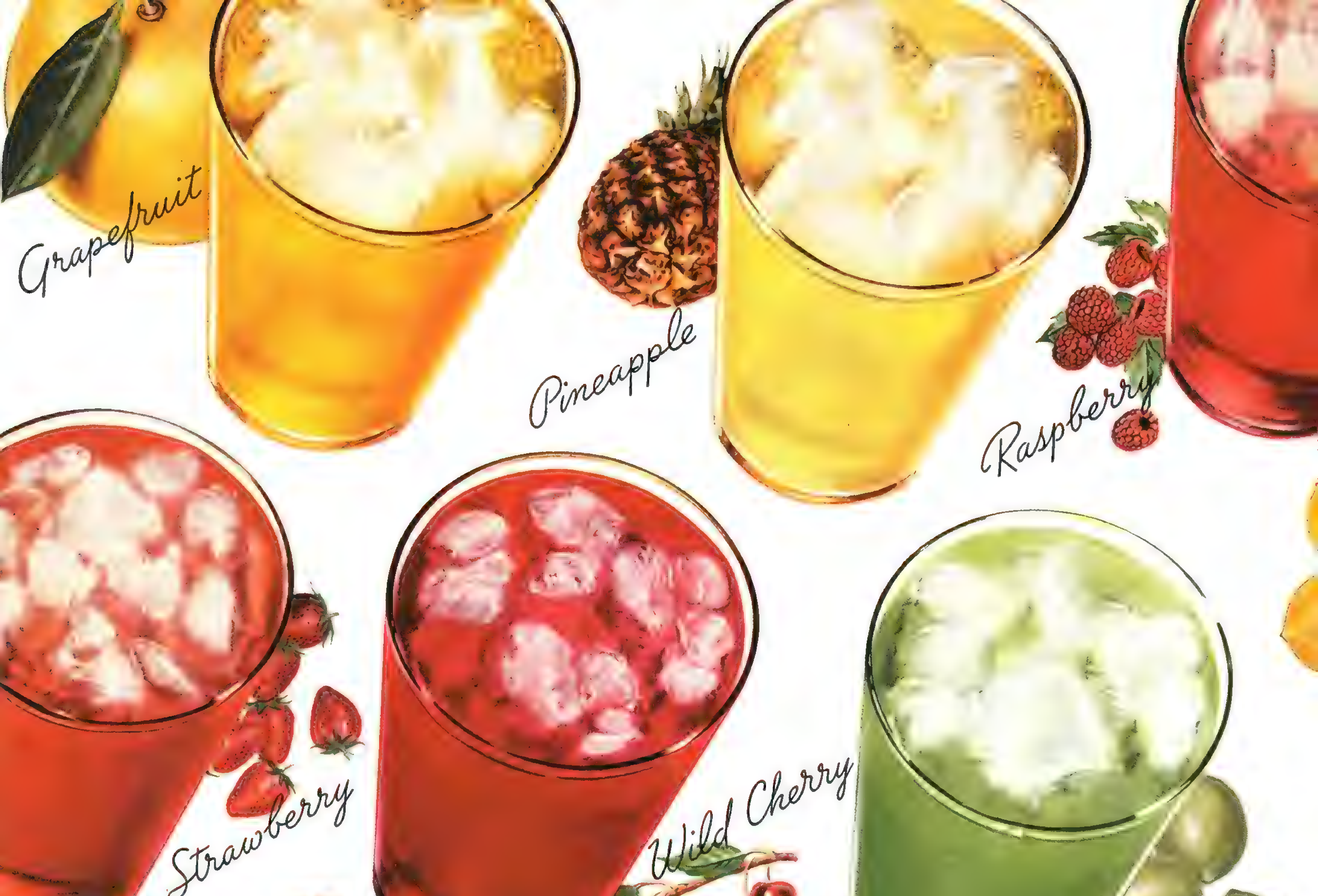
The Stars Shine at
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO

Old Mr. Boston: —
"These Delicious Fruits Give Me An Idea, Tony—
TURN THE PAGE AND I'LL SHOW YOU"



Treat Your Taste

TRY THESE TWELVE DIFFERENT FLAVORS • THEY'RE DELICIOUS

Give new excitement, new pleasure, to your drinking. Old Mr. Boston now offers tangy lime, tart lemon, golden-juiced orange, mellow pineapple, dew-drenched mint, tingling cherry, luscious strawberry — in fact, a whole set of the most refreshing, deep-down satisfying flavors that ever slaked a thirst. A dozen delicious liquors—different in flavor but alike in enjoyment—the refreshing tang of luscious fruit with just enough vigor for a mellow glow.

Start collecting your set of Old Mr. Boston Fruit Flavored Gins tonight. They're 1937's cleverest "host kit." Instead of the usual "have a drink," give your friends a true touch of hospitality, and say, "Take your choice!" In a Tom Collins, Rickey, or Fizz, use these twelve flavors the same old way and be prepared for a brand new tingling treat.

OLD MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN – 90 PROOF
Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits
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OLD MR. BOSTON ORANGE FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON WILD CHERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LIME FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LOGANBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON PINEAPPLE FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON STRAWBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON RASPBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON GRAPEFRUIT FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF

BEN BURK, Inc., Boston, Mass.

OLD Mr. Boston Gins

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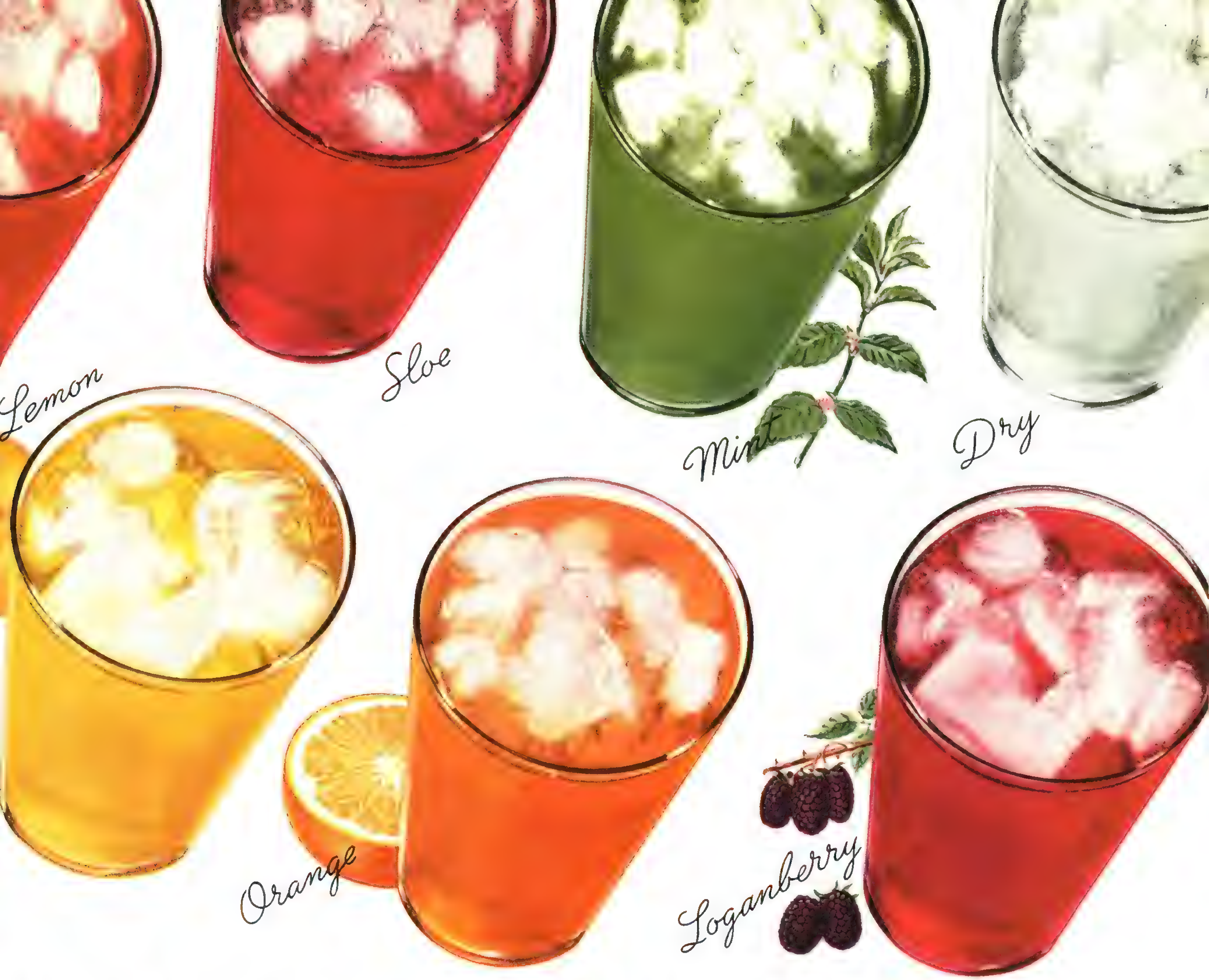

Lemon
Sloe
Mint
Dry
Orange
Loganberry

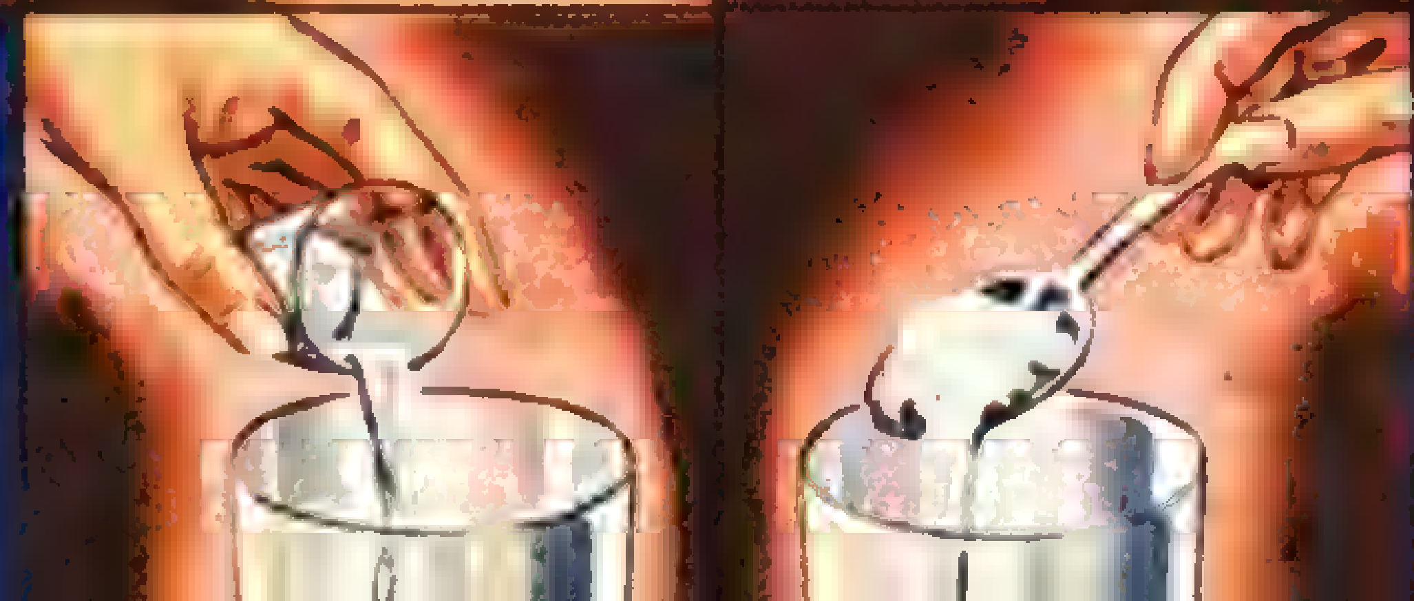
To A Dozen Thrills

MIX DRINKS THIS QUICK EASY WAY . .

1 SELECT YOUR FLAVOR CHOICE FROM THESE TWELVE DIFFERENT GINS

OLD MR. BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
Sloe Gin
MR. BOSTON ORANGE GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN
MR. BOSTON WILD CHERRY FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON LIME FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON LOGANBERRY FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON PINEAPPLE FLAVORED GIN
MR. BOSTON STRAWBERRY GIN
MR. BOSTON RASPBERRY GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON GRAPEFRUIT FLAVORED GIN

2 POUR 2 ozs. INTO A TALL GLASS. ADD SUGAR AND EMON JUICE TO TASTE



3 ADD ICE AND FILL WITH CHARGED WATER

It may be a frantic world, a declining world, a sad world, or an infinitely thrilling world — depending upon whose eyes you look through. But no one complains about its dullness when it's actually a shade too bright, a little hard on the eyes, rather hopelessly complex.

In this kind of world, the New York Herald Tribune said to itself questioningly: what is the proper function of a newspaper claiming to be honestly modern in a day when modernism means anything from streamlining the kitchen strainer to something akin to religion?

* * *

Given the complete physical printing equipment, given the man-and-brain power which the Herald Tribune has painstakingly built up through the years, given everything — great name writers, great features, great sections (like its independently famous "BOOKS" section) and a typographic style which has seven times been judged a model for all America — given all these things, how can such a newspaper keep its readers on top of the world rather than spinning dizzily off the edge?

The answer is infinitely easier to illustrate than to explain. Which is why Herald Tribune editors never tell you dogmatically how it's done. They simply do it . . . and leave it to their constantly expanding public to find out how.

They *do* have a few *don'ts*. They don't over-analyze causes and effects. They state them. They don't over-write. There isn't the space . . . nor the time. They don't offer rumor. There are too many pressing facts. They don't throw in adjectives. The meaning is just as clear, and often quicker, without them.

They do, in the New York Herald Tribune, produce a newspaper rated nationally and internationally as complete as any that comes out of America, as sensitive to the interests of struggling minorities as to blustering majorities.

Herald Tribune
Mr. and Mrs
THIS WEEK
SOCIETY
BOOKS
Western Vacation Guide 1937
Herald Tribune LATE CITY EDITION
Court Bill Lacks Majority In Judiciary Committee, Senator Ashurst Admits

How to Keep On Top of the World

If you are a critical newspaper reader, and with so many good ones to choose from you can and of right ought to be, you have noted recently that the Herald Tribune is more tersely written than ever. This is due to the press of vital news not only from its own world news-getting net-work but to the services of the United and Associated Press—both of which organizations it uses.

It is also due to the recent enlargement of the type of Herald Tribune text matter — enlarged so that he who runs may read as comfortably as he who sits and ponders.

So you have, in the net, a newspaper as authoritative and diverse with world-wide subjects as any newspaper (with the accent on *news*) of our time. It is staffed largely by younger news writers. It is written for younger minds. It is edited for that portion of America which knows that the literature and history of tomorrow will grow directly from the better written newspaper of today.

You might try keeping on top of the world with it for a few days (or a few Sundays) and see the difference.

ES-7-37

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New York Herald Tribune
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Weekdays only	10.00	5.00	2.55
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THE WISE vs. THE FOOLISH WEEK-ENDERS

. . . proving that it's smart and economical to **"GO NEW HAVEN"** *to New England*

1. *"How foolish of Marge and Bill to insist on driving, instead of having a leisurely breakfast with us . . . and going by train later. They probably started at dawn."*

2. *"Just look at that traffic tie-up! Thank goodness we had sense enough to come this way. We'll be there long before our 'speed demon' friends."*

3. *"Hello, there! No, Marge and Bill are driving . . . They'll be along later. But what a grand trip we had! And so inexpensive! These new streamlined day coaches are marvelous."*

2 HOURS LATER

4. *"So here you are at last! Why, we've already had luncheon and played a couple of sets. Take a tip from us . . . 'go New Haven' next time!"*

● A week-end gives you just so many hours. Make the most of every one! Don't waste time and energy—travel the quick, easy, safe and *inexpensive* way. Travel in big, cool, comfortable New Haven coaches—at 2c a mile!

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For illustrated booklet "Southern New England Resorts and How to Get There" write Vacation Bureau, Room 3617, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. Tickets and information at Grand Central Terminal, Consolidated Offices, 17 John St., New York or 155 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. Phone VAnderbilt 3-7705.

THE **NEW HAVEN** R. R.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

HERRICK ON JIGGLING

Anent George A. McNamara's *Essay on Jiggling* in the current May number of Esquire, he states that "even the poets ignore it," referring to jiggling, and again states that they say nothing at all about the maiden's pleasingly complicated mode of locomotion.

If you will have Mr. McNamara take down from the shelf his *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* and blow off the dust, he will find therein the following lyric by Herrick, Lovelace, or Suckling. I do not at the present recall the particular author.

"When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!"

Mr. McNamara's glaring error would have stood uncorrected, perhaps, except that I desire some information.

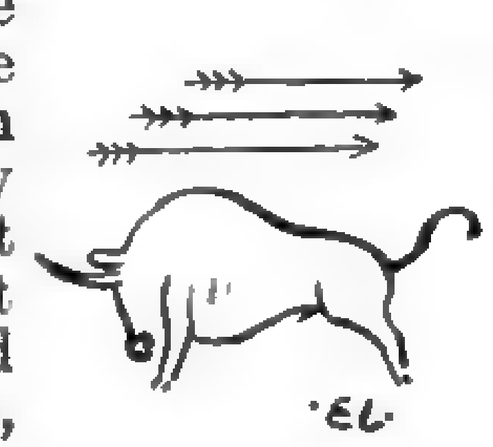
In the column *Painting the Town with Esquire*, you mention Esquire's "New Guide to Old London" as being announced elsewhere in this issue. I have leafed through the magazine very carefully, both articles and advertisements, and am unable to find the "elsewhere." If the pamphlet is free, you might send me a complimentary copy for pointing out this glaring error. If it is not free, please advise me where it can be obtained, and the cost thereof.

Very truly yours,

Lansing, Mich. J. W. Planck

A MEMORY TEST

I don't care whether you publish this or not. That's fair warning. And with it, I can let my hair down and reminisce. Most of your letters, judging from the ones you air, are written for publication.



The cause of this outburst is the letter in the April issue from J. von Macklin. You see, we knew you when. We weren't met yet when your first quarterly issue came out—met in December that year—but we praised the next four issues, and in looking back over them I see now that we hadn't seen nothing yet.

I've read every issue you've put out. I have at the moment on file every issue except January and February, 1935. I was broke then and read someone else's. Are they still available and, if so, how much? There are certain highlights, as I look back. First, the hullabaloo about "A Good Job Gone;" and the "gentleman" from Philadelphia who presumably is now spending a grand a year in some other clothing store. Really, you owe him something. He was a tremendous boost for you. Speaking of *Sound and Furyists*, there was Carol of California. Did she ever write the article she promised, or was her second letter the total result? The gal was good, anyway.

Also, while I'm questioning you, whose idea was it to bring your cover man off his cork and up to life size after his first appearance? Another good idea, anyway.

All in all, I have yet to see a copy of Esquire I could bear to throw away; and I'm a government employee, too, never knowing when and where I'll move next. That doesn't mean that I've liked everything you've had. Sigmund Spaeth used to give me sharp shooting pains, and I once wrote you so. You sent me back a tut-tut letter; but he's gone, nevertheless. *Muchas gracias, señores.* Since then I've given up. Nearly wrote you on S. She was an awful lemon. And *She's No Longer Faithful If* was good only on its first appearance. I very nearly wrote you about G. J. N.'s crack at Gilbert and Sullivan, and am glad I didn't since others did a better job of it than I could. However, it's all water under the bridge. You might whisper to Burton Rascoe, however, that his denunciation of Heywood Broun would have gone off better if he had known the title of Miss Zora Horston's book. It is *Mules and Men.*

Do you remember way back in the early days, Spring of '34, printing a two page spread on "Rye Whiskey," color plate, words and music? I didn't like your version of the music so much—lots harder to sing than mine—but the idea was good. Why not some more some time? George Antheil's *Franky and Johnny* doesn't count—us po' folks cain't play it, or sing it. I'm not asking for a balladry department, although that would be swell in a magazine that could afford to print music as well as words. Just give us boys that like that sort of thing a good one once in a while. Try tackling *John Lomax.*

By the way, who illustrated Oliver La Farge's story? Whoever it was, don't let him do it again. He hasn't the faintest idea how an Indian woman walks. His sketches remind me of the bilge you once published as pictures of the Gallup Ceremonial. That stank to high heaven. All the fellow—was it Lundgren—could see was the Pawnees, and they're an unimportant sideshow. If you want Indian pictures, there are people who can do them, including some Indians.

But never mind, this started out as a friendly recounting of past pleasures. You give the impression you like such informal notes of appreciation, so I thought I'd jot them down. Best of luck, and I'll probably be with you till senile dementia sets in.

Yours,

Gallup, New Mex. Nixon Hadley

P. S.—The anonymous bachelor who says Indianapolis ain't a city is probably in for some hullabaloo. Us Hoosiers are touchy.

PLEA FOR PRINCETON

While I don't agree entirely with Princeton '40 in his criticism of your magazine, the letter of John Fulling of the University of Tulsa requires me to attempt an answer. Mr. Fulling seems only secondarily interested in defending ultra-sophistication, dirt, and Dos Passos. His chief interest seems to be in cussing Old Nassau.

I think the criticism by Princeton '40 was meant to be a plea for moderation, for less extreme sophistication and less unnecessary dirt. Dirt for the sake of realism or humor is one thing; dirt for dirt's sake is another, and belongs to *Snappy Stories.*

The same distinction may be made in the case of profanity. For instance, Tulsa '40 manages to use profanity approximately fourteen times in his four short paragraphs. To some readers this may denote poverty of vocabulary; to me it represents a rather obvious and typically freshmanic effort to "talk big".

It is doubtful whether 99% of your readers regard the work of Dos Passos as "garbage". It is more probable that a large majority of us, not gifted with Mr. Fulling's powers of literary persuasion, fail to understand, and therefore to appreciate, this work. As for the much-discussed *She's No Longer Faithful If* articles, I think most readers will agree that, while they were faintly amusing at first, they became progressively worse as the author apparently ran out of material.

To return to my original purpose, Mr. Fulling has insinuated that Princeton men don't know "what it's all about". I can only beg of him to assume a more tolerant attitude. After all, we have not had the privilege of absorbing ultra-sophistication from such centers as Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Sincerely,

Princeton, N. J. Albert B. Sharp
Princeton, '39

P.S. My sincere apologies to Tulsa for that last crack. I suppose Mr. Fulling is no more popular in Tulsa than he would be in Princeton.

Continued on page 176

For beach rest . . . and play

Beach furniture, equipment and games add a multitude of pleasures to your vacation hours. Our entire Sixth Floor is filled with a wide assortment of summer furniture and many suggestions for land and water games.

De Luxe Beach Dugout $22.50

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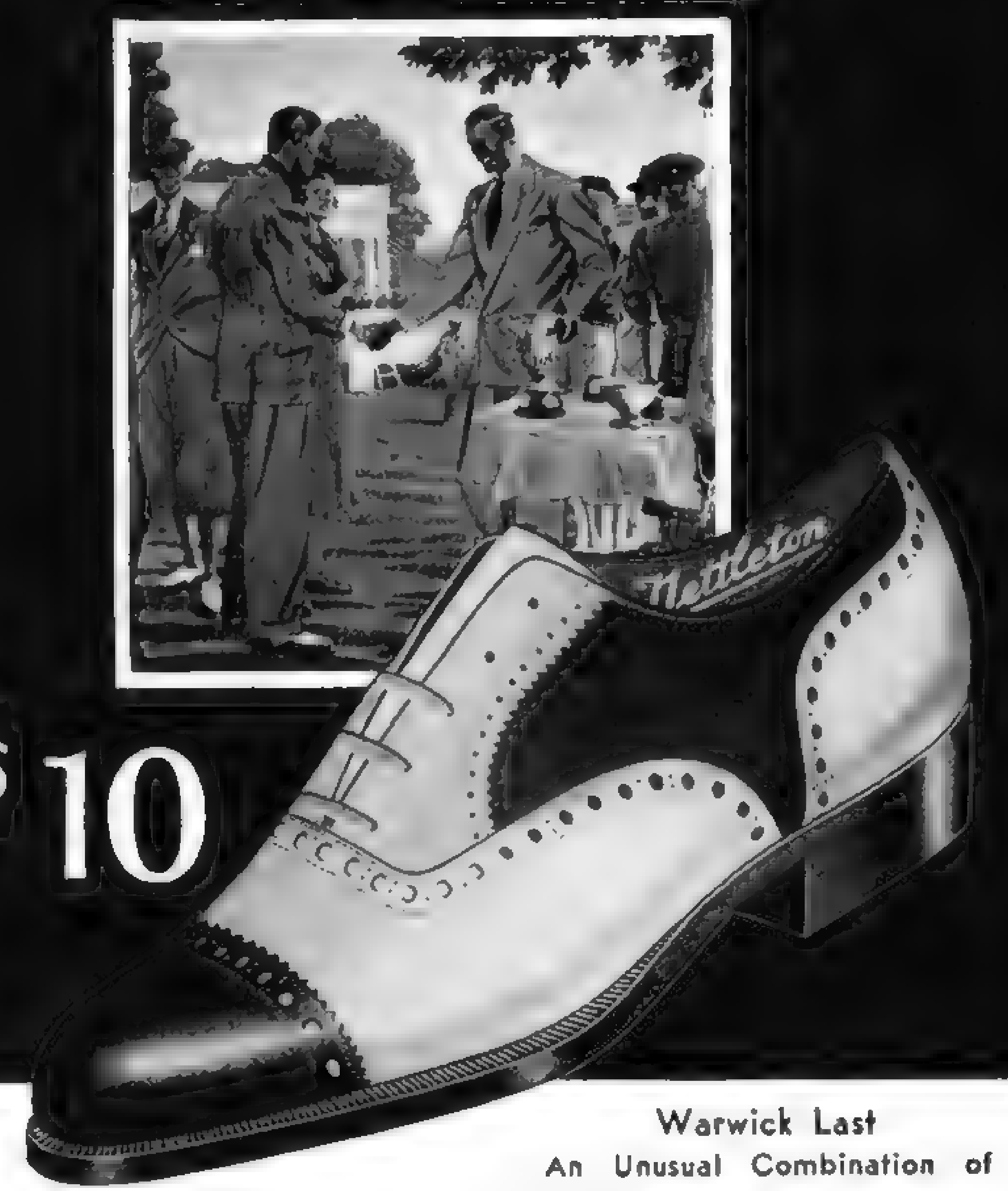
MEN LIKE TO SAY THEY WEAR THEM

Nettleton



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...and
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Just as soon as the thermometer rises Schrafft's bill of fare takes on a pleasingly frosty aspect. Every summer day finds a host of cold combinations...lunchtime, dinnertime, teatime, and suppertime...so varied that you can come to Schrafft's every day and look forward to every meal as a pleasant surprise.

One day you'll order cold sliced chicken and tongue with an enticing salad that, lo and behold, is a chilled pear stuffed with fruit! A hot summer's night and you'll be ready to tackle cold baked ham, a fresh vegetable mousse and fresh asparagus tips.

Chilled fresh crabmeat or lobster salad with potato chips or chicken salad...every leaf of lettuce crisped...every tomato chilled...and every last morsel designed to make you look forward to your hot weather meals at Schrafft's with the same keen delight you have when the thermometer is kinder.

15 Men's Grills in New York City

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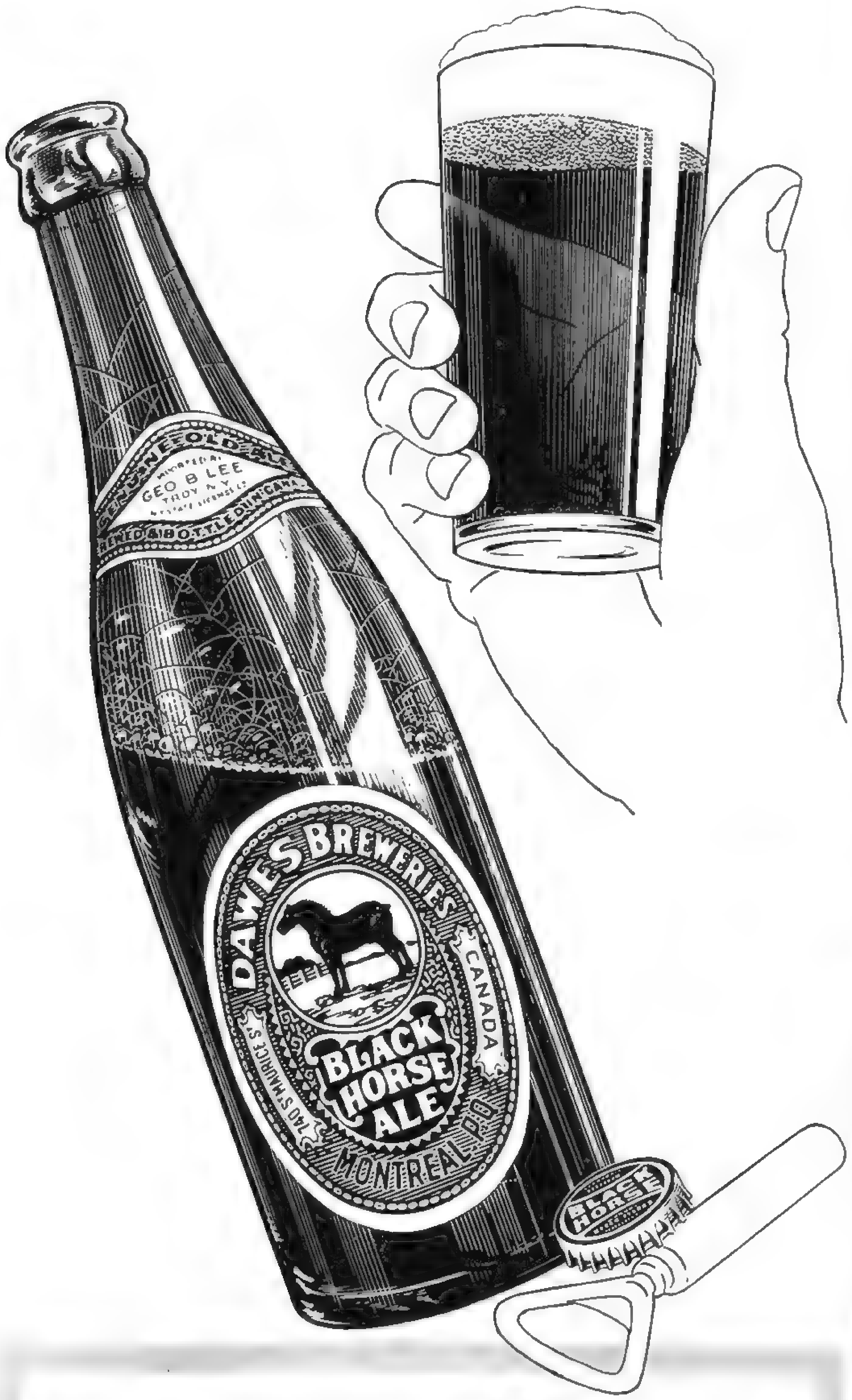
New York's Summer Resort

44 RESTAURANTS IN
NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA AND SYRACUSE

The ale you got *and never forgot* in Canada …NOW IMPORTED!


DAWES BREWERIES
BLACK HORSE ALE
CANADA
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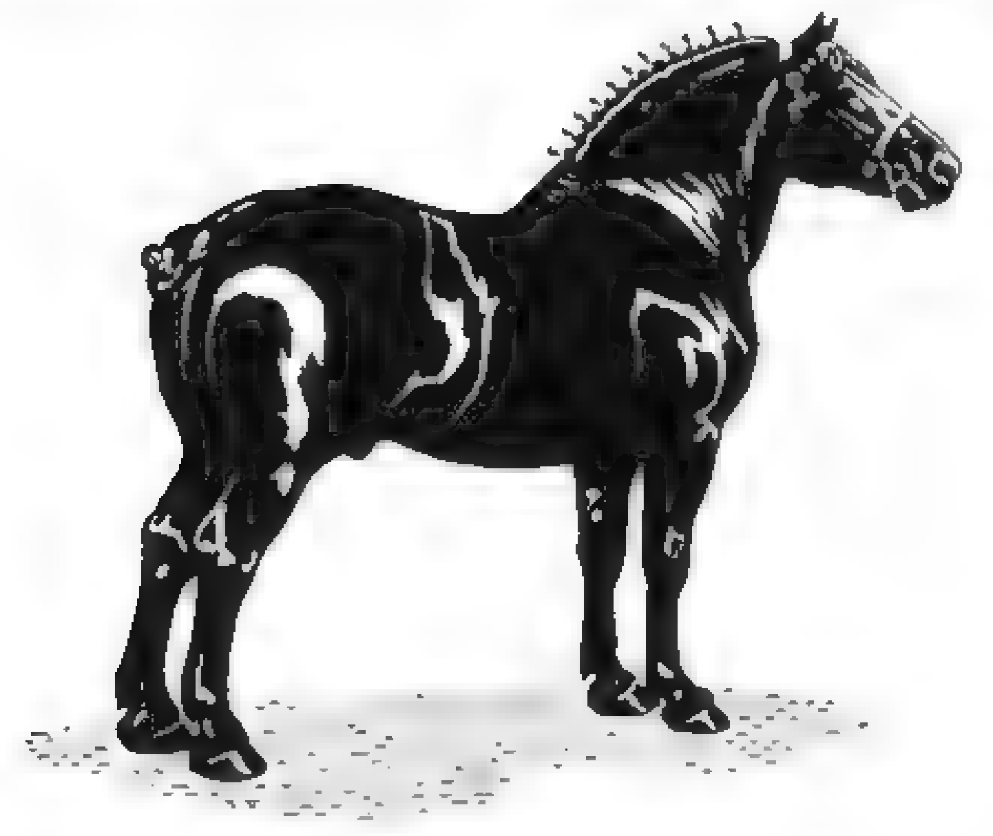

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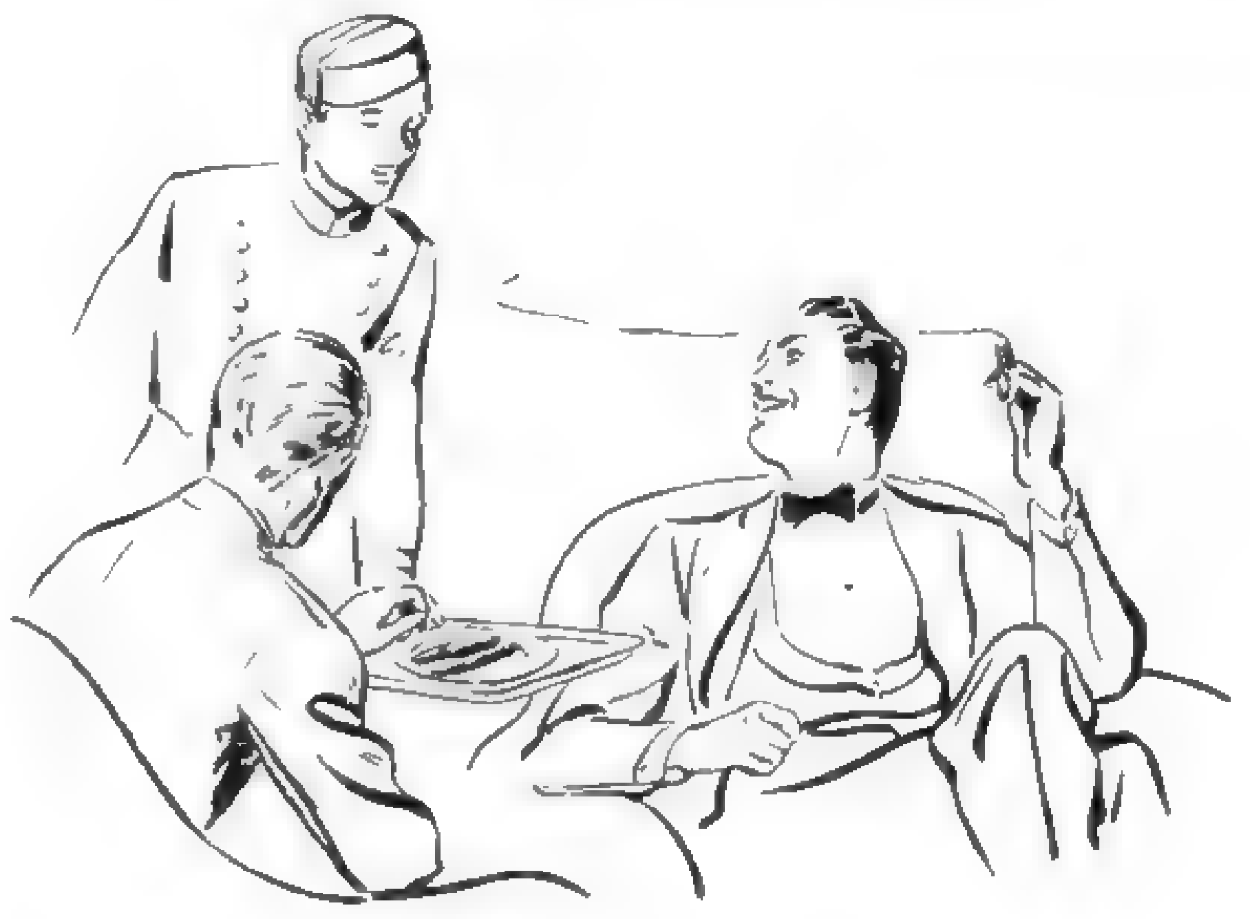

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THE CHOICE OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

finest long leaf ALL-HAVANA *filler*

PERFECTO, 2 *for* 25¢
CABINET OR LONDRES, 10¢
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ESSKAY
COCKTAIL FRANKFURTS
COCKTAIL PORK SAUSAGE

You NAME THE DRINK
WE'LL NAME THE CANAPÉ

ESSKAY QUALITY

Cocktail Frankfurts

Here at last is a canapé that blends perfectly with your favorite drink. Smart people, looking for something different, have discovered that Esskay Cocktail Franks and Esskay Cocktail Style Pork Sausage are an immediate success at Cocktail Time. ★ These tasty, meaty midgets are packed in convenient 5 ounce tins, serving approximately six guests, or in the larger 7 ounce glass jars--now available at better food stores.

The WM. SCHLUDERBERG -T. J. KURDLE CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
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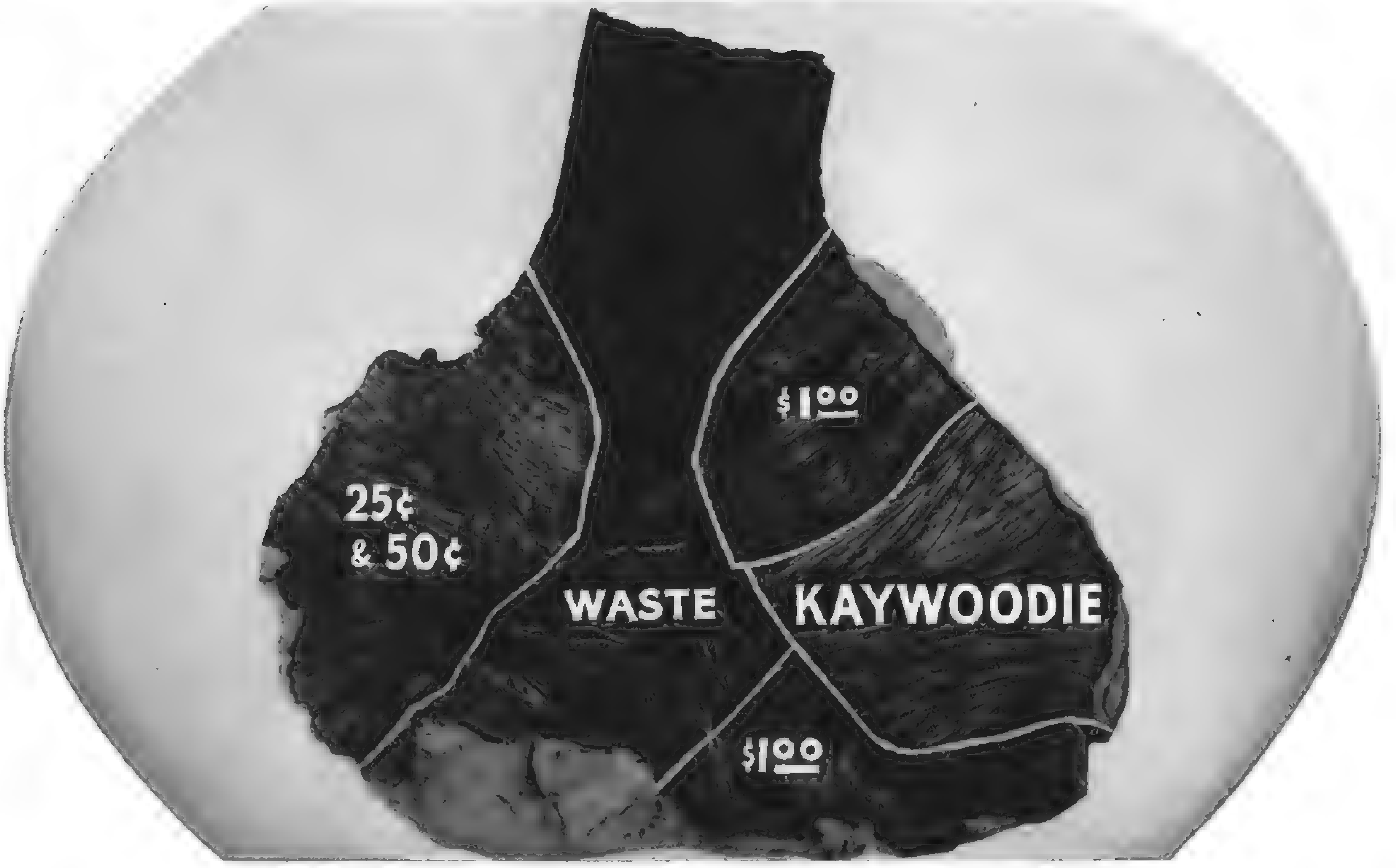
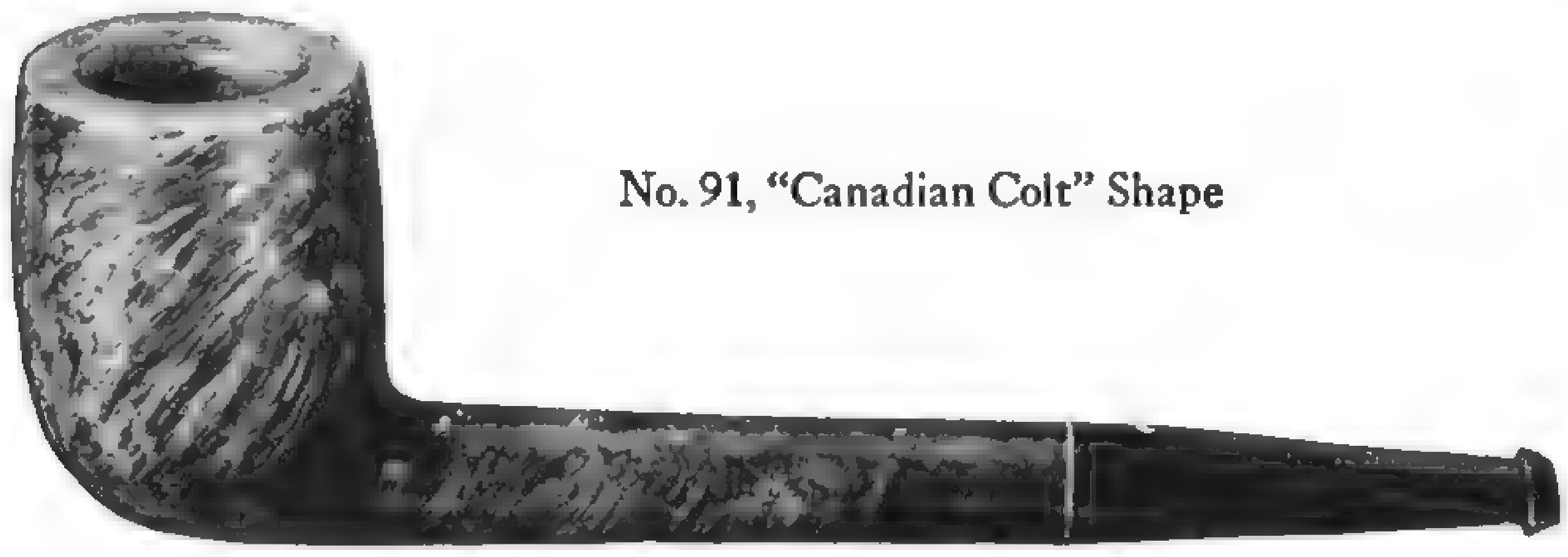
Only the PRIME CUT *of the briar is used in making* KAYWOODIE *pipes*

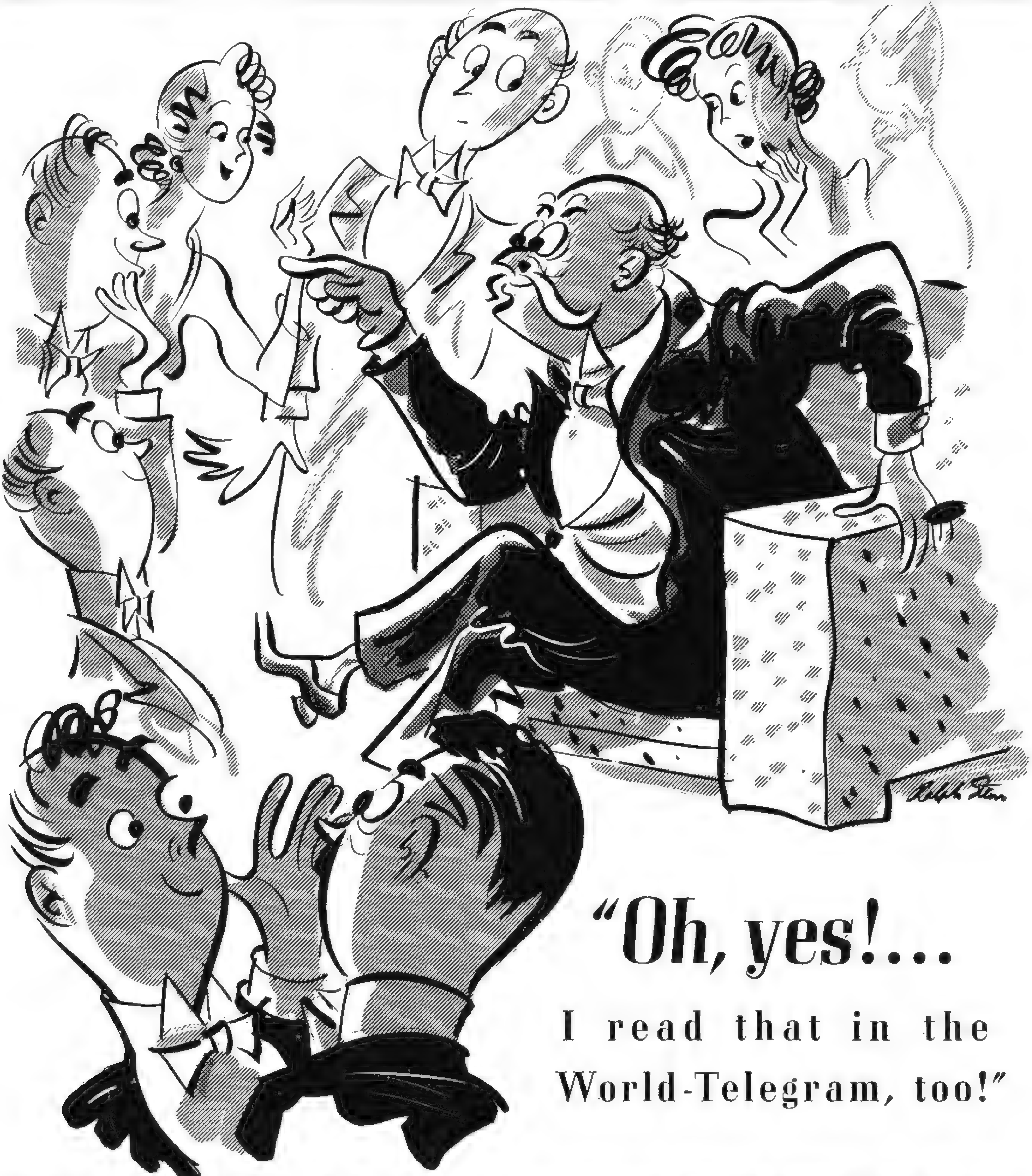


Ordinary pipes are made from the second cuts

"The sweeter the briar, the sweeter the smoke." This time-worn adage has guided the hands of men who make pipes since the first briar was carved over a century ago. The briar in your Kaywoodie pipe was "mellowed in the ground." For Kaywoodies are made from big briar burls which have grown to maturity. And just a small part of the whole burl is made into Kaywoodie pipes. Only the best portion, "the prime cut," is used (see picture above). In this part of the burl, the wood is old and tough; sound, close grained and "curly," and smokes sweeter than the rest. Some of the remainder can be used for making ordinary pipes, as shown. The center portion marked "Waste" should never be used for pipes. It is lumber-type grain. Kaywoodies are sweet, long-lasting pipes, cool and satisfying. They cost from $3.50 to $1,000.


No. 91, "Canadian Colt" Shape

UNCUT BRIAR BURL of extraordinary size (the little pipe beside it is in actual proportion) illustrating the remarkably rare burls obtained through the resources of the world's largest pipe organization, Kaywoodie Company, Rockefeller Center, New York, and London.



"Oh, yes!...

I read that in the World-Telegram, too!"

MAKE THIS TEST:
See what it takes to make a newspaper featureful, newsworthy. Read a World-Telegram each evening, this week. Take a family vote; perhaps this is the home-going paper you'd ALL prefer! Why not try it?
EVERY EVENING 3c SATURDAY, TOO

WANT to catch up with your smart-set friends? Then read the World-Telegram, as they do! Why? Because it mirrors their modern, sophisticated aliveness . . . provides every-evening inspiration for many a jeweled remark, authority for being "in the know."

New York World-Telegram

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

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Because the General Dual 10 tire costs slightly more, some people consider it an unnecessary luxury. But considered in the light of its ability to save human life the General Dual 10 becomes a necessity that few would weigh in terms of dollars. All the safety that is built into today's cars depends on the four tires on the road. A blowout or the inability to stop a car in time can cause irreparable damage. To secure the greatest possible protection from these driving hazards more new car buyers change-over to Generals than to any other make. The General Tire dealer has a change-over plan that provides full allowance for the tires that come on your new car or for the unused tire mileage on your present car. Ask him to demonstrate the Dual 10 to you. You will quickly see what it means to have this greater security.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio
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FREE BOOKLET, *"Instructions to Prevent Skidding," fully illustrated, will be sent on request.*

● When you apply the brakes flexible ribbons of rubber wrinkle into squeegee-like action—provide positive traction on any road, wet or dry. Stops without side swerve or tail spin.

THE GENERAL Dual 10

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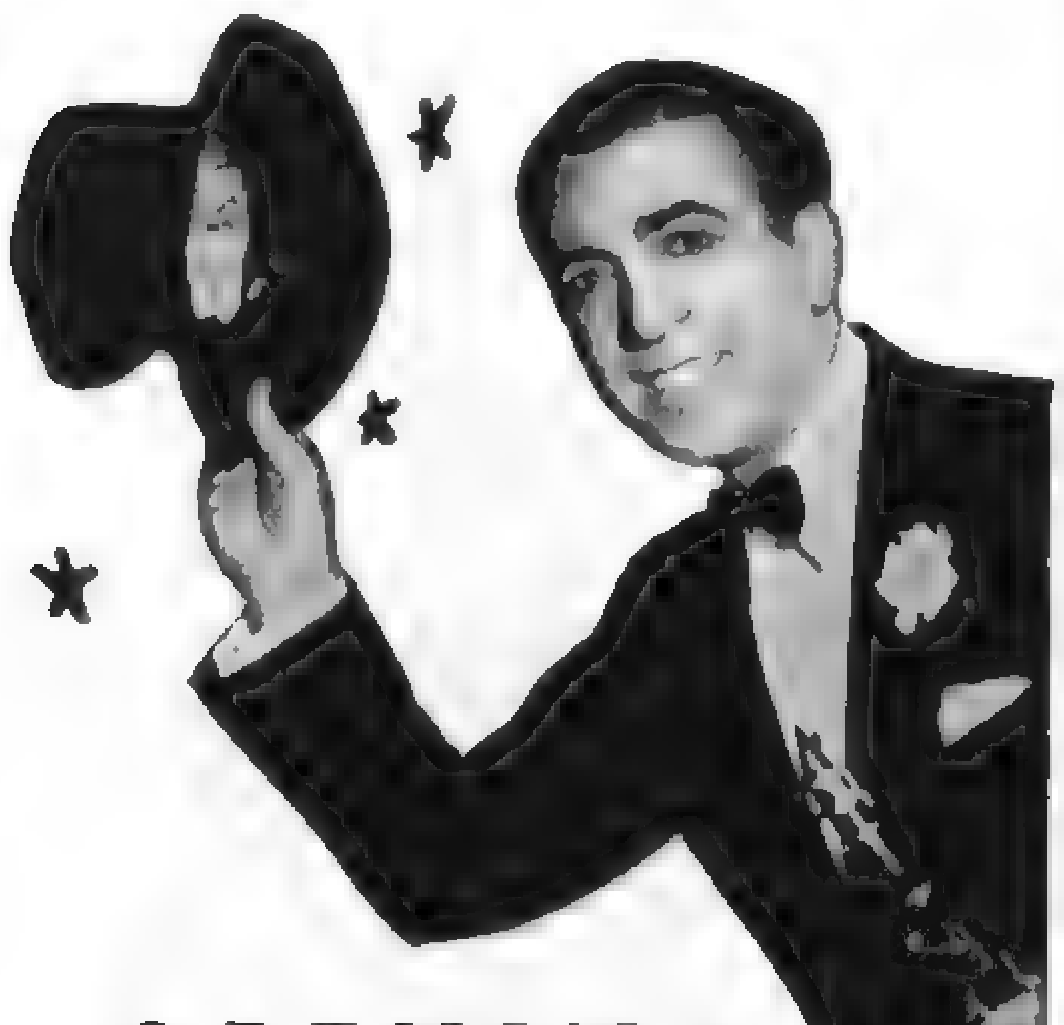
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



OPENING
JULY 5TH
TED LEWIS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
WITH THE
RHYTHM RHAPSODY REVUE
ASTOR ROOF
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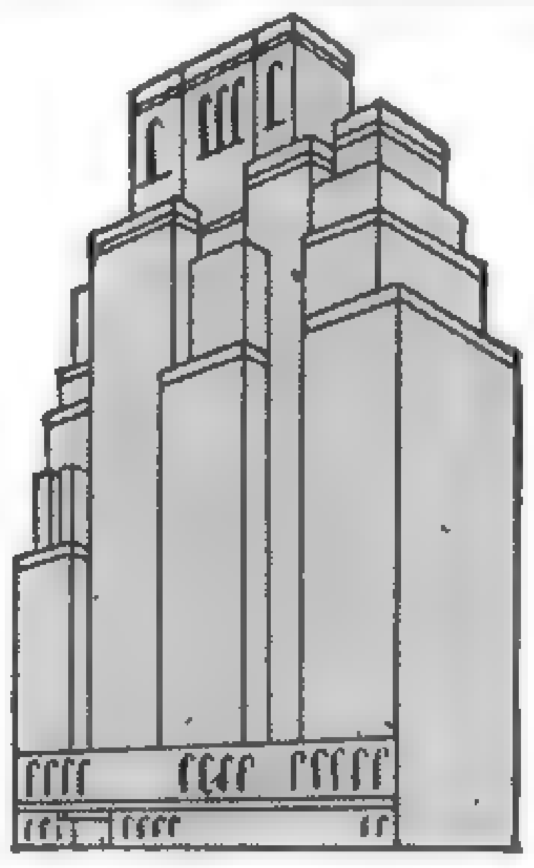

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Hotel
Governor Clinton
7th Ave. & 31st Street
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UNDER KNOTT MANAGEMENT
1200 ROOMS 1200 BATHS
from $3.00 daily

● COOL OFF
● While you watch the
● Hottest Show in Town!
● AIR COOLED • AIR CONDITIONED
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 33 W 52 ST • NEW YORK
● LUNCH • DINNER • SUPPER • COCKTAILS

The Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick, Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, is going in for newspaper men. Probably they drink most with the best manner, society folk liking to put their feet on the table after the third round. The room has been ornately decorated by Dean Cornwell with crests of the better-knowns of the town, the escutcheons in an amusing way giving an inkling to the deeds and valors of the local knights. Along the walls are inscribed the names of those who go to make New York life what it is. The lighting arrangements and a brilliant glass floor are among the handsomest things in town and are a credit to the firm that made them as well as the artist who designed them. The new room has proven a boon to the town and the response of the folk who like good food and their drinks among the pleasanter surroundings has been fair reward for the hosts at the Warwick.

The Waldorf men's bar has become so virile that the Manhattan no longer has its cherry and the Martini is devoid of the olive. It is about the only place left where men can escape with their kind, the handsome old Astor Hunting Room having given way to the pushing sex.

Good news for epicures is that Bernard has decided to keep the Mascotte, 19 East Sixtieth Street, open for the summer. Not blessed with a garden, he approaches it with a rearrangement of his downstairs space.

Ports of Call: Havana. As we say, if your old aunt is along, better take the prescribed shore excursions. Save on blushes. In Havana, you can go to any of the night clubs and see as smart a show as you'd get in Times Square, ballroom team, precision chorus and even a rumba danced by natives of Harlem. But if you persist and find a place such as the Havana Sport Club you will be amply rewarded. This is the Savoy Ball room of our own Harlem and the Cubans dance here as they like to dance. It's the rumba all right, or the *Son*, the real national dance. And it has no visible relation to the exhibition rumba of the ball rooms or movie palaces. Cuba's worth a week at least, but whatever your time, don't miss the Tropical Gardens for scenery; or Sans Souci, one of the loveliest cafes in the world. The Casino, the handsomest and largest gambling room in the world, is worth an academic and non-participating visit. The Jai Alai games are worth about ten minutes, just for the record; about as exciting as ping pong. Sloppy Joe's couldn't be missed because every college boy meets every Rotarian right on one of those stools. The Bacardi folk treat you handsomely in their private bar between 11 and 1, and the Ron Havana Club overwhelms you with generosity. You sit and drink free punches until you end up with at least a case for import. As for your correspondent, we like to sit in the sun at the Eldorado Terrace, opposite the capitol, eat peanuts, smoke a Havana cigar and sip Daiquiris, Havana style.

Nassau: A gentle place, not unlike Haiti. Native folk follow you around singing native songs. One we liked best was the sad tale of "Tom Johnstone Who Came Down On the Minargo." All about seduction. Sit in the lazy quiet of Black Beard's cafe or Dirty Dick's and let life flow by to the tune of a mandolin. Paradise Beach is about like one of our Long Island Sound beaches, having one advantage: drinks served on the sand. To and from the beach in the glass-bottomed boats, it's an education to watch the fish, discarded chains and anchors, that litter the floor of the patient sea.

Moonlit Terrace
ATOP THE BILTMORE
Dancing and Entertainment at
Dinner and Supper
The sweet-swing rhythms and
the brilliant divertissement of

HORACE HEIDT
and his Brigadiers Orchestra
featuring
Lysbeth Hughes Alvino Rey
Alyce King Bob McCoy
Four King Sisters Larry Cotton
Jerry Bowne Art Thorsen
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MADISON AVE., AT 43RD ST., N. Y.

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CAFÉ
COCKTAILS
FROM 35c
LUNCHEON
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WILLIAM FARMER
and his Dance Orchestra during Dinner and Supper until 2 a.m., except Sunday.
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MARINE ROOF
★ BILL McCUNE'S SWING BAND
Dinner-Supper Dancing
★
★ ★ ★ ★ HOTEL BOSSERT
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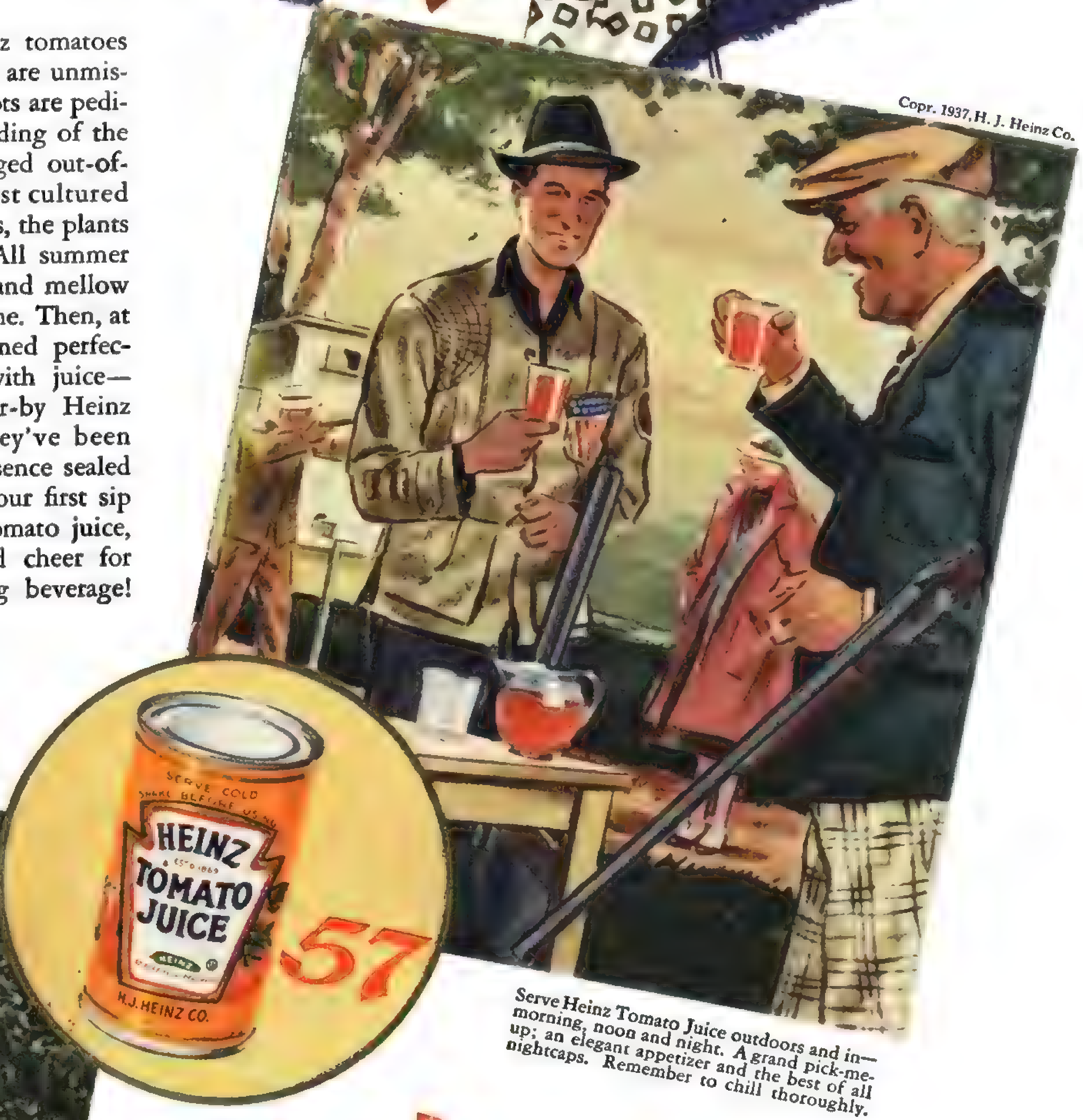
CLAREMONT INN & GARDENS
124th STREET at RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NO COVER DINNER $1.50 NO MINIMUM
LUNCHEON $1.00 • TEA 60c • SUPPER A LA CARTE
JOLLY COBURN *and his Orchestra*
DIRECTION • ARNOLD SCHLEIFER

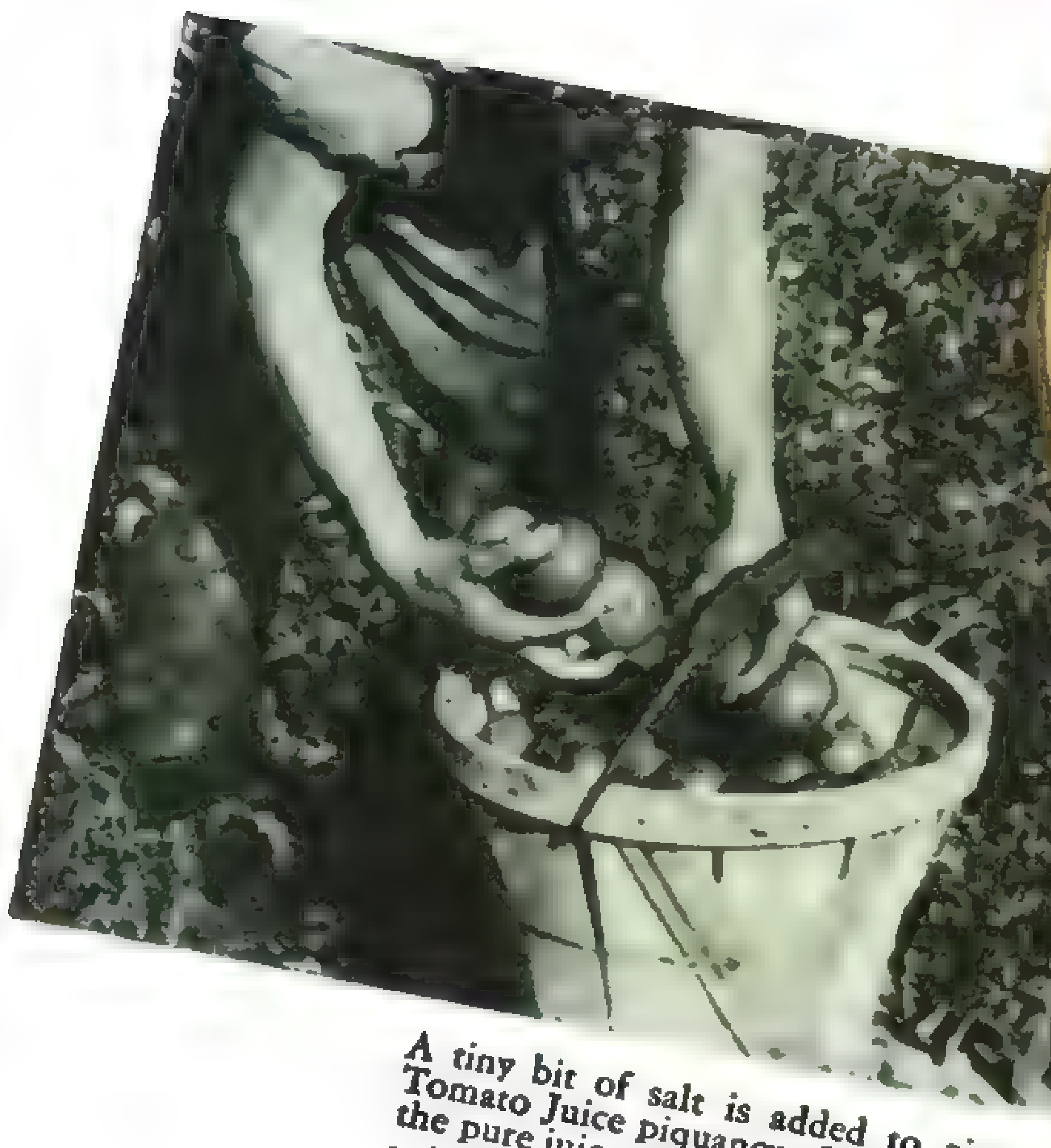
Country Gentlemen

OF COURSE you won't find Heinz tomatoes wearing Tyrolean hats, but they are unmistakably to the manor born. Their roots are pedigreed, the result of careful crossbreeding of the finest seedlings by Heinz. Such rugged out-of-doorsmen these aristocrats are! First cultured under glass in Heinz own greenhouses, the plants are early transferred to the fields. All summer long the young tomatoes grow ripe and mellow—soaking up the hot summer sunshine. Then, at the very pinnacle of their vine-ripened perfection—ruddy of cheek and heavy with juice—they're plucked and rushed to near-by Heinz kitchens. Within a few hours, they've been scrubbed and pressed—their lush essence sealed in Heinz familiar yellow tins. At your first sip of Heinz thick, cling-to-the-glass tomato juice, you'll toss *your* Tyrolean high, and cheer for Nature's most colorful, invigorating beverage!



Copr. 1937, H. J. Heinz Co.

Serve Heinz Tomato Juice outdoors and in—morning, noon and night. A grand pick-me-up; an elegant appetizer and the best of all nightcaps. Remember to chill thoroughly.



A tiny bit of salt is added to give Heinz Tomato Juice piquancy. Otherwise, it's just the pure juice of the world's finest tomatoes—packed the day they're picked!

Heinz

TOMATO JUICE

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Anthony Palazzo, artist, always lived in New York till he began working for us a few months back. He hates Chicago and being called an Italian artist. His parents came from Corleone in Palermo, Sicily; his father, as a stowaway aboard a freighter, inside a crate of oranges. His father hates oranges. Tony belongs to the Younger American School of Artists and exhibited last in the Dorothy Paris Gallery, New York. His first show was in the G. R. D. Gallery which is reserved for promising young artists whose work hasn't appeared elsewhere. In the first Washington Square Outdoor Show he joined a wild gang, called The Illegitimates who received very nice newspaper notices, he says, because they were less psychopathic than the others. He has been free-lancing for fifteen years and has done lots of commercial work—for I. Miller, Hearst publications, department stores, and around—not because he likes commercial art but because painting costs like Hell and a painter and his wife have to live. Once he took a whirl at bookkeeping. He decided anything would be better than that, so he studied commercial art, nights, at New York University. That's the extent of his formal art education and he's glad of it. He is thirty-two years old. A portfolio of his circus sketches is coming up in the July issue of Coronet.

•

Charles J. Dutton, ex-Unitarian clergyman, has written a lot of mystery novels, published here and in England. He has also written a biography called *Samaritans of Molokai* which he claims is the only book ever written by a Protestant, or a Protestant clergyman at least, to be selected by the Catholic Book of the Month Club. He has traveled a good deal, says he doesn't take life too seriously, and has no hope of reforming individuals or the world. At present he is Senior Agent in the Department of Justice of a Pennsylvania town. His contribution to this issue of Esquire is *Wholesale Poisoner*, page 58.

•

Charles B. Roth (*Keep the Camp Fires Burning*) is an advertising man in Denver, but his real interest is in horses which he breeds, he says, with increasing satisfaction and deficits. He's contributed to about one hundred magazines.

•

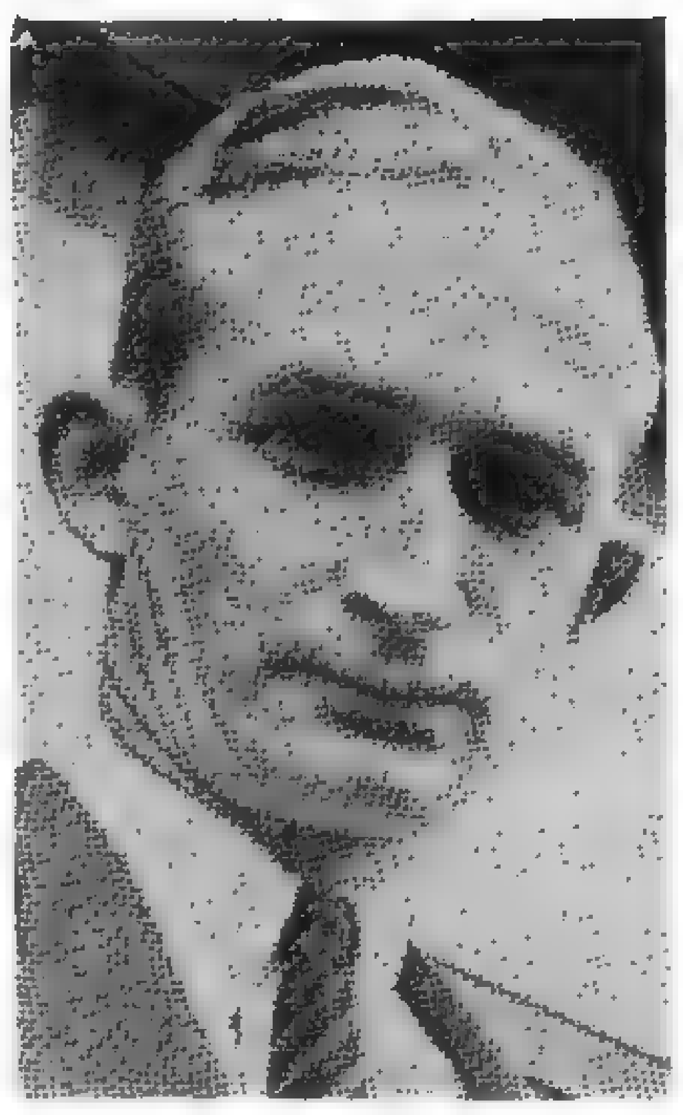
James Smithson says *Assistance Flight* is his first major literary effort and that it is a dramatization of his own experience. He is a lieutenant in the United States Coast Guard Service, and has served on the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf Coasts and in the Bering Sea.

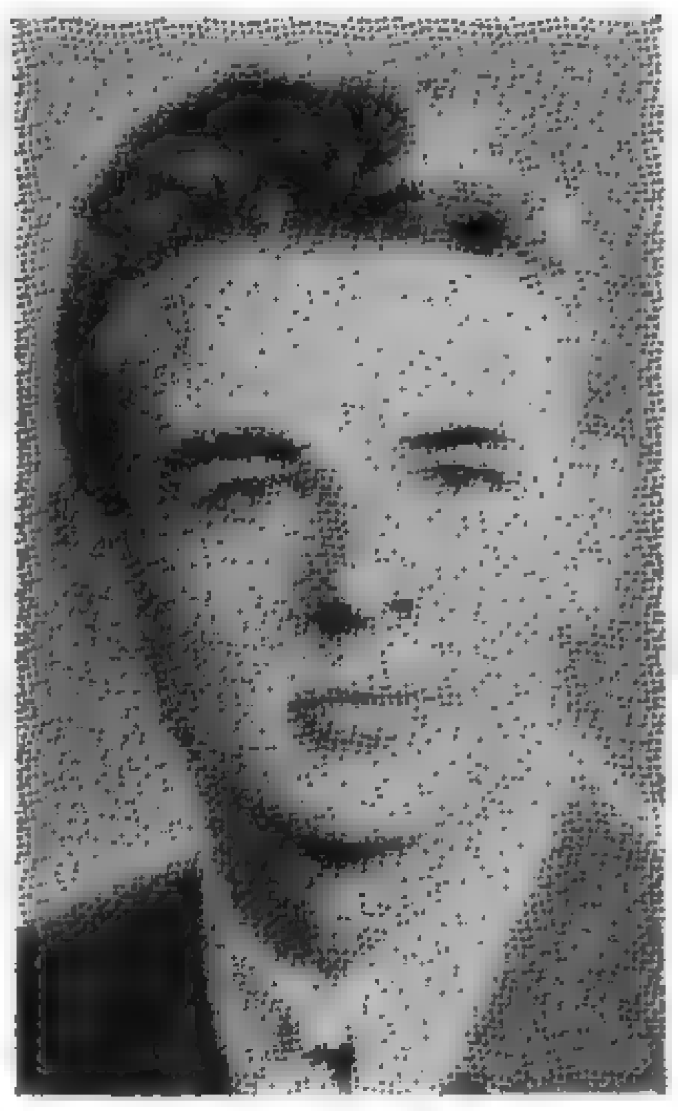
•

Will Gibson is twenty-one years old and works for W. P. A. *A Wife's Tale* is his second published story; his first was published in England and selected by O'Brien for his 1936 Honor Roll. Now he's writing a play.

•

Harry Sylvester, who wrote *I Won't Do No Dive* graduated from Notre Dame in 1930 where he was, he admits, a bad football player and a good boxer. He has been educating his kid brother, Bill, to be a Notre Dame tackle ever since he was nine years old, and thinks his chances are swell. His other brother, Gerald, and his sister, Peggy, could write circles around him, but the former would rather criticize Harry's work and drink beer and the latter considers cooking more important. Personally, he'd rather be a professional fisherman on Cape Cod than a writer. His wife is a student of sculpture, and they have a son born last December.


John Bell Clayton


John R. Watt

Thompson Young

John Bell Clayton, our Discovery of the Month, makes his bow with *The Old Raid Mule*, on page 47. He says that for eight years he contented himself with the usual palliative, "I'll start writing when I get the time." Then he decided to call his own bluff, and has been slugging away for a year at writing. He says: "I waste a great deal of time writing about degenerates and people who stumble through moccasin-ridden cypress swamps on ink-black nights. Take occasional flings at humor but most of my humor is very depressing. I am thirty and married. We live (for economy—not for atmosphere) in the one-time county jail at Rockville, Maryland. I am a native of Augusta County, Virginia, and went to the University of Virginia. I was a hotel clerk for two years and for the past seven years have been a quite undistinguished reporter and desk man on newspapers. Once served as 'leg man' for Robert S. Allen of the *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. I dislike my full name as a little pompous and use it only to keep from shoving responsibility on the English fellow who writes under the name John Clayton."

•

O. Arrington came from the banks of the Wabash, where he used to have a lot of fun playing with snakes. He decided, during his college years, to do three things: be an archeologist, marry a certain girl and go west. He gave up the first in favor of the last two, and took the gal to Tucson, Arizona. They run a small hotel there. And his pet avocation is the collecting of poisonous reptiles. His *Rattlesnakes in the Bag* is on page 66.

•

Bernard Kelly, who lives in Pueblo, Colorado, is interested in secret societies and has a good collection of rituals which, he says, spawned *The Lone Black Ball*.

He confesses: "I am a musician and play the bull fiddle in Charlie Quaranta's band, having arrived at that instrument by degrees from and through one finger piano, banjo and guitar. I am unmarried and unasked."

John R. Watt, a twerp of twenty-two, is a mechanical engineer and likes to upset accepted engineering theories as in *Is the Wind Not Free?* (page 70). Lately he's been doping out a way to use Diesel motors in automobiles and thinks he has it in the bag. He says his mother wrote a best seller, his brother is a Rhodes scholar, and he (John) is pretty good at tennis.

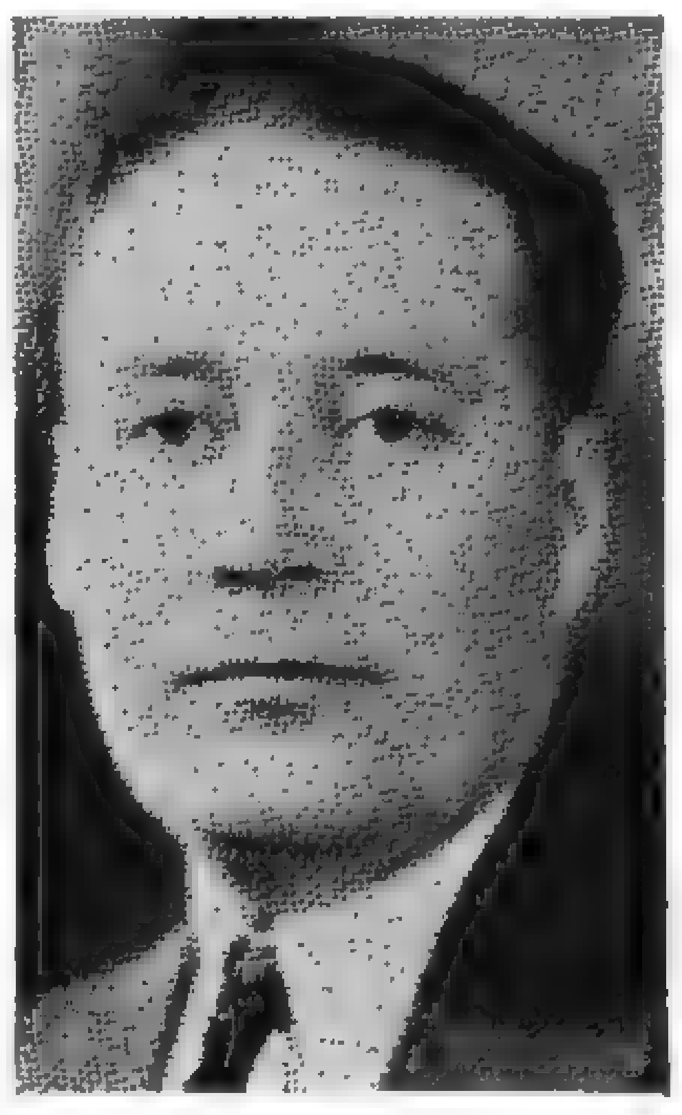
•

Leo Fischer is assistant sports editor of the Chicago *American* and helps promote championship softball tournaments sponsored by that paper. Hence his article on page 73, *Not So Soft Ball*. He's been doing newspaper work most of his life except for a short excursion into advertising, 19 months in the Navy during the war and some traveling here and abroad. He says: "I broke into the sports writing game on the old Chicago *Examiner* while still in high school, succeeding a young man who quit to become a bank-robber and who later went to the electric chair in New York for a couple of murders. This convinced me that sports writing wasn't such a bad business after all."

•

Milton S. Mayer, whose story about Jimmy Petrillo on page 60, is a must, tells us: "I was born in Chicago 28 years ago and attended the public schools and the University of Chicago, which institution placed me on Permanent Probation—I am the only living holder of the P. P. degree—in 1928. I worked successively for the Associated Press, the Chicago *Evening Post*, and the Chicago *American*, resigning from the *American* in order to run for cover when the Communists swept the country in the November, 1936, election. My articles contributed to the collapse of the Chicago *Evening Post*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Chicagoan*, and *Today*. Some of the publications I write for, including *The Nation* and *The Forum*, are still going. I am now preparing a book on fascist forces in the United States, and my favorite hobby is not writing autobiography."

Harry Sylvester


Bernard Kelly

Rust Heinz

Thompson Young appears for the second time in a national magazine with *Portrait of an Artist* which (to forestall any accusations from knowing readers that it came from a bureau drawer), he says he lost for a couple of years and then found again under the back seat of his father's old car which he had towed to the junkyard. He was born in Constantine, Michigan, 27 years ago and attended Western State Teachers' College at Kalamazoo, getting out "with an A. B. and considerable experience as a janitor." At the moment he is employed as E. R. A. administrator of a northern county in Michigan. He says: "I have never had any interesting adventures except among people and ideas—and those do not lend themselves to thumb-nail sketches. A re-enunciation of human values in terms of our time is my obsession, but you can't say that without appearing to put on, as Mr. Wodehouse has it, too much topspin."

•

Wilbert Snow is a professor of English at Wesleyan University, is married and has five sons, ranging between a year and a half and thirteen. He has taught also at Bowdoin, Williams College, the University of Utah (he was one of four professors to be thrown out of that university, after which eighteen more resigned in protest), Indiana University, and Reed College. During the World War he served in the artillery, and says the only valuable thing he acquired during that time was a love of horseback riding. He was born on Whitehead Island, a small rocky headland of eighty acres at the eastern entrance of Penobscot Bay. The island had a lighthouse station, a coast-guard station and three homes. His father and his grandmother were born on this same island and Wilbert inherited a sixteenth of it.

•

John Kobler has done newspaper work here and there for six years, currently he's literary handyman around the Hearst outfit. He says: "Have written crime stuff for a string of pulps, articles for *Vanity Fair*, and *Mercury*. I delight in a mate, Adele, a son, Jay, aged three, a daughter, Lynn, aged ten months, a turtle, Oscar, a Dalmatian, Henry, an igloo in Port Chester, New York, and a crime museum library which has gained me among my friends the reputation of an eccentric if not mild paranoia." His latest indulgence in this hobby is *Murder Is a Minstrel*, page 63.

•

Rust Heinz (Phantom Corsair, page 84) is unusual among imaginative men. At age 23 he has made his dream a reality. Educated at Choate, Andover, and Yale, he pursued naval architecture in New York. The Phantom Corsair, recently completed on the West Coast, is his conception of the car of tomorrow. It has been foremost in his mind for years—and in the building he has proved that a highly specialized automotive product can be created and put into practical use. Many scale drawings and clay models were made. These displayed simplicity of design and sound principles of engineering and aerodynamics, and were studied in a wind tunnel of his own creation. The principles of basic design, which presented the most difficult problems for solution, represent an entirely new trend in mechanical features for automobiles. Composite mechanical elements such as automatic doorhandles, safety interiors, and a completely new principle of over-all balance, show exceptional inventive ability. Mr. Heinz' portfolio contains many original and distinctive designs and he has recently been commissioned to create and build several unusual cars. He has opened a studio office in Pasadena where he will further his automotive designing work.

Vacation Days
are happier days when you go in a
CHEVROLET

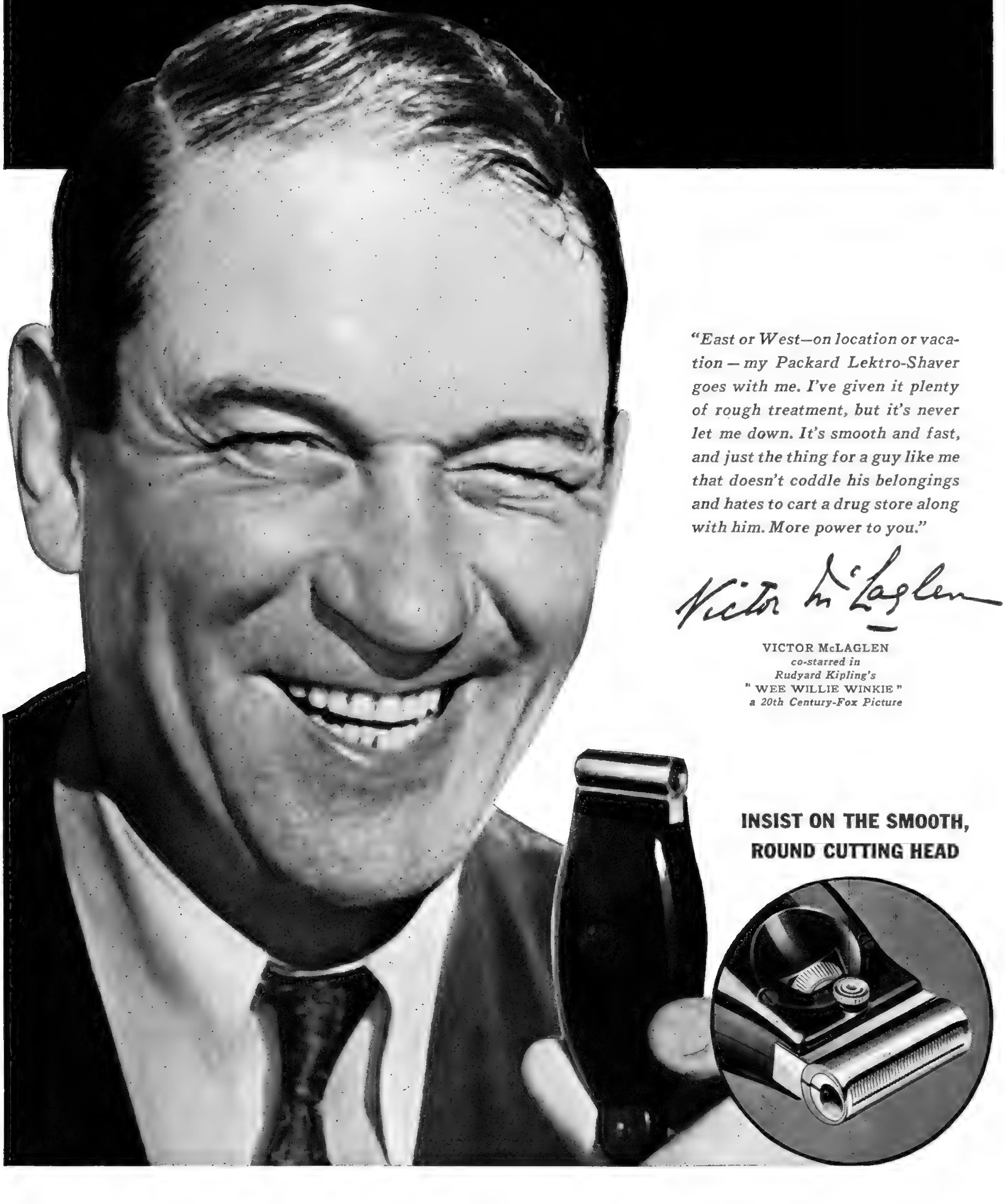
Think how many places you can go . . . how many sights you will see . . . how many things you can do—if you take your vacation this summer in a Chevrolet! And think how comfortably you'll travel . . . how thrilling each mile will be . . . how little the trip will cost . . . in this smarter, safer, smoother-riding car! Vacation days are happier days when you go in a Chevrolet, because it's *free-handed* with thrills but a *miser* with its owner's money!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

This FATHER'S DAY

(June 20th)



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Victor McLaglen

VICTOR McLAGLEN
co-starred in
Rudyard Kipling's
" WEE WILLIE WINKIE "
a 20th Century-Fox Picture

INSIST ON THE SMOOTH, ROUND CUTTING HEAD

. . give dad's face a treat with a

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

WATCH his face light up when you hand it to him. Watch his face *freshen* up afterwards—*months* afterwards—*years* afterwards!

It's a magnificent gesture to give a Packard Lektro-Shaver. For you're giving a lifetime of shaving perfection—and a permanent Declaration of Independence from lather, creams, blades, brush and bother. Men want the smoothest shave they can get in the shortest time—without scrapes, cuts or nicks. Lektro-Shaver delivers it—the *electric* way—via the exclusive smooth, round, slotted cutting head.

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Packard is available at 45,000 stores throughout the country. AC or DC 110-Volts. $15.00 (Father's name engraved on the Packard Lektro-Shaver, 50¢ extra.) Made by Dictograph Products Co., Inc. "While-you-wait" service in key cities. 24 to 48 hour service from any part of U. S. Pat. No. 1,970,518.

AND MAKE HIM SMOKE-HAPPY, TOO!

A Packard Lektro-Shaver *and* a Lektrolite—give him *both.* Lektrolites give a cool light, a flameless light in any wind or weather. Perfect while motoring, golfing, on the beach—wherever wind plays the fool with ordinary lighters and matches. Ideal indoors, too—for they *always work!*

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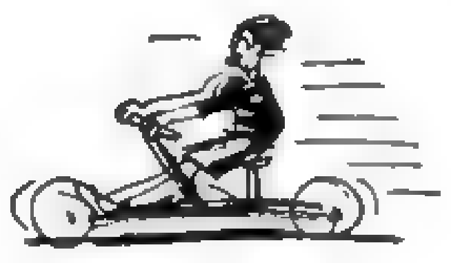
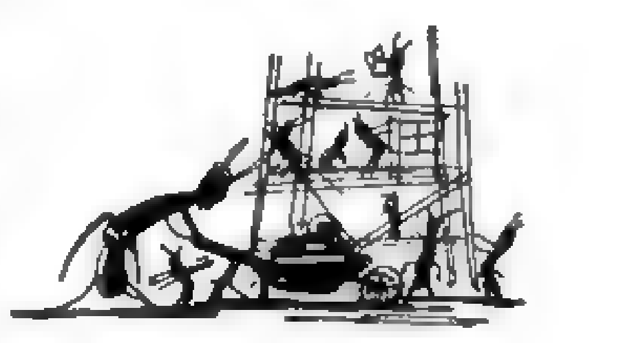
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE 1937 DOODLEBUG . . . We don't usually break down and call a rose by its right name in this column, but the Doodlebug has got us. It's not an insect, but new kind of scooter effect for offspring aged 3 to 10. Now most childish vehicles depend upon the feet for means of locomotion, but not so with Doodlebug. This sterling little exerciser is only *steered* by the feet, but gets ahead by pushing and pulling the handle (through a silent V belt drive). After a few months with this, your infant will develop a pair of arms and shoulders that will put him in line for "All American Stroke". Yes, the Doodlebug is adjustable to any size and will support 200 lbs.—in case you were wondering.



ICE TUB DELUXE . . . we can't seem to get our minds off the tinkling of ice in tall, frosty glasses. Up comes another good looking gadget for keeping ice cubes intact. A large silver plated ball, unadorned except for an ebony knob. The inside of the sphere is fitted with a vacuum lining which will preserve ice cubes for hours. If you're faced with the problem of giving a wedding gift, you'll be awarded the palm for being the guy who always comes across with the newest and smartest.

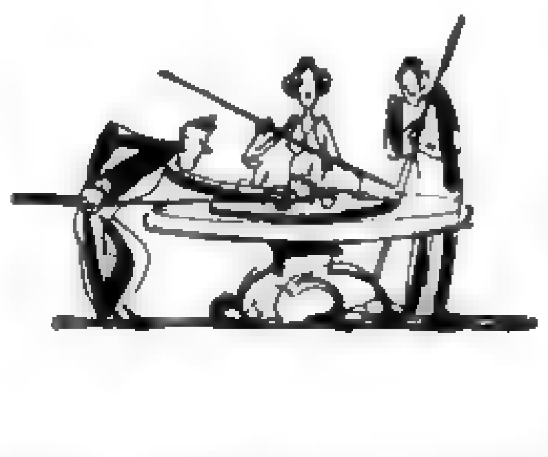
"GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD" . . . and in case you've forgotten the rest of the quotation it says: "consider her ways and be wise". In re of same, we have some new developments in the Ant Palace series. Now there's an Ant Mine, Ant Rancho, Ant Hut, Antville, etc. You can spend hours watching myriads of these little fellows (or gals, who cares, except another ant) scurrying about in their glass cases, working, building, feeding, breeding in skillfully constructed villages. Try blowing down the funnel in the top of the glass case and watch their ant-ics!



CORONATION ON EVERY LIP. If your girl is still nurturing a Coronation complex, buy her a lipstick with a gold encrusted crown top. You can let yourself go on the card attached and say "to my Princess", or "fit for a queen". She'll probably crown you, but anyway, you tried. Added note. If she goes in for those charm bracelets, a new one appears with Ranch symbols—a gold rifle, 10 gal. hat, riding boots, fry pan, pistol, bit, etc. Just the thing to tote along to Wyoming.

GETTING A GOOD WORKOUT. Here's a new lawn game that comes to us from England. It's played on a court 30 x 12 feet. Two players using double faced bats stroke a soft rubber ball over a 4 foot net. Scoring is kept as in tennis. Another game, is a revival of the old tether ball game we used to play as kids, only faster and more sporting. Jointed metal pole with tethered ball, two wooden bats and scoring boards for both players. Attempts are made to hit opponent's board, thus scoring points as in tennis.

ENTER GOLF POOL! Another new game. There's a circular affair, 3½ feet in diameter, covered in garnet (the new billiard cloth color). On it, a regular 18 hole golf course is laid out —raised green, molded rubber cushions, bunkers, etc. You play it almost entirely by golf rules, but with pool balls and cues. Put the game on your dining room table or any other support, chalk up your cue and begin on number one hole. A foursome can play—and, though it may sound simple, it requires a good deal of skill.



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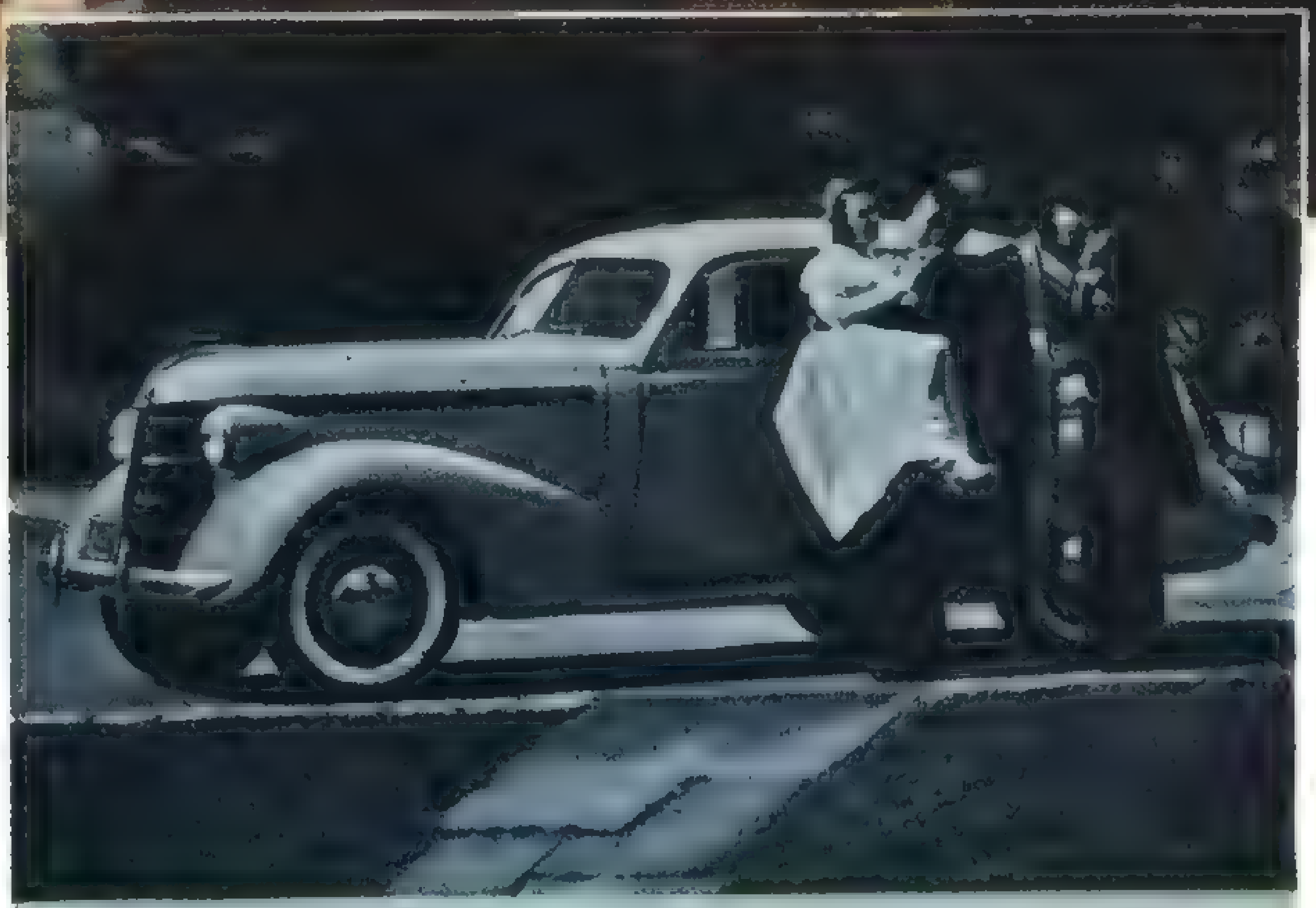
Safe across the threshold!

FIRST duty of the bridegroom, says tradition, is to lift the bride across the threshold lest she trip and bring ill fortune upon the house. First duty of the groom, by modern reasoning, is to provide the proper threshold — the threshold, for instance, of a Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, where steel fused with steel supplies sure security. Here the bride rides safe in a weave-proof, shock-proof, rattle-proof fortress of steel — here smart interiors give luxurious room — here insulation shuts out noise and heat — here Fisher No Draft Ventilation supplies comfort in all weathers. *Only* General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher — get one and cross the threshold to first-class travel.



EVERYTHING POINTS TO SUCCESS for this young couple—especially as far as their motoring is concerned. For the car of their choice is the silver streak Pontiac, "America's finest low-priced car" — with luxuriously beautiful Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

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THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

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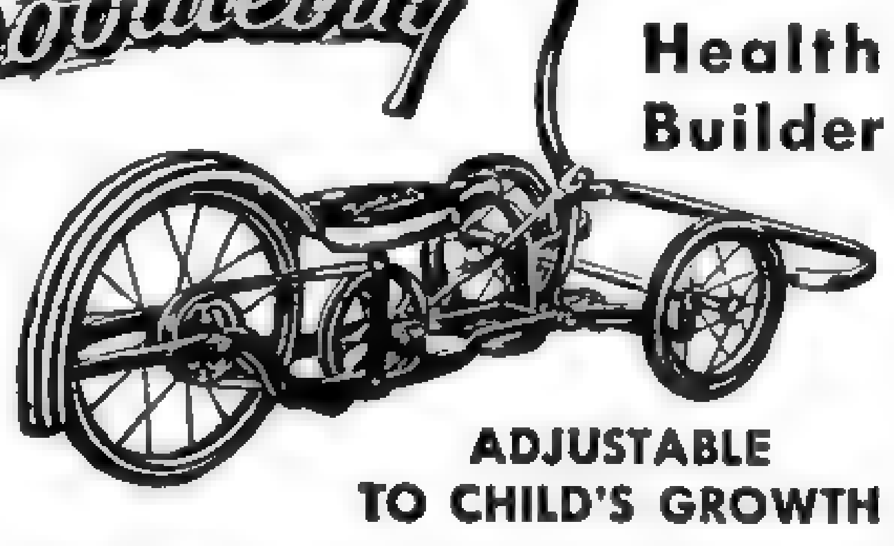

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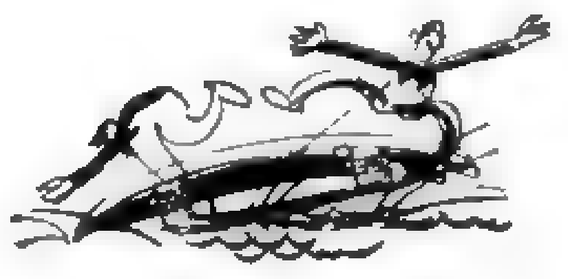
Keep Away from Those Swinging Doors. How many times have you emitted a good hearty oath upon stubbing your toe on a brick, book, old shoe, or other improvised door stops. There's a new door stop out, a simple little 2-way holder of nickle plate with corrugated rubber cushions that won't scratch the floor or destroy the rugs. This little number slipped under a door, keeps it from swinging in *either direction*. You can regulate the amount of air you want, it will keep the door open a crack, or if you want a good lusty breeze in your bedroom you'll never be rudely awakened from sound slumber by a grand slam. The 2-way holder stands its ground without flinching.

Sea Skis. Walking on the water, 1937 style. Strap on long skis of hydrocyl covered wood, with a hand tow line connecting them to the back of a speed boat. If you had a time mastering your christies and telemarks on land—try to stand up on the water on these babies! The bathysphere influence is evident in a new surf board which has a clear vision window for submarine observation. Just float along indolently on your tum, and indulge in a bit of piscatorial peeking, you know—looking at fishes.

High or Low Bridge. A combination beach, picnic and card table with a metal top and adjustable legs. Short and low down for bridge on the sands; or, regulation length legs for roadside snacks for motorists, campers, etc. Whole thing folds up like a suitcase for carrying, leaving space inside for tablewear and food. Total weight, 15 pounds. And speaking of picnicking, there's an efficient new wicker picnic basket complete with a beetlewear sandwich box, 4 cups and a jar for preserves, 4 spoons, small bottle for cream or cocktails and 2 one-pint thermos bottles. An excellent example of multum in parvum.

Getting Down to Cases. When you don your white linen suit, your pristine white Palm Beach or your immaculate white dinner jacket, do you besmirch their virgin effect with *black* leather accessories? Consider, gentlemen, the wallet or cigarette case of white morocco leather. Entirely practical, for this leather is actually washable, and you'll have no colors running a rainbow effect on your suit. We warn you, your feminine public will go for these in a big way for themselves.

Rain or Shine. How would you like a cigarette lighter that will never fail you! A new automatic . . . a slight pressure on the sides, a click, and a light . . . indoors or outdoors, calm weather or blinding storms. No thumb wheel or filling screw to bother with. Has a special detachable insert that can be slipped out of the lighter in a jiffy and put right into the bowl of your pipe. A single filling lasts two weeks or more, and the lighter is guaranteed for a couple of years.



It Floats. Not Ivory, my friends, but as ingenious a safety match case as we've seen. If you are planning to spend your vacation in the great outdoors fishing, camping, canoeing and such, this prize should go too. It's a waterproof, cylindrical match case in black and red bakelite that floats serenely, even if the canoe inadvertently overturns. In one end it has a magnifying glass, in the other, a waterproof, jewelled compass with revolving dial. You can also get a salt and pepper safe in the same black and red waterproof bakelite. This has a rotating top so that you can get salt or pepper from the same end.

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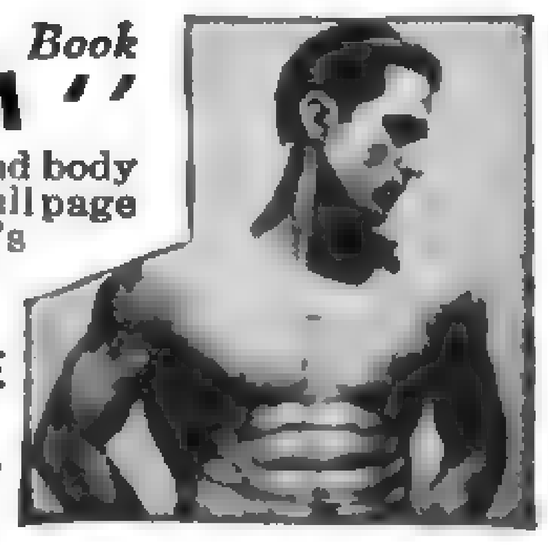

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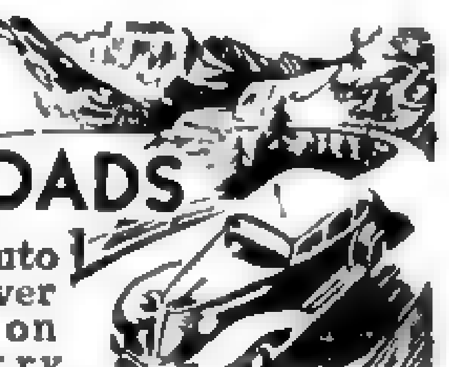

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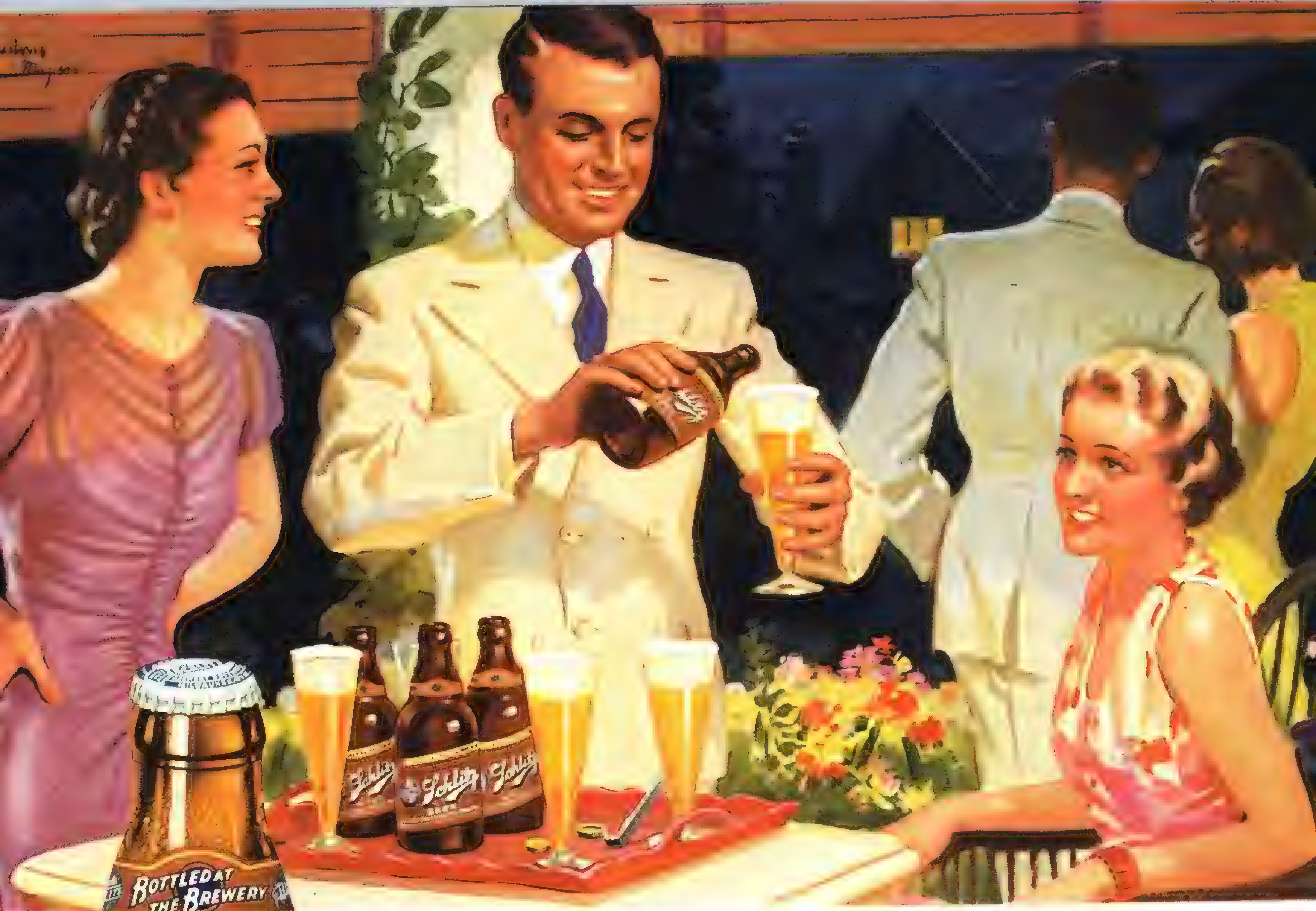
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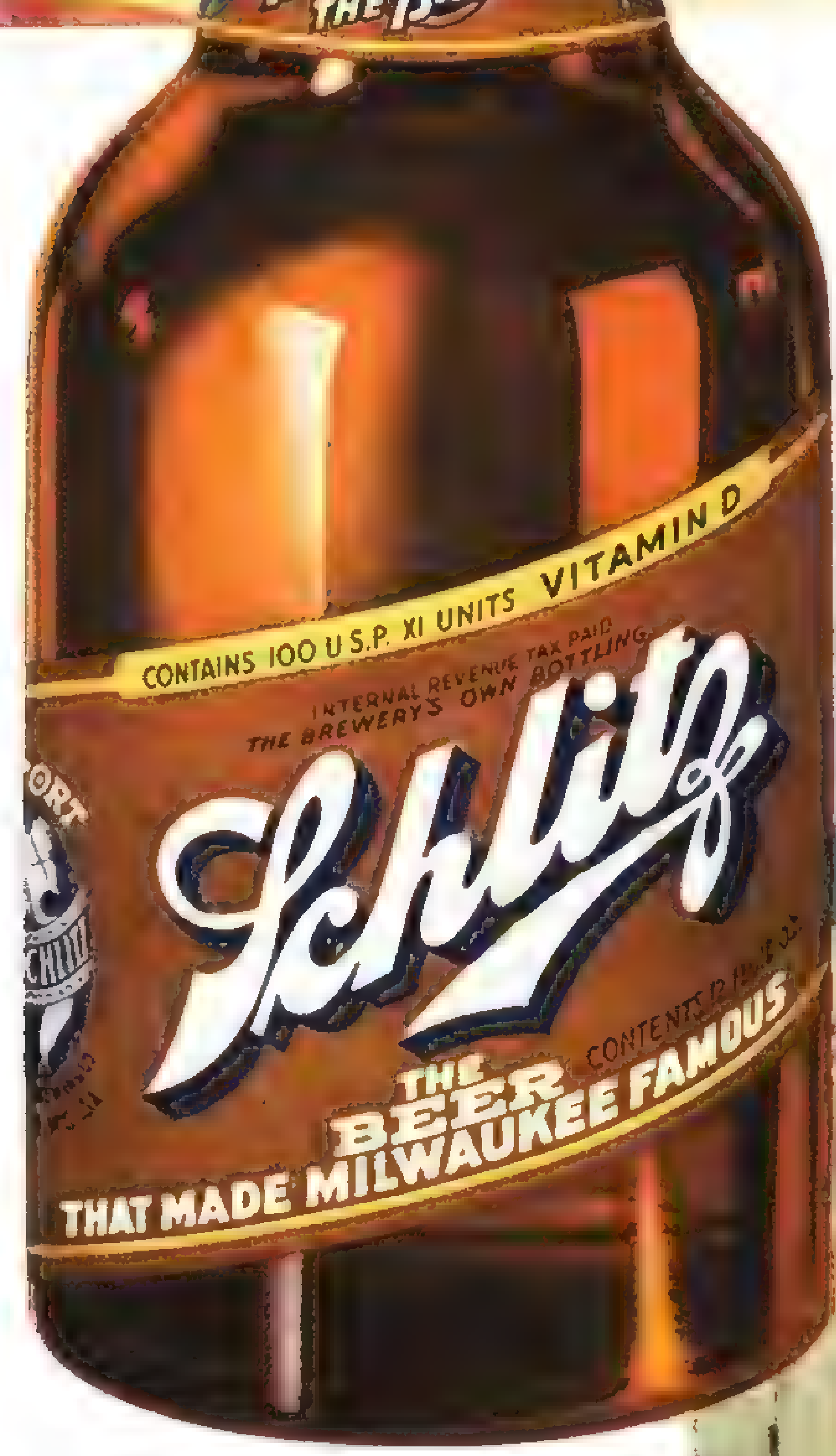
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[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz—you like it on first acquaintance and ever after.]

In the refrigerators of homes, big and small, you'll find Schlitz Beer—ready and waiting to bring gracious hospitality, good cheer and royal refreshment to any hour or occasion.

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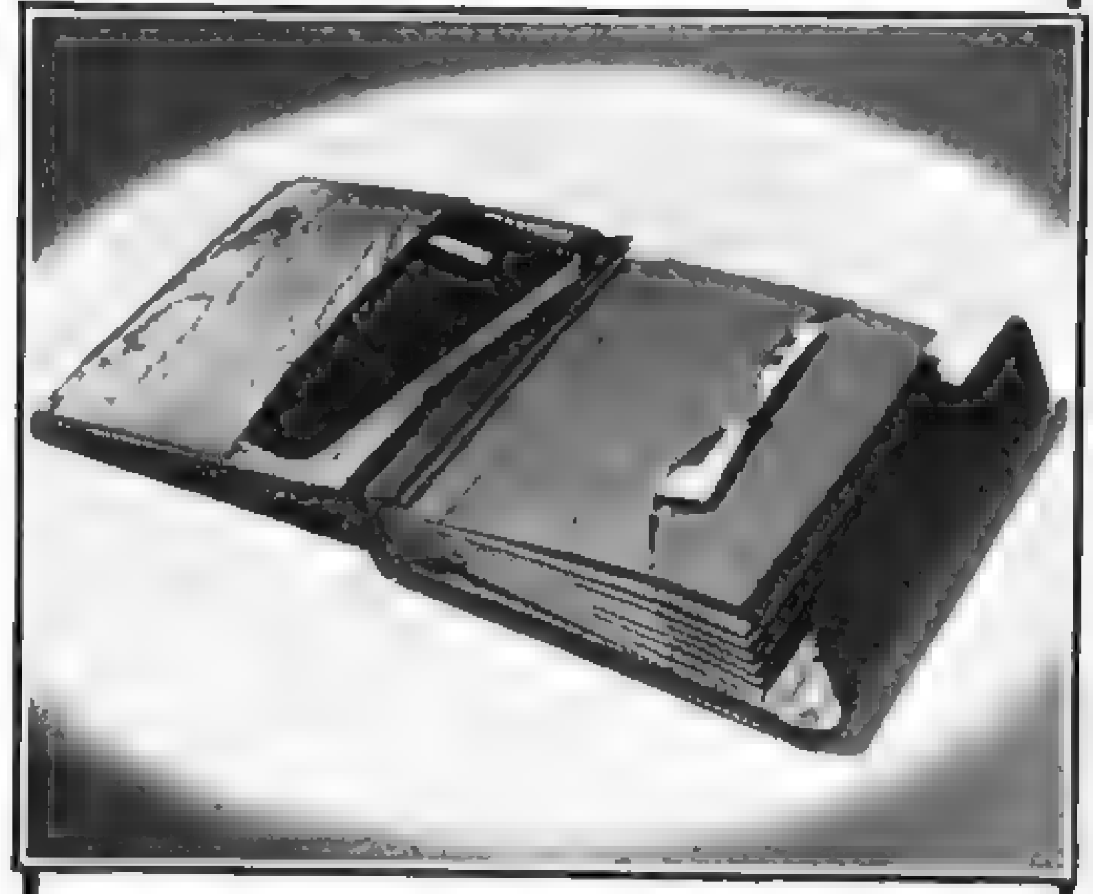
TRAVEL-TAINER



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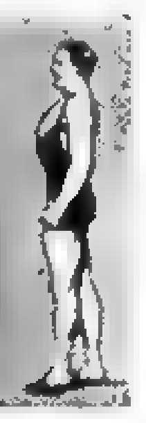

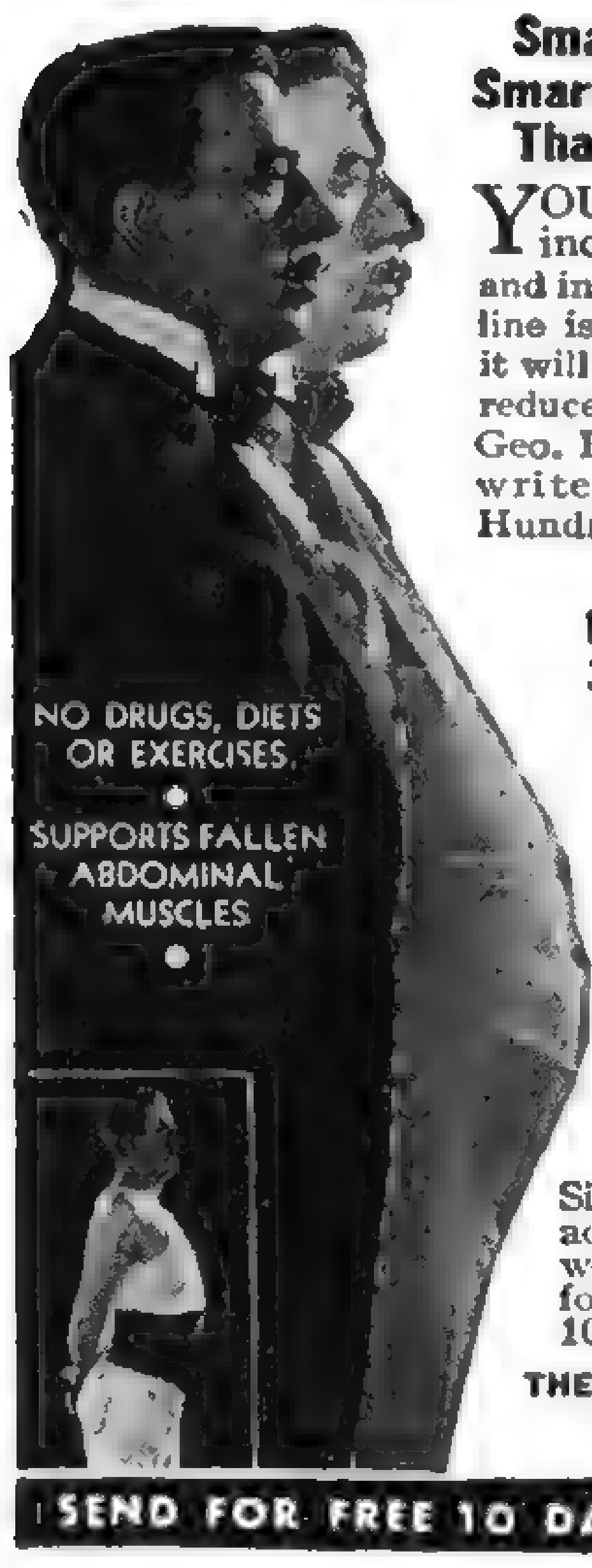

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SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES
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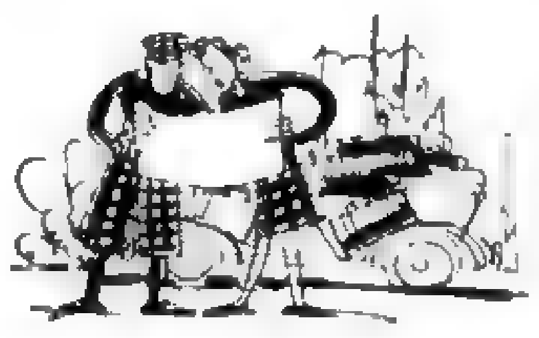
SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

PILLOWS OF SOCIETY—a cabana version of those luxurious L-shaped satin pillows neatly carved out to keep draughts from blowing down the niftiest necks. The summer edition has a talon fastened cover in bright colored terry cloth, and the pillow itself is covered with Byrdcloth and tightly filled with Kapok. You'll see them in deck chairs, on beaches, yachts or motor boats. And the amazing part about them is that here is a pillow that is buoyant and can be used as a life preserver in time of need.

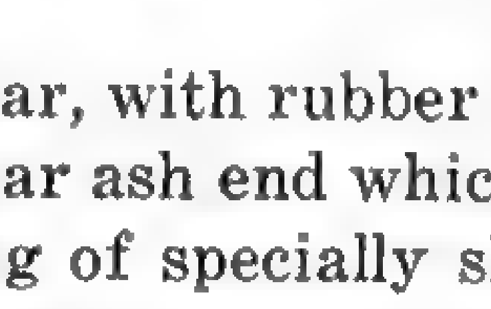


"YOU ARE NOW ENTERING BUCKEROO." If the gypsy in you compels you to spend a summer on the road, and your life threatens to become a series of hot dog stands, service stations and cheery greetings from divers chambers of commerce, here's something you should know about. A road map case that prevents maps from becoming bent and soiled from frequent handling. Brown cowhide, containing 4 pockets and some colored pencils for marking out your routes of travel. A large isinglass window permits clear reading of the map underneath.

QUINTUPLETS IN LEATHER. A nest of graduated utility kits that huddle neatly together inside of each other, or cleave into five separate boxes. Made of leather with zipper fastener on three sides. Swell to take traveling if you are the type who leaves a trail of personal impedimenta behind you wherever you go. Put studs in one case, keys in another, fishing tackle or other knick-knacks in the other cases. A place for everything, and everything in its place, we always say.

"MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG." And now enthusiastic D.A.R.'s and other gals can literally wear the Constitution around their necks. Latest patriotic whimsy is a silk scarf which has printed on it clearly and distinctly the preamble, articles and amendments of the United States Constitution. This bit of feminine adornment is an awfully good way for you to get a closeup of things. You pretend you are slightly myopic, and say "What is that printing on your scarf, little girl?" If, however, you have more liberal views and yet want some remaining trace of individualism in your squaws, you can procure a "Declaration of Independence" scarf and thus erect a barrier for competition to hurdle.

MOVING PICTURE PAWNS. This seems to be turning out as the game issue. Anyway, you've got a lot of leisure time, and we want you to be diverted pleasantly. Out on the coast they are playing a new game, inspired by a Hollywood musical extravaganza. The game is played on an unusual board, squares in pyramid form, with motion picture stars used as pawns. Imagine the fun of watching Mickey Mouse jumping Popeye.



NEW PIPE LINE. We'll never forget our embarrassment upon whipping out our pipe in the dining room of an English club and having a superior Jeeves tell us that pipes were taboo. An effective disguise is now contributed, namely the "cigar-pipe," which to the mortal eye of waiters looks like a perfectly good Corona, but in reality, turns out to be a cigar shaped piece of briar, with rubber bit, and to further the illusion, a phony cigar ash end which glows when you take a puff. You fit a plug of specially shaped tobacco into the elongated bowl. Another new pipe has a stem that tapers into a *ball* shaped bit that is pleasantly smooth, yet easy to grip. A relief from the usual flat bit.

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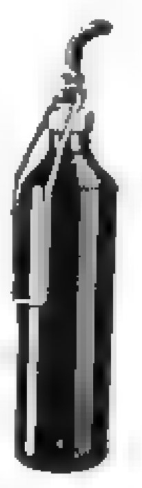

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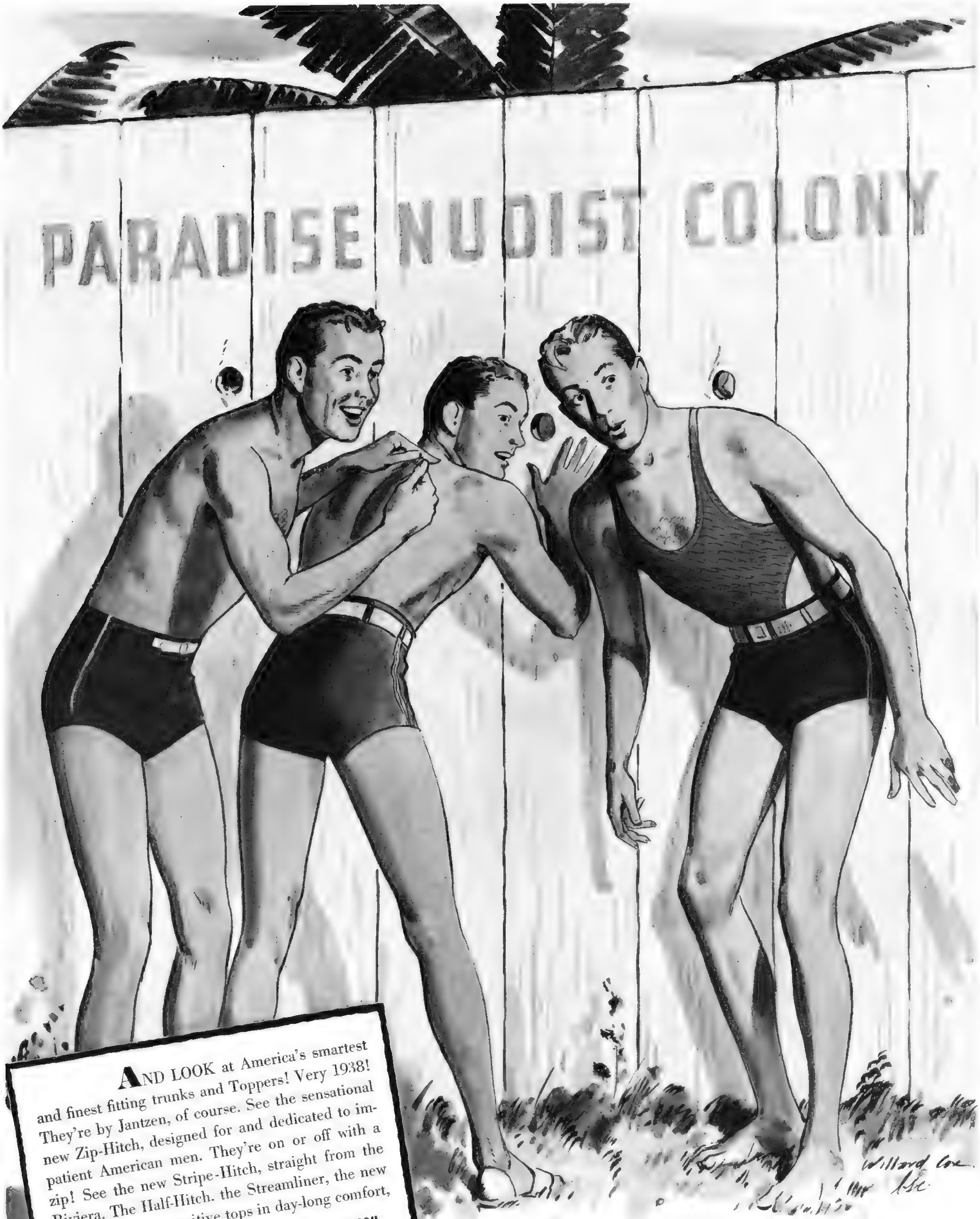

AND LOOK at America's smartest and finest fitting trunks and Toppers! Very 1938! They're by Jantzen, of course. See the sensational new Zip-Hitch, designed for and dedicated to impatient American men. They're on or off with a zip! See the new Stripe-Hitch, straight from the Riviera. The Half-Hitch. the Streamliner, the new Toppers that are positive tops in day-long comfort, smart appearance, and trim athletic lines.

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Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England: Sydney. Australia.

"OH BOY! - LOOK AT THAT GAL IN A JANTZEN!"

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COVER: A Portrait of Charles IX of France, 1561, by FRANÇOIS CLOUET, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

CORONET
"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JUNE, 1937
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

If you lack that alert awareness of the arts and the amenities which puts sparkle into the conversation of cultivated people, you need Coronet . . . if you already possess that awareness you don't need Coronet . . . but you will take to it naturally. It stimulates the mind, delights the eye, with "infinite riches in a little room."

ESQUIRE says this must be labeled an advertisement but we insist it's news.

Revolt in Roto!

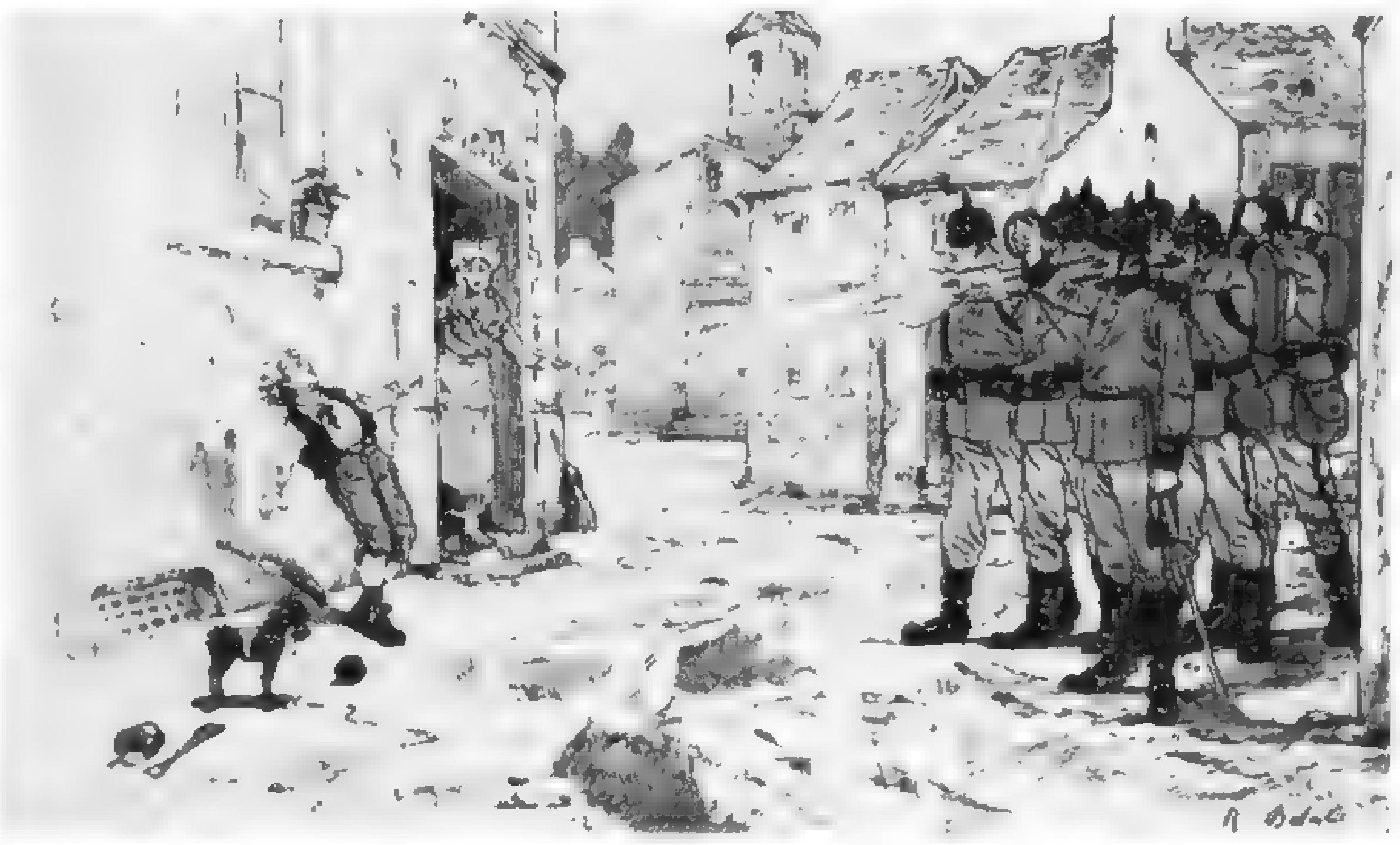
Lovely but humdrum are the pictures in even the stronger of many metropolitan rotogravure sections. Not so in Iowa's big Des Moines Sunday Register which more than five years ago led a roto revolt against the commonplace. Into the ash can went beautiful left over news shots and hackneyed "scenics." The Des Moines Sunday Register began telling stories in pictures . . . action by action or connected feature subjects Sunday after Sunday. Some ace hits are on this page.

Mounting Des Moines Sunday Register circulation acclaimed the inspiration. Circulation doubled in ten years and now stands at 312,540 . . . one newspaper read by half the families in a rich state of two and a half million people. The nation's editors rubbed their eyes and clamored to use the new roto technique in their own journals.

Advertisers too rubbed their eyes as they discovered the selling power of Des Moines Sunday Register reader interest and able buyer coverage . . . joyfully piled on the bandwagon at lowest milline rates in Iowa ($1.76) to capture a whole state at one inexpensive effort like a single "sales city."

"First World War," Laurence Stallings' grim 1914-18 picture history, was snapped up first by The Des Moines Sunday Register and sold to 60 American papers as a thirteen-week feature.

"Broadway Chorus Girl"—Envied was The Des Moines Sunday Register camera newshawk sent on a New York stage and dressing room prowl to bring back a six-week record of White Way butterfly life. Infatuated were Iowans with poses like June Knight's which helped boost Sunday circulation to 312,540.

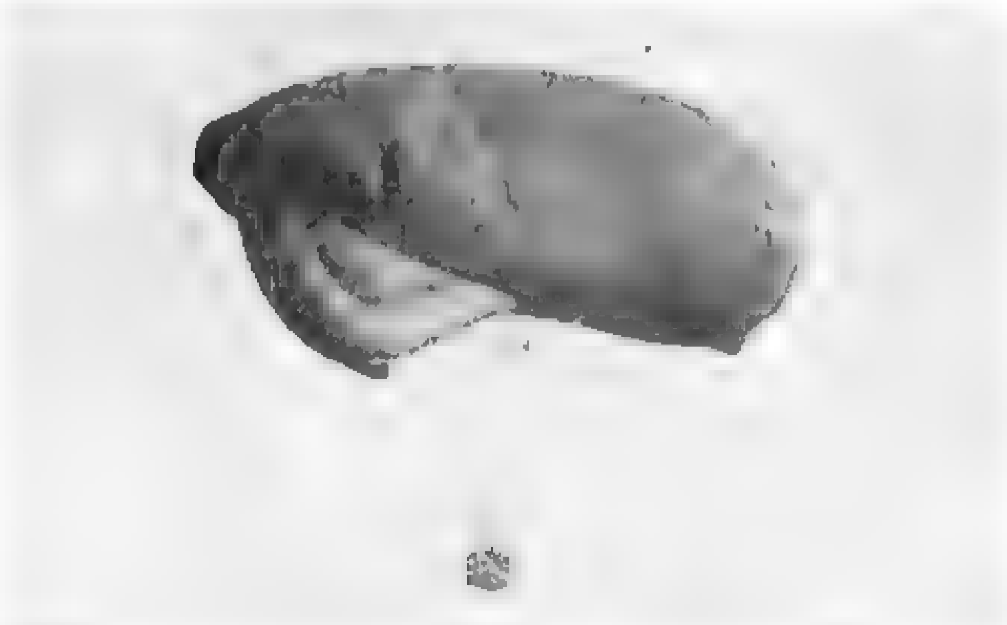


"World War Propaganda Exposed" revealed lies that made men kill, a seven week picture series. Did you believe this one about the French lad executed for pointing a wooden gun?

"Breathless Moment" brought roto thrill addicts pictures that made the world gasp . . . a ten-week series.

"Hollywood (Uncensored)" for twenty weeks displayed pictures stars thought safely in oblivion. Recognize Abou Ben William Powell?

"Picture Sideshow" tickled Ripley urge of Iowans with fourteen-week oddities feature of which Barnum's first Siamese twins were a part.

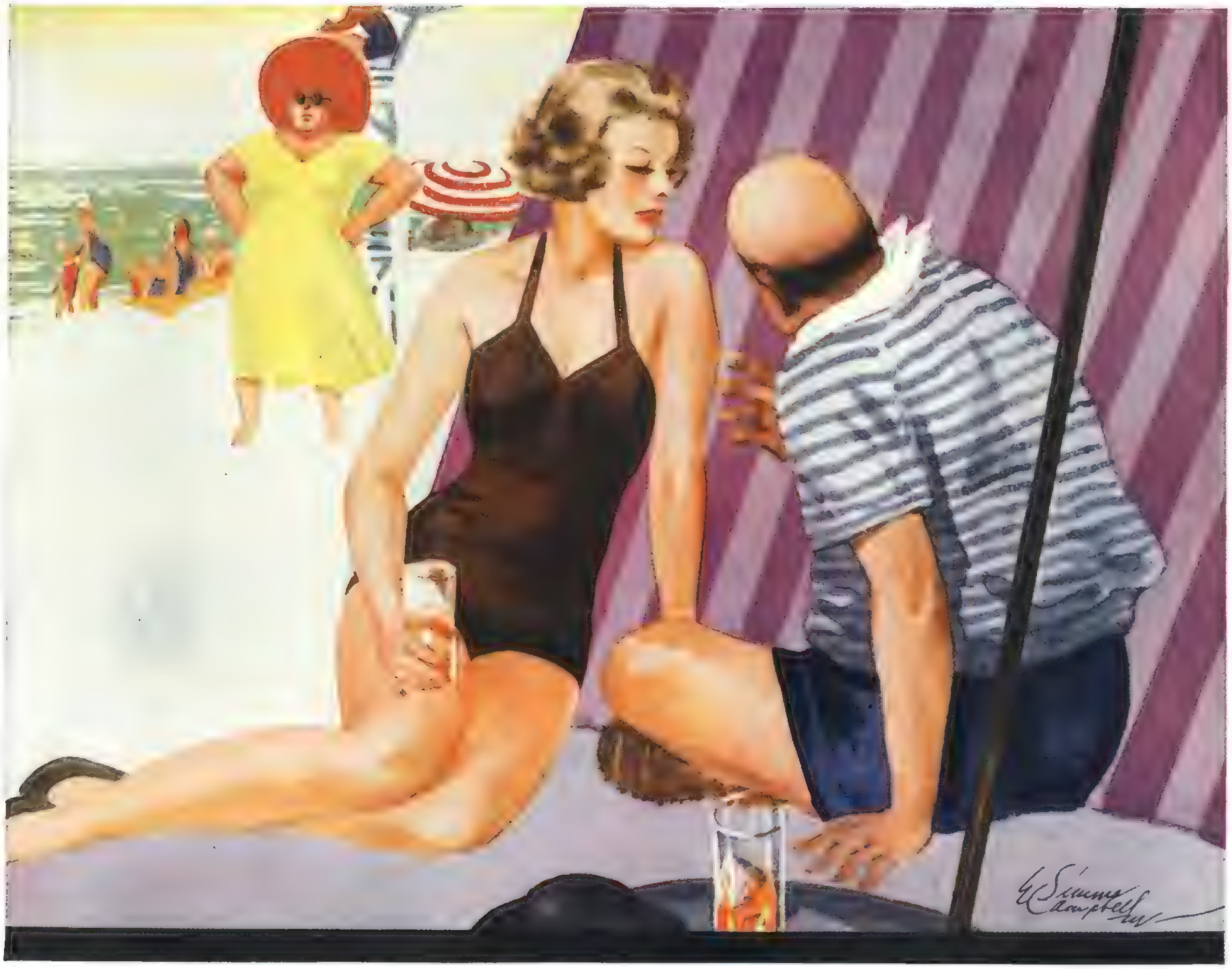


Machine gun camera starts sequence shots of observation balloon.

Fast war planes roar down spitting fire as on the western front.

Bursting flames and Des Moines Sunday Register readers gasp.

Not war—just new variety state fair thrills play by play for Iowans.



"Don't worry, your mother-in-law won't recognize you without your Hart Schaffner & Marx suit!"

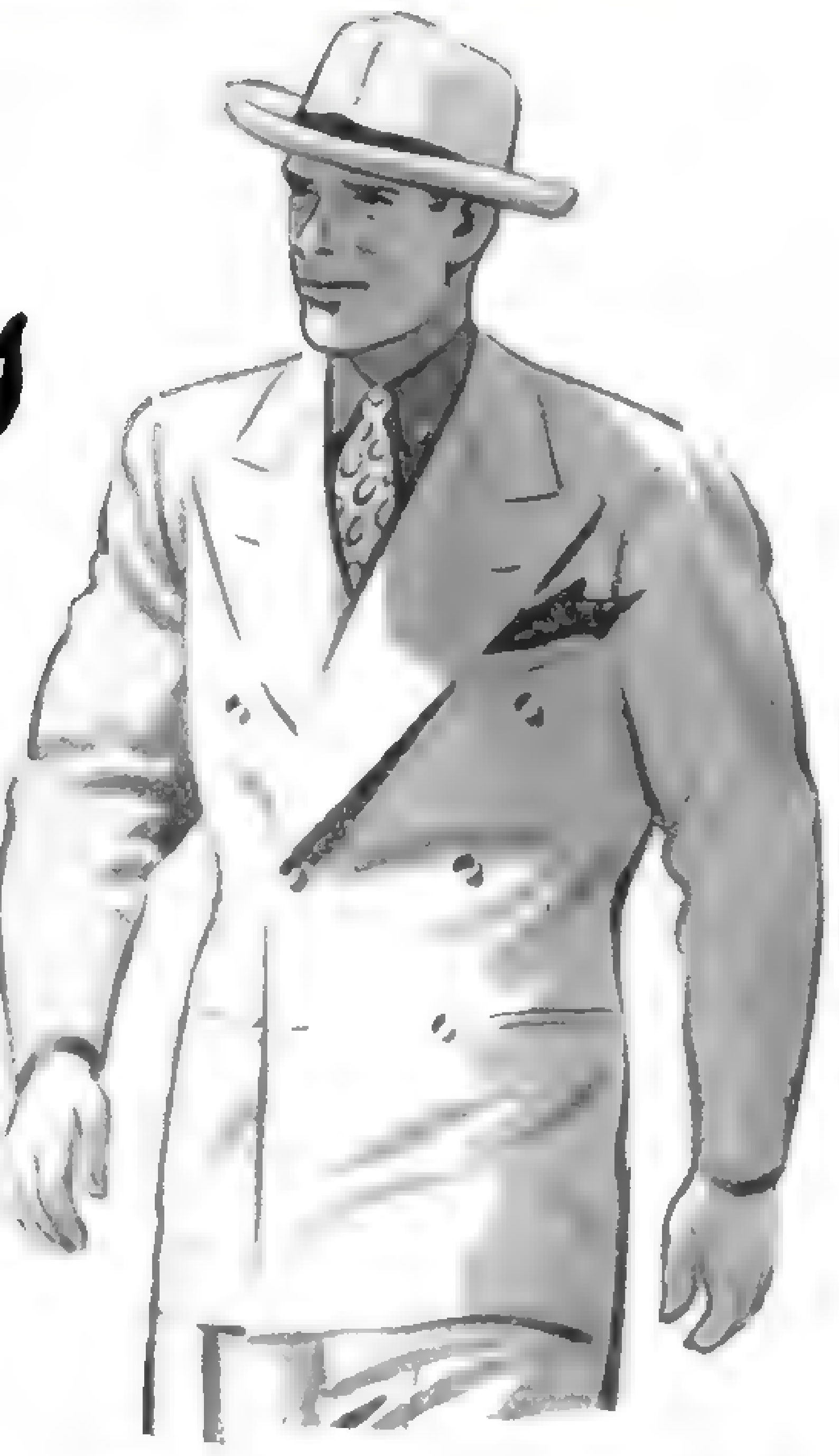
HE'S safe—for the moment! But he should feel sorry for himself! For this gorgeous little eyeful has just suggested rather pointedly that he parked his youth and sex appeal back in the locker room when he hung up his Hart Schaffner & Marx suit!

This gentleman is certainly no bargain in his present costume. But streamlining a contour like this is one of our reasons for existence. For Hart Schaffner & Marx skilled tailors, working with line and flow and drape, design garments that pull paunches, accent good points, cover up bad ones, and give each figure a break.

As an example, look at this new Hart Schaffner & Marx Dixie Weave. It's as smart and good-looking as our fat friend's voluptuous female, yet keeps you cool as a mother-in-law's look on even the hottest days. If your relatives are used to seeing you in an ordinary summer suit, they'll look twice before they recognize you in a Dixie. Try one on at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's tomorrow—see if you recognize yourself!

Dixie Weaves

are all wool; and wool is c-o-o-l! When you are ready to select a summer suit this year that you hope will take your mind off the heat, just remember one thing—choose a *wool* suit. Sounds rather contradictory, doesn't it, and yet wool is actually cooler by test than any other fabric. Why? Because wool is porous! Loses moisture quickly and doesn't get clammy, as some fabrics do! Then, too, because Dixie Weaves are all wool they keep fresh and crisp all day long! Slip into a Dixie and avoid that "slip-cover suit" appearance this summer.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Facts of Life

Asking 138 women about that which interests them most and presenting the answers for ponder and wonder

ANONYMOUS

• EDUCATIONAL •

THE Doctor slaps the new born girl child on the seat of all the trouble and starts her off on a good cry. She continues to start other things the same way. It becomes a habit and few normal females break habits.

Thus feminine firsts become important and you should know something about them. Her first kiss—Her first love—Her first—anything.

For example: How old is the young lady on her first date? The figures on the opposite chart have been derived from hundreds of case histories and they are probably about right as an average.

As might be expected, women remember the most trivial details associated with their first dates. When they are sixty years old they know when it occurred, how they were dressed, where they went, and what happened.

In most cases they were subjected to a certain amount of teasing from the family, and they suffered embarrassment. In spite of this, the incident is generally remembered pleasantly and most women seem to enjoy reminiscent pleasure in discussing it.

It will be seen from the chart at the top that at the age of sixteen, twenty-one per cent had their first date. Fifteen years is almost as great accounting for twenty per cent. The fact that seven per cent are recorded at ten is not strictly accurate. There were a certain number of girls who could not remember their first dates, giving the answer that they had "always gone around with boys."

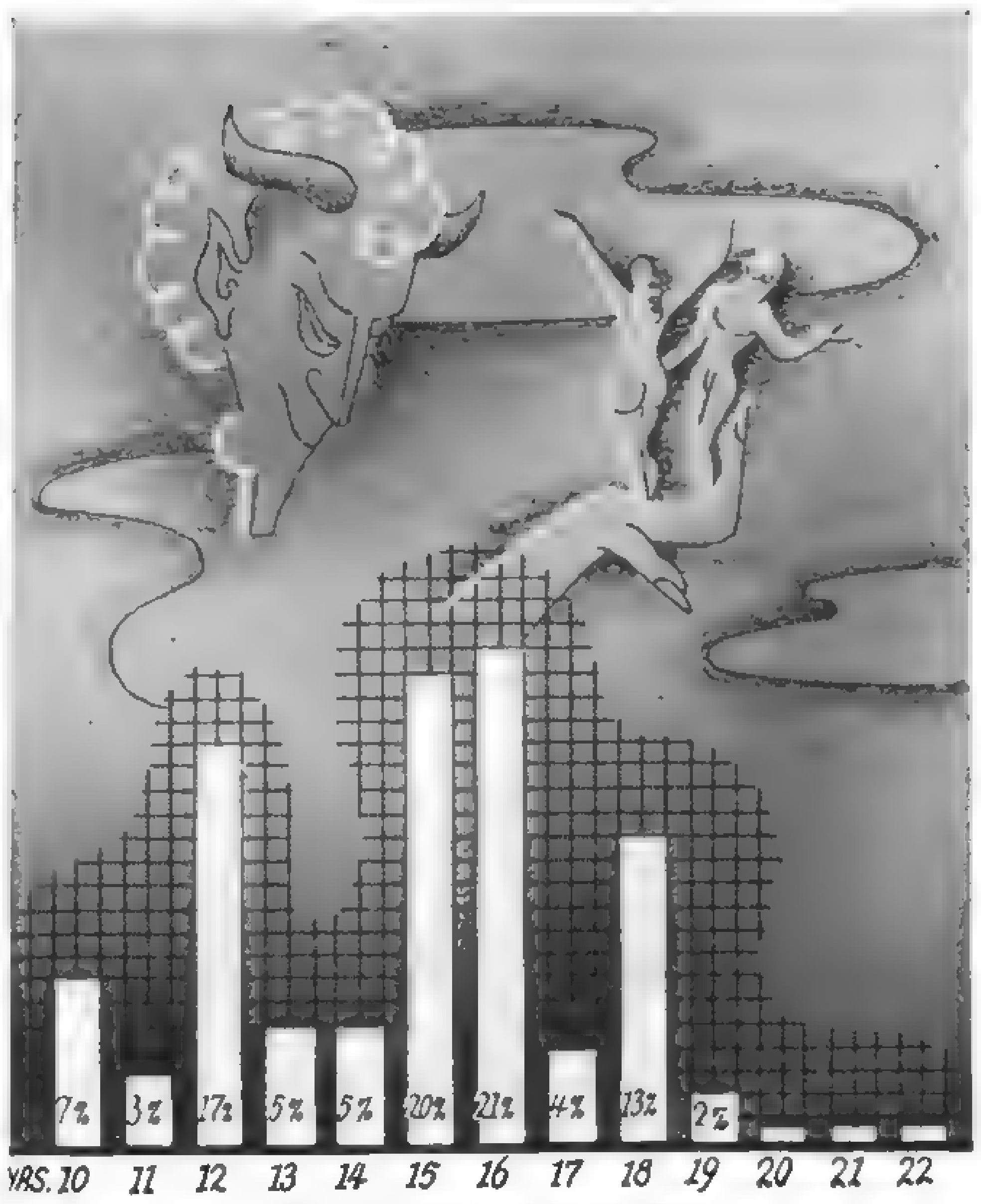
No rating of less than ten years is included, so that the seven per cent really refers to ten years of age or under. There were only three per cent at eleven years old. Twelve years, however, seems to be a more significant age, in that seventeen per cent are classified in this group.

Thirteen and fourteen each account for five per cent, which indicates that girls who do not become interested at twelve are likely to delay the initial venture until fifteen or sixteen. Seventeen, with only four per cent, suggests that those who have not already begun their social careers wait until they are eighteen, and at this time, thirteen per cent take the plunge.

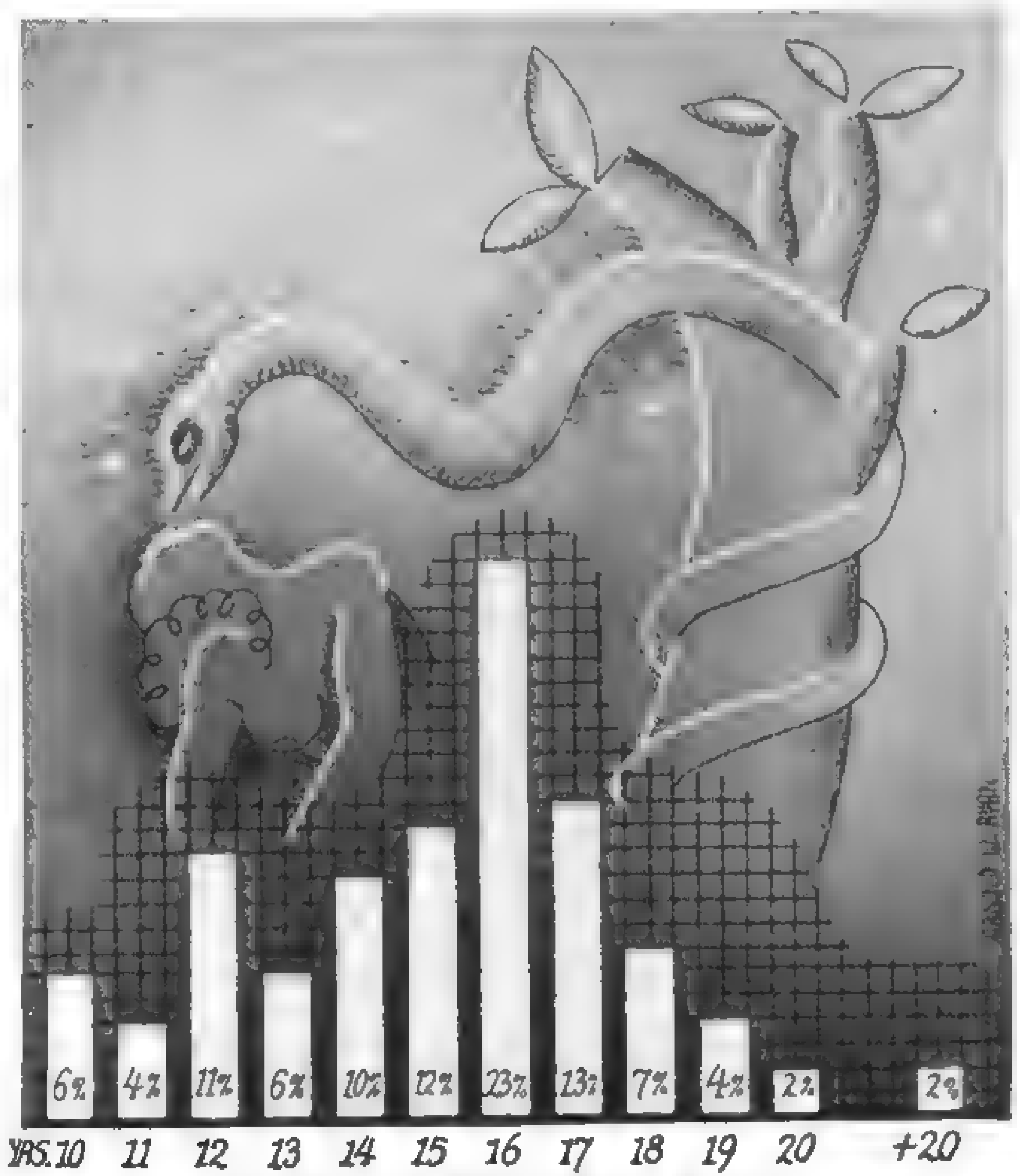
Sad but true, this leaves a residue of only five per cent after eighteen years of age, with the conclusion that if a girl has not had her first date by the time she is nineteen years old, she stands an excellent chance of never having one.

II

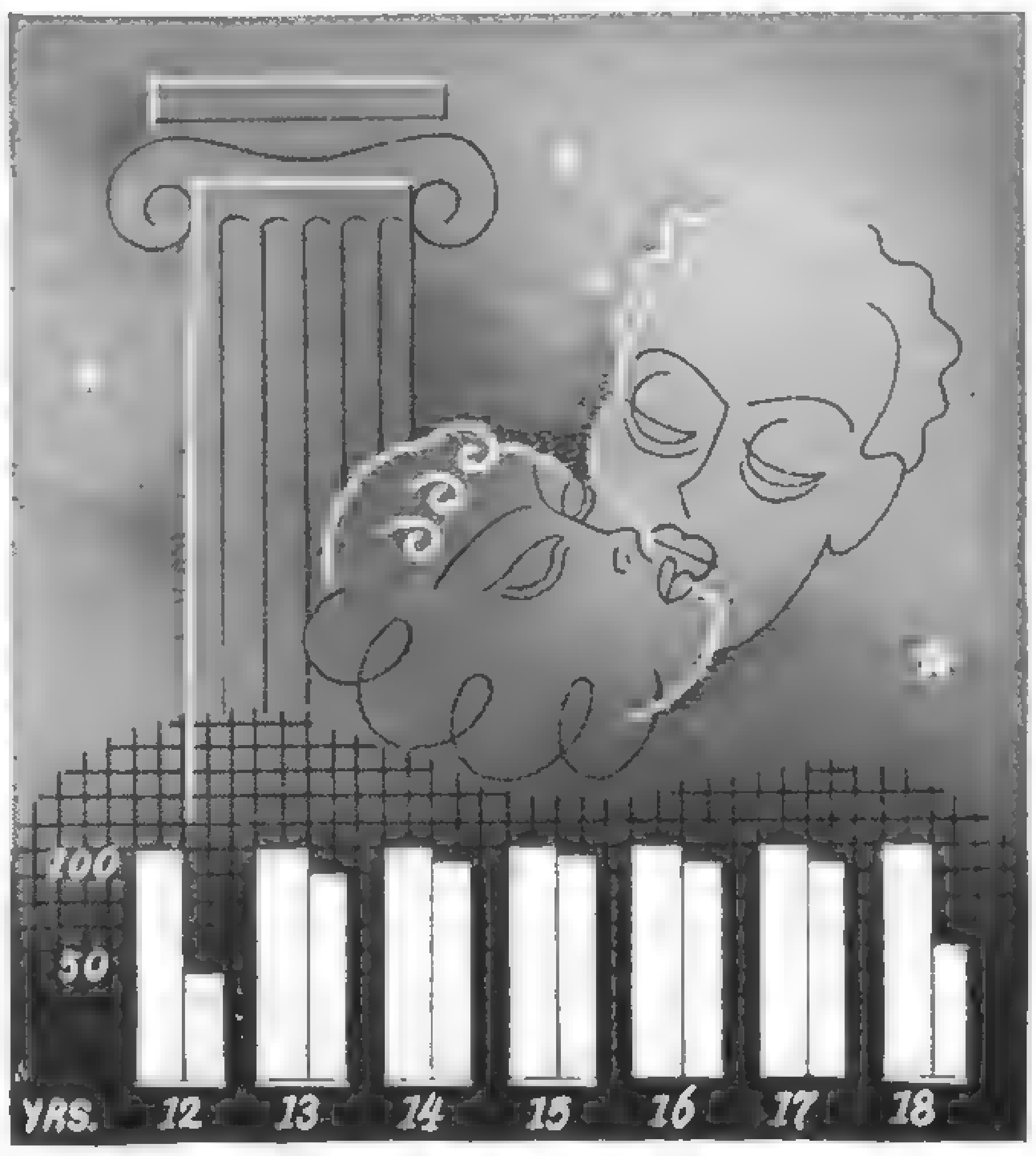
"How old were you when first kissed?" The chart in the center shows the answers to this question. The first kiss is another incident which most women remember. It is interesting to compare this chart with the one showing the age at the first date.



Girl's Age at First Date



Girl's Age When First Kissed



First Date vs. First Kiss

It is to be noted that the sixteenth year stands at the top with twenty-three per cent. This is possibly a by-product of the expression, "Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed." The fact that there is so much discussion about it during the girl's sixteenth year may generate a certain amount of action. There may also be a psychological undercurrent, in that the girl decides it is about time.

It was observed that quite a large number experienced their first kiss before their first date. Analysis of these case histories indicates that when this is true, it usually occurs in the case of very young girls who are kissed by men much older. Contemporary friends of the family who do not figure as a social date, frequently do contribute in a more clandestine fashion.

The chart at the bottom shows the relationship between the first date and the first kiss. The second white bar shows the percentage of girls kissed the same year in which they went on their first date. It will be seen that about fifty per cent of the girls who had their first date at the age of twelve were kissed the same year, ninety per cent of those at thirteen, and almost one hundred per cent for the years fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and seventeen, with an unexplainable drop to sixty per cent at the age of eighteen. A possible explanation is that most of the girls who did not go out until they were eighteen were less likely to become involved, and were naturally more reticent in their social maneuvers.

From the evidence presented in this chart, one may assume that there is very little platonic association between the sexes. If a girl goes out on dates she generally gets kissed. But the kiss is not a gold standard for the measurement of passion. Many so-called kisses are as mild and unemotional as an oyster's courtship, while others reach heights of physical development comparable to a fixed wrestling-match at Madison Square Garden.

While the emotional effect of a kiss is not directly related to technical excellence, it is not wholly unrelated. Mental and romantic excitement can frequently offset indifferent performance; but inspired performance just as frequently sets off romantic excitement.

Girls who pride themselves on their dancing ability and make a positive effort to be socially desirable often neglect completely the important subject of being properly kissed. Others give it the attention it deserves, and make it a point to let no man kiss them without leaving him with the lingering thought that something has happened—or might.

Few girls are surprised when kissed. The average man telegraphs his intentions so

Continued on page 109

The War and Cousin Lum

All the Powderjays liked to hunt and kill, so when the war came, w'y Lum joined up, aimin' to get the Kaiser

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"It's about time," says Pa, "for Lum to be rolling in here. Rabbits getting ripe. Hills turning brown. You know that's the time Lum gets in here. Gets here about the time corn is cut, taters dug, and the lassies made. The time when wood is cut for the winter and ricked to dry. All Lum wants to do is hunt you know." Pa is sitting on the chop-block. He is whittling a stick of rich pine kindling with a barlow knife. Pa looks to the brown hills as he whittles. He sees the hills where the saw-briar leaves are turning from green to brown, red, yellow and light yellow. He sees the hills where the poplar is turning, the red oak, the chestnut oak, the pawpaw, sassafras, hickory and the beech. It's time for rabbits to be getting ripe after the little bit of frost we've had on the Kentucky hills. It is time for Lum to round in for a rabbit hunt.

"Your cousin Lum," says Pa, "is a rounder. I guess he gets it from the Saddlers—that going places on freight trains. Never rides a passenger train when he's got the money. That's Lum."

"Takes it after the Powderjays," says Mom, picking up chips and putting them in her apron. "That's who he takes it after. Look at his daddy before him. Rode freight trains over the country. Went off and left his family on sufferance. If he hadn't been in the war and got a little pension I don't know what the family would a done. Lum takes after his own Pa—Jake Powderjay. He don't take his running around from the Saddlers. He takes it from the Powderjays." Mom picks up the hickory and oak chips and puts them in her apron. A blue smoke—thin as the air—swirls from the kitchen flue. The martins chatter from the doors of their box.

"It's time for Lum," says Pa, "when the martins start getting ready to go south. It's time for Lum to pop in. Rabbits ripe. And the leaves turned brown." Pa looks at the brown Kentucky hills where the rabbits hide under the tufts of broom sage and fresh new heaps of fallen leaves.

Cousin Lum is a tall man with eyes blue as an April Kentucky sky. His hair is a dirty brown, the color of dying broom sage. His legs—there was never another pair like them in Kentucky—long and straight as two broom sticks. His feet big as two fire shovels—plenty big enough to hold his body on the ground. His hips are about as big as your hands spread out and you can nearly span him with your hands at the waist. "Always looks like he's never had enough to eat," says Pa, "when you look at Lum's waist." But it's a sight to watch that man put away grub. But his shoulders—his big broad shoulders—looked like a one-horse road-scraper. And his eyes that looked steadily at one—stout enough to look a hole through you! His grey eyes that looked like a hawk's eyes and his long nose on his face looked like a hawk's bill.

"Come here, Sall," says Pa, "look coming yander. It's Lum shore as God made little green apples. I just felt like he's coming. Shore enough he's coming." And Mom looks over on the pasture hill at Cousin Lum. He's coming down the path carrying a little bundle under his arm wrapped in a newspaper. "Come as usual," says Pa, "come from Cincinnati on a freight train."

"Only way he ever comes," says Mom, "that's the way the Powderjays go places. Ride freight trains. W'y Lum never did come to this house any other way. He's been come every year to rabbit hunt since he was fourteen years old. Come here and got a taste of it that time with Jake. He's been back every year. You know he run off from school and come here to hunt for two years while he was in the school-law and got poor old Jake fined."

"Funny," says Pa, "comes back to us here among the hills after he's been raised up in town. Raised in Cincinnati. Got a taste of the gun and dog and he comes back every fall to hunt with us soon as the leaves turn and rabbits get right. God, he's a shot too. Kills rabbits a setting. Shoots 'em right there. He's got a eye like a hawk or a buzzard." Lum walks down the hill on the longest pair of legs in Kentucky—his overalls twisting around them. Too much blue-drilling wrapped around his pipe-stem legs. His shoulders are swinging as he walks and his arms dangle at the hip-seams of his overalls. "Lord that's Lum all right," says Pa, "I just begin to wonder if my eyes fooled me."

"Yes," says Mom, "it will be rabbits now. Rabbits and birds, possums, coons, groundhogs and squirrels. That's all you'll do now and the corn will be left to stand in the shock and the taters left dug in the field. Won't be another thing done after Lum gets here but hunt, cook and eat. I'll even have to pick up chips to use in the cookstove. You won't have time to cut a stick of stove-wood."

"Howdy Lum," says Pa, reaching his brown hand to my tall Cousin Lum. "W'y howdy, Uncle Mick," says Lum. "You little rascal how are you anyway?" says Lum swinging Pa around and around over the chips.

"Ain't doing much good," says Pa. "Never do any good until I get me a bait of rabbits in my craw." And Pa laughs and Lum laughs and they go around and around.

"How are you Aunt Sall?" says Lum to Mom stopping long enough to reach Mom his hand.

"Oh pretty good," says Mom, handing him her right hand, using her left to hold her apron filled with chips.

"We're needing rabbits around here," says Pa. "Glad you've come Lum. You know I don't get any fun going out and killing them by myself. I like to hunt with somebody."

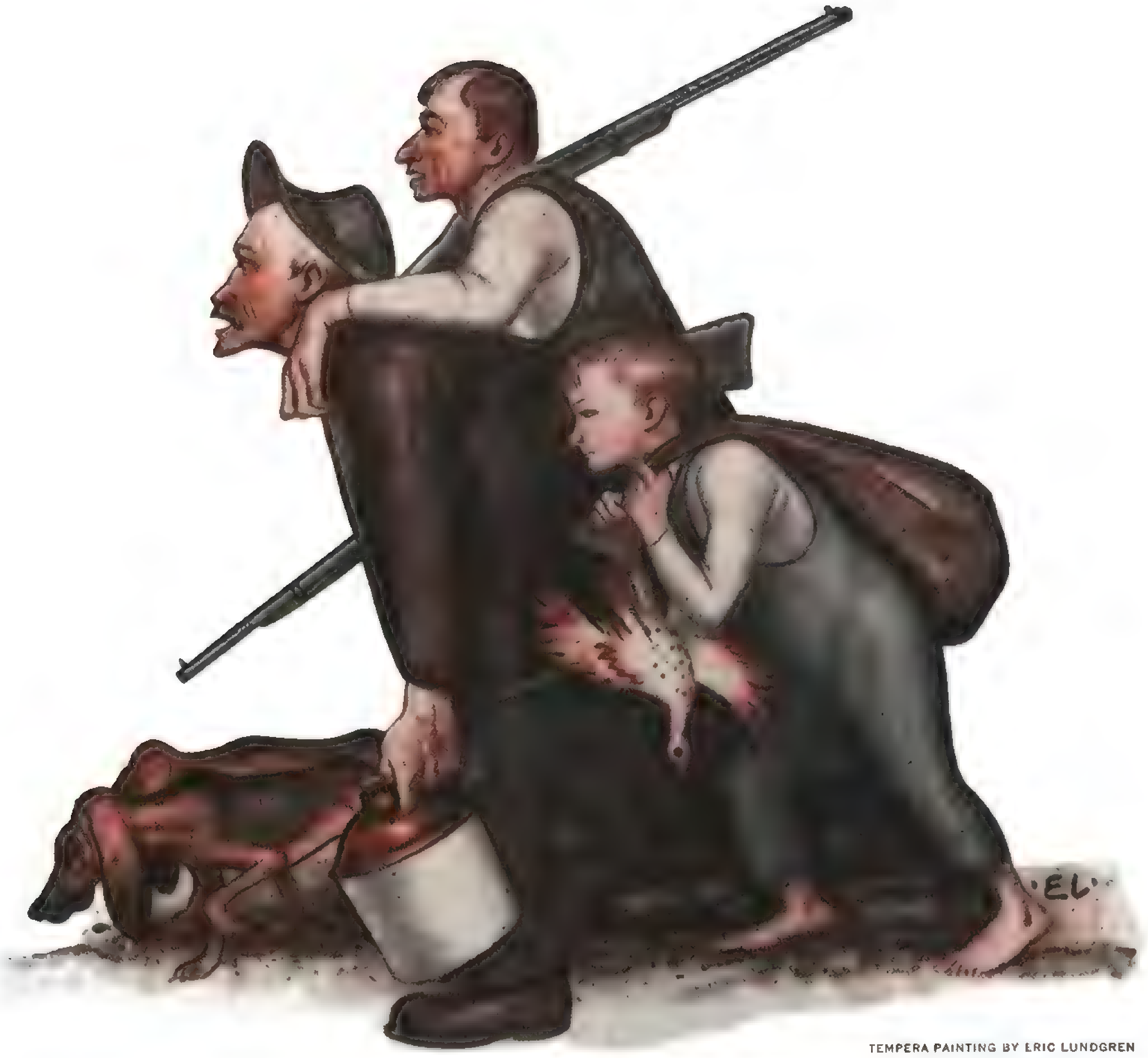
"That's right," says Lum, "I like to hunt with somebody too. I like to hunt with you Uncle Mick. You know I like my Pa's people. Since I got to coming back among them—w'y I've had a fine time. I don't like Cincinnati—only her freight trains that takes me places and bring me back to these hills. The hills are home to me. I've never lived among them but Pa did. Like a rabbit, blood is. Wherever you jump a rabbit it circles back there. Wherever you stir up blood—it will go back there." And Cousin Lum takes Pa by the arm. They go in the house talking.

Mom says to me: "Son, I hope you don't take to the woods like the rest of the Powderjays with a old gun and dog. It's just in their blood to hunt and kill and drink licker. I've never seen a family like 'em. I've wished a thousand times I'd never got mixed up in it. Here I am now with a nest of little youngins mixed up with a den of Republicans, boozers and hunters. W'y your Pa just acts like a wild man ever time Lum comes. Knows just when he's going to round in. Fools around out there in that wood yard and waits for him on the very day he comes. He won't do another thing all the time Lum is here but eat and hunt." Mom walks down the path, under the poplar tree in our kitchen-yard that has a dead top. She walks with her apron filled with chips till it is big as a pillow. Pa and Lum have gone into the house. We can hear them laughing in the house. "W'y Lum," says Pa, "I never tried to get that rabbit. I give you a chance to get it. You was a strip of a boy then. W'y don't you know I could have knocked its trotters easy as eating a piece of pie."

And Lum bends to his knees laughing. He says: "W'y Uncle Mick you know I always thought I just beat you to that shot—and you got scared and shot too soon." And Cousin Lum bends over and laughs again. When he bends over Pa slaps him on the seat of the pants.

"Guess they're drinking a little a ready," says Mom. "If they're not now they soon will be you can mark my word."

"Now," says Pa, "we'll just go right out this evening and I'll show you how to bring down cottontails. I'll show you who gets the



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

rabbits young man, and who don't. We'll let Quinn go along and pack the rabbits in a coffee sack. Gives us a better chance to shoot. We don't want a lot of rabbits hung to us—will be in our way shooting."

"Suits me just fine," says Cousin Lum. "I believe I can put the cat on you Uncle Mick. I believe I got that rabbit first that time that you said you let me kill it because I was just a boy. Ah, Uncle, I know you!" And Cousin Lum laughs and laughs and Pa laughs too.

"Oh, Quinn, come here!" says Pa. "Bring a coffee sack and come here."

I go get the coffee sack from the smokehouse. And I think to myself: "It's not fair Pa won't let me take a gun out to the woods and hunt. I am nearly ten years old. He makes me carry the rabbits. He gets to do all the shooting. Cousin Lum is just twenty. He's been hunting with Pa for six years. I have to go and carry the rabbits and birds." I wipe the tears from my eyes as I go to the smokehouse.

Mom says: "Young man you are another chip off the old block. You quit that snubbing right now. You're not going out there with a gun and shoot somebody or get shot. That's Powderjay in you. Love a gun from the time you can crawl." I go on to the smokehouse and get the coffee sack. It is a sack I used gathering dry dead leaves for the fattening-hog pen.

"Wait till I get old hulda," says Pa. And he reaches up on the joist in our front room and takes down our single-barrel Columbia shotgun that does not have a sight—the barrel is battered and worn thin. Three generations have hunted with this old family single-barrel. Pa lifts the trigger guard from over the nail where it is hooked and the barrel-tip from over another nail where it rests. "This is the old hulda that has brought 'em down among the rocks, the brush and the cliffs," says Pa. "You got it on me with that double-barrel there. You get two shots to my one."

"That's the worst looking old gun I ever saw," says Cousin Lum. And he laughs and Pa laughs.

"I strained my gun once, Lum," says Pa.

"How'd you do that Uncle Mick?" says Lum.

And Pa says: "I shot it up hill at a rabbit and it went out of its way to get it." And Pa bends over laughing and slapping his knees with his small brown hard hands. And Cousin Lum laughs and laughs and slaps Pa on the seat of the pants.

We walk out of the house. The October sun is golden as a rain-washed sandrock in the sky. The leaves are mellow on the trees as ripe pumpkins and there is the smell of goldenrod and wild grapes in the wind—the smell of ripe corn and dying flowers—the sweet smells of autumn in the wind. Pa has his battered single-barrel across his shoulder. I have a coffee sack across my shoulder. Cousin Lum has the prettiest little twelve-gauge double-barrel across his shoulder. "How'd you bring that double-barrel?" says Pa. "Did you bring it wrapped in that newspaper?"

"Yes," says Cousin Lum, "brought it along wrapped in my duds." We walk out into the yard.

Pa says: "Heh Rags. Heh Scout. Heh boys! Heh! Heh! Heh!"

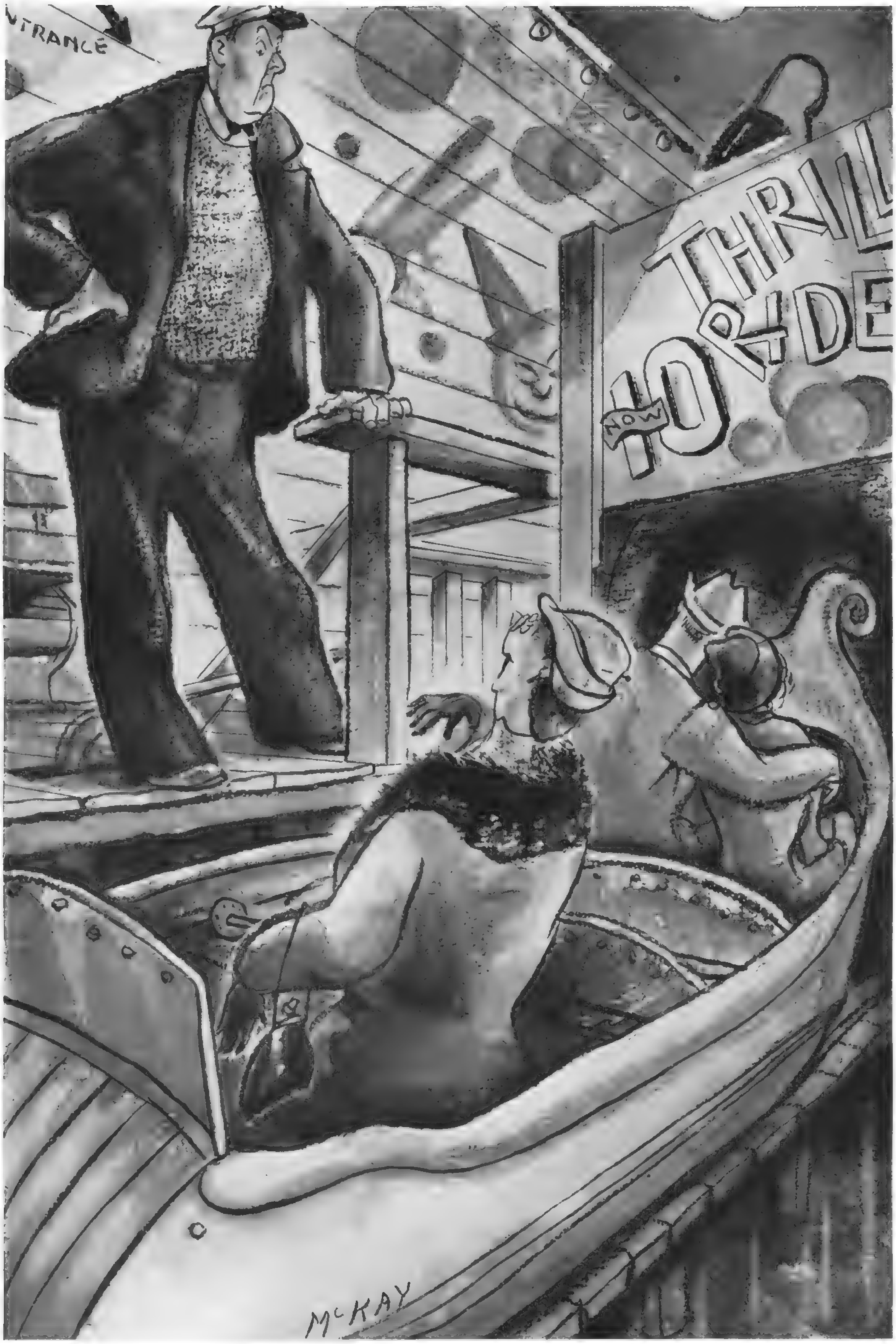
Rags is a red hound-dog with ears that come down and lap over the tip of his long nose. He has black patches on his sides the shape of a cucumber. He comes running up to us barking his "wow-wow-wow" and snuffing when he sees our guns. He knows Pa and Cousin Lum are going hunting. Rags is pleased. He smells of Cousin Lum's legs and whines. He leaps upon Pa and barks and flaps his long thin ears. "Good blood in that hound-dog," says Cousin Lum. He rubs Rags' head and feels the little knot on the back of his head. "He's got that knot on his head too, Uncle Mick," says Cousin Lum.

"W'y," says Pa, "do you think I'd ever take a hound-pup along to raise that didn't have that on the back of his head? Never any account unless they have that knot. That's the hunting stock of hound-dogs that have that knot back there. Wait till you see Scout." And Pa calls again: "Heh Scout! Heh Scout! Heh boy! Heh! Heh!"

Scout comes from behind the smokehouse barking. He is a tall long-legged hound, white with blue specks on his flanks. "Now you talk about your dogs," says Pa, "right here he is Lum. He was the little pup that trailed us last year when we took that hunt. You ought to watch him drive a rabbit now. He can really bring them around."

Scout and Rags start barking as we walk toward the barn. They know we are going rabbit hunting. They are glad to go. "Two dogs," says Pa, "that you don't have to call and coax along. Have to chain them to

Continued on page 201


NTRANCE
THRIL
NOW 10
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McKAY

"When do we sail, Commodore?"

I Ain't No O. Henry

Now you take those weak-minded dopes in the death cells—they ain't got good sense—there's no color in them

by LOUIS PAUL

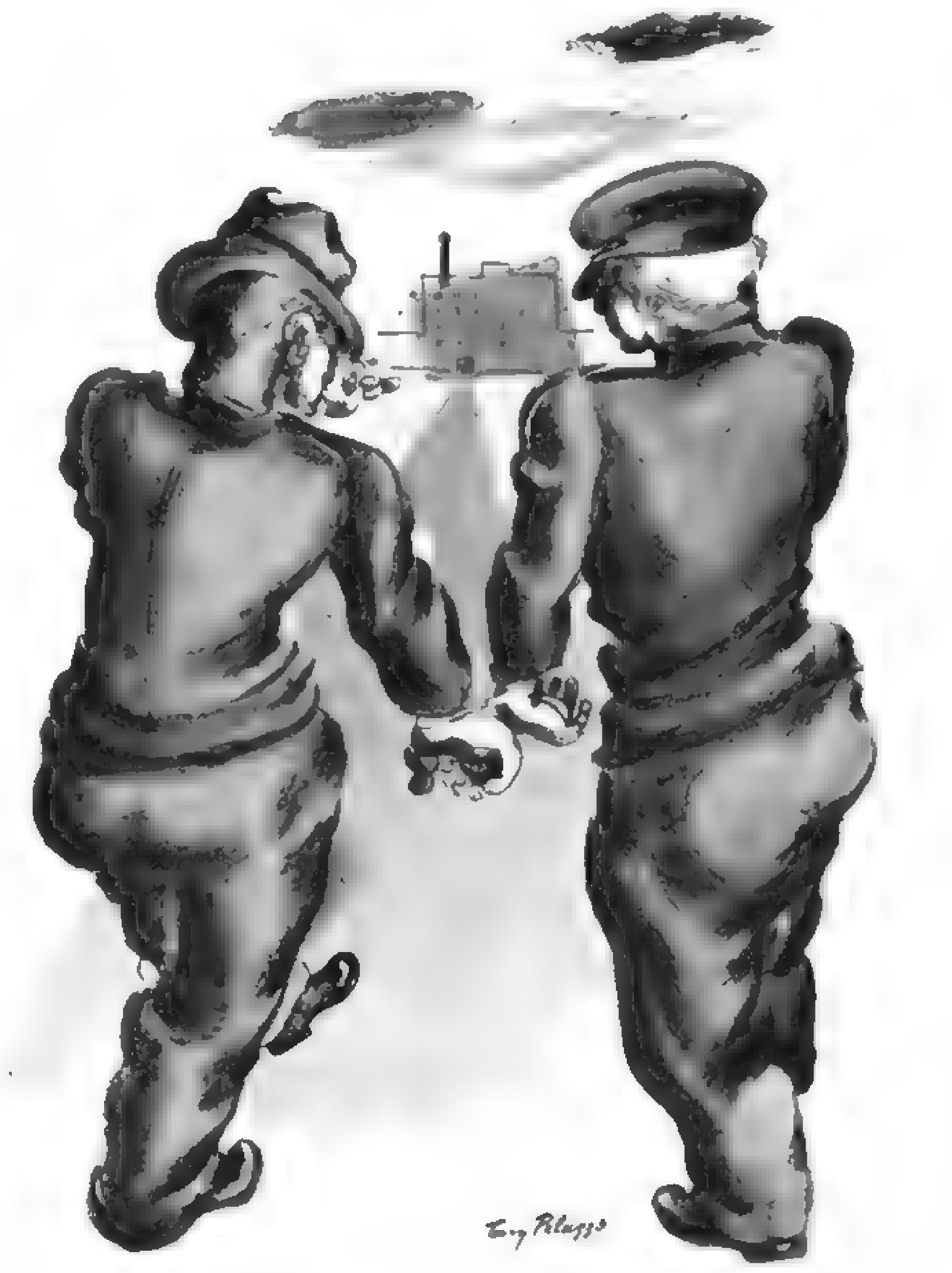
▪ SATIRE ▪

Well, look. Why is the Warden always siggin' you reporter boys on me? I ain't no criminologist an' I ain't no O. Henry. They bring up some mugg that's bumped a gas station attendant in a robbery and then for a couple o' weeks we got you fellows comin' over lookin' for color stories. An' the Warden sigs you on me. I'm just a plain cop. Ten years on the city force and then I come over here. Why I done it I don't know. Them winters was raisin' hell with me, I spose, an' I figgered this would be a warm spot. Better than pounding pavements. Thanks. Yeah, I'll take a cigar; smoke it later. Take a chair.

Why don't one of you kids do a color story on the people that have to handle these hot-house monkeys they send us for safekeeping? Take this now Dippy Fischer, the mugg you come over to get a story on. Here's a guy he goes wacky and shoots down nine customers in a bank robbery. O. K. He's convicted and they bring him up and hand him over to us. All we got to do is keep him happy and healthy while he takes a year for appeals and stays and pleas for commutation on extenuatin' circumstances. This bird is a killer with nothin' to lose, so if one of us screws don't do exactly right by our little star boarder he is liable to get mad and stick a nailfile between somebody's ribs. That's ten dead ones instead of nine. You know: the home folks has got rid of him. They don't care.

Well, how you guys can get a color story out of somebody like this here Dippy Fischer is beyond me. I can't help you. I ain't no O. Henry. Killers is one like another, an' if you'd been rubbin' elbows with 'em as long as I have you'd see it like I do. I ain't no criminologist, but there's just one motive behind any killin'. Take the four specimens we got here in the death cells. Red Mahoney. He kills a railroad ticket agent. An' Charlie Smith, the stockin' salesman that done away with his wife. Louie Andretti—Louie's the racketeer that bumped Allesandro, the Greek gambler. And this here Dippy Fischer, the bank robber. Now what does it all add up to? Guys so hungry for somethin' somebody else is got they'll bump 'em to get it. Robberies, sex crimes, gang wars, jealousy—you get the same answer every time. Weak-minded. They ain't normal. They're dopes. They ain't got good sense. I don't know why—I'm no criminologist. But they just ain't. I been seein' 'em come an' go for fifteen years.

Color? Why don't you boys wake up and get the real angle on this crime stuff? Color! I been readin' a book lately. About as far away from dips and muggs as you can get. A book about Borneo and Sumatra and Malay. It seems they got a thing over there they call it *amok*. I guess you heard of that *amok*. I just bring it up to make a point about this killin' business. There's the kind of killin' us civilized punks don't know nothin' about. Here, for instance, is a guy. Some poor lousy coolie, see; never had enough to eat, been gettin' his brains knocked out ever since he could walk. Slavery, like. All right. This coolie suddenly has a big idea. Somethin' hit him. He gets to figgerin' there's just one way for a poor lousy coolie to make a big splash, to mean somethin', to go places, as we say. So he grabs one of them—what the hell do you call 'em, now?—them there krises, leaps up on a pile o' bales on the dock or plantation or wherever he is, waves this knife, see, and he yells, dramatic, so everybody can hear him: "*Amok!*"



There's a gentleman killer, in my estimation. That game has got rules, you understand—like Russian poker. (I'll tell you about that later.) He hollers, "*Amok!*" and, brother, he comes for 'em. It means he's gonna keep killin' people with that there knife until they get him. It must be a sight. Here ain't no cheap little punk that wants a blonde that belongs to somebody else. No sir. This ain't no guy that's too damn lazy to work, so he's gotta steal somebody else's jack. This ain't no crawlin' skunk of a racketeer crossin' up the pal that put him in business. This is a guy that says, "Here's one coolie that's got a lion's heart in him, believe it or not. Come on an' get me!"

Just to make the point, like I been talkin', lemme tell you about this Russian poker, too. Here you got the other side o' the picture. Ever know many Russians? Hot sketches, these Russians. We had a Russian up here a couple o' years ago, feller by the name of Petroff. Cut his finger off one day just for damned sour meanness. Well, anyway, gettin' back to killin' and this Russian poker. It's like a suicide club. Five guys, say, take a gun. A service pistol with a revolving chamber. They stick one cartridge in the chamber and leave the four others empty. Then they pass it around in a circle, each one holdin' the gun to his head and pullin' the trigger. Nobody knows where that shell is gonna pop up. It's dopey, I'll admit, but that's the Russians for you. But I don't hardly blame either these Russians or them Far East coolies. They say Russia was pretty much of a dump before the revolution an' you might as well play suicide with yourself as anything else.

All right. Now you come along to a clown like this Dippy Fischer. Where's your color in a rat like him? Where's your excuse? He ain't got the guts of a canary, nor the brains of a bedbug. Tries to rob a bank and gets nervous and mows down nine innocent bystanders. When the bulls nab him he gets a look at their rods and he turns white and faints. You boys remind me of the folks who misunderstood the little tailor when he boasted he'd killed ten with one blow. He meant flies, remember. Well, they made a hero out o' him. Thought he meant men. Same with you lads. Want a color story, until some poor weak-minded lug has to go out and kidnap a baby or something to live up to your idea of news. I ain't sayin' nothin' against newspapers. You got to eat, like the rest of us. You write about 'em and we take care of 'em. But it would take an egg with the imagination of O. Henry to figger out any color in punks like Red Mahoney or Louie Andretti, and I ain't no O. Henry, that's a cinch. They're one like another. They're dopes. They ain't normal.

Funny part of it is, not a single one of 'em done it. No sir. Every last one of 'em's been framed. They ketch a bloke standin' over a corpse, a smokin' gun in his hand, and so what? "I'm innocent!" he shouts. "It's self-defense. I been framed. It was a couple o' other guys. I won't talk till I see my lawyer." See what I mean? Here's a guy, for instance, this Dippy Fischer you're askin' about. Mows down nine people in a bank robbery.

Continued in center of page 199

A Wife's Tale

There was nothing for her anywhere, and always the stumbling on of her bent, step-wearing, unhoping body

by WILL GIBSON

• FICTION •

She had cleaned the three rooms, the baby was sleeping, the only sound in the quiet house was the water's timed dripping in the sink. She sat motionless at the rear window looking out on the dirty alley and the dirty old tenement-houses, and she was lonely and longing for a woman to talk to. So after long irresolution she at last went out across the hall and knocked on Daisy Flynn's door. Daisy was a young woman with red hair and a white face and loose-breasted body. "I'm your new neighbor," Mrs. Grey stammered, "won't you come over for a cup of tea?" The entire afternoon in Mrs. Grey's kitchen they sat talking. Jackie ran in with his school books, stood eating cookies, then ran down again to play. Mrs. Grey spoke hesitantly of her two children and husband. Daisy lived alone. She told little of herself; the other neighbors she described freely. The baby awoke wailing, and Mrs. Grey set her down to crawl and sit on the floor. The afternoon was swiftly dying; the two women continued to talk; and then remembered there were Tom's heavy footsteps on the stairs and it was seven o'clock and he was standing in the doorway, his face flushed. He's been drinking, knew Mrs. Grey.

"Hello," Tom said unevenly.

Daisy stood. "Guess I'll be scramming."

"This is Miss Flynn from across the hall, Tom," said Mrs. Grey.

Staring at the red-haired woman Tom said: "I seen her on the stairs a couple of times."

"Say, nobody calls me Miss Flynn," Daisy said. "Make it Daisy, huh?"

Tom still looked at her. "Okay, Daisy, glad to meet you. What's your hurry?"

"No hurry," Daisy said. "You'll be wanting to eat though."

Tom turned to Mrs. Grey: "Yeah, how about it?"

Mrs. Grey knelt, taking vegetables from the icebox. "As soon as I get something cooked. Is Jackie downstairs?"

"Yeah," said Tom, his eyes again on Daisy. "He'll be up in a minute."

Mrs. Grey hastened about in the kitchen beginning preparations for supper. Tom leaned against the icebox watching Daisy. After a silent moment Daisy reached her hand to the doorknob.

"Well," she said, "I'll be seeing you both."

Tom put his hand on her shoulder: "Wait a minute. What do you have to go for? Let's be neighborly. Stay and eat here with us."

"Well—" Daisy hesitated. "I dunno." Mrs. Grey stood still and pushed back a wisp of hair. Daisy looked at her doubtfully: "What do you say?"

"Of course, if you want to," Mrs. Grey said.

"Listen," Tom said to Daisy, "if I say it's okay it's okay. What I say goes."

While Mrs. Grey afterwards stood cooking at the smoking stove, Tom sprawled with a glass of beer in his hand beside Daisy telling her tales about himself. Daisy also drank beer and sat laughing constantly at Tom's talk. The radio shrilled jazz. Jackie squatted on the oilcloth shooting checkers. The kitchen was smoky and warm. Mrs. Grey served plates of food, and they pulled chairs up to the table. They began eating. During the meal Tom drank steadily till the last glass with Daisy, and ate little. His speech rambled, thickening. Jackie sat nervous beside his flushed father. Mrs. Grey held the baby on her lap feeding her with a spoon.

"Hey, Daisy, you dance?" Tom asked suddenly.

"Sure," said Daisy.

"Okay, come on."

Stumbling, Tom drew her by the hand into the darkening living room. They swung into the rhythm of the radio's jazz. Mrs. Grey crossed and laid the baby in the crib. Going back and into the noisy room past them dancing she put on the light, pulled down the shades. She returned to the kitchen. She piled the greasy dishes in the sink, washed them in hot water, dried them, replaced them in the closet. Squirming now on a chair at the table Jackie labored over home work. Mrs. Grey sat down beside him and explained. She gazed into the living room, watching Tom and Daisy as they danced.

Tom came unsteadily out to her and threw a half-dollar on the table.

"Go down for some more beer, will you?"

"We're short this week, Tom," Mrs. Grey said.

"Damn it, a man's got to have some beer. Will you do as I say?"

Mrs. Grey rose and went into the bedroom. She slipped into her coat. Going back to the kitchen she took down from the closet the big glass pitcher. Tom was in with Daisy again dancing. Dangling the pitcher Mrs. Grey went out the door and downstairs.

A quarter-hour passed before she returned. She set the foaming pitcher down on the table opposite Jackie. The radio played softly in the next room. There was no dancing. She walked wondering over to the doorway. In the easy-chair in the corner Daisy was sitting on Tom's lap. Mrs. Grey stood rigid on the threshold. Daisy glanced over her shoulder laughing.

"Look, I'm stealing your husband."

Mrs. Grey said: "So I see."

"Aw, I'm just being hospitable," Tom chuckled. "You got to be hospitable to guests, don'tcha?" His arm squeezed Daisy.

Mrs. Grey said: "Do you?"

After a moment she turned away. She stalked through to the bedroom's darkness removing her coat and tossed it across the bed. Tom's voice called after her: "Hey, give us that beer before it goes flat." Mrs. Grey went back to the kitchen. She stood with set face. Jackie was sucking on a pencil's point.

"All right," said Mrs. Grey, "you get to bed."

"But Mom, I still got some to do."

"You'll do it in the morning," said Mrs. Grey. "Go sleep in our bed now till the company leaves."

Jackie gathered his papers. Mrs. Grey waited while he slowly left the kitchen. Then she went into the living room. Daisy and Tom were whispering. Mrs. Grey sat down straight and unmoving opposite them.

"Hey, what about that beer?" Tom demanded over Daisy's shoulder.

Mrs. Grey said: "Pour it yourself."

"What?" Tom stared at her. "What's the idea?"

"Pour it yourself," said Mrs. Grey.

Tom glowered for a moment. "Scuse me," he muttered. Daisy got off his lap; he pushed himself to his feet and went scowling out to the kitchen. Daisy flopped down on the couch. The two women sat silent. In the quiet room the dance music beat softly. Tom returned with the slopping pitcher of beer, gripping upright in his palm two glasses. He poured the glasses full and set the pitcher on the floor. Daisy swung her legs upon the couch and lay back; she took the drink from Tom's hand. Tom stood draining his glass. He sat down on the edge of the couch and refilled the glass. Bending forward over Daisy he spoke to her in a low voice. Tense, Mrs. Grey watched them. They whispered, drank, whispered. Tom's fingers caressed her bare arm. Mrs. Grey bit her lip.

"You've had too much to drink, Tom; don't be making a fool of yourself."

'Go to bed," Tom said. "Go in with the kid. I'm sleeping here tonight."

He leaned upon Daisy's stretched-out body and with his face close to her red hair he mumbled in her ear. Their two heads were together. After a while Tom began to slowly palm her breast. Mrs. Grey rose, her fists clenched.

"Tom," she said, "I won't stand for this."

"Aw, shut up," Tom said aside.

His lips moved over Daisy's pale cheek to her red moist mouth. They kissed, an open-mouthed unending sucking kiss. Mrs. Grey saw Tom's hand steal down Daisy's leg to her knee and up under her skirt then grip her thigh. His foot knocked over the glass of beer, and it ran spreading upon the carpet.

Mrs. Grey's voice went high: "I won't stand for this, Tom!"

Tom raised his face. "I told you to shut up."

Mrs. Grey said hotly: "Do you think I'll stand without a word while you do bad things here with this woman? You can't do anything like this in front of me, you hear? You can't do it!"

"I'll do any damned thing I please," Tom said, ugly. "This is my house, see?"

"Have you no respect for me or your children?" Mrs. Grey cried.

Angrily Tom said: "Are you gonna shut up?"

Mrs. Grey's eyes darted to Daisy's white face turned staring. "You! What do you mean lying there like that with my husband? What right have you here? Get out!"

"Okay," Daisy said, "if that's the way you feel about it."

Swinging to her feet she sauntered past Mrs. Grey out through the kitchen. Tom ran after her and at the door grabbed her by the arm. Mrs. Grey quickly followed them.

"Wait a minute—" Tom was saying.

"Get out!" cried Mrs. Grey. "Get out!"

Tom turned furiously: "Shut up, you little bitch! I want her here, that means she stays! Keep your mouth shut or I'll knock your teeth in!"

"Get her out!" Mrs. Grey said passionately. "If she stays I'll go myself!"

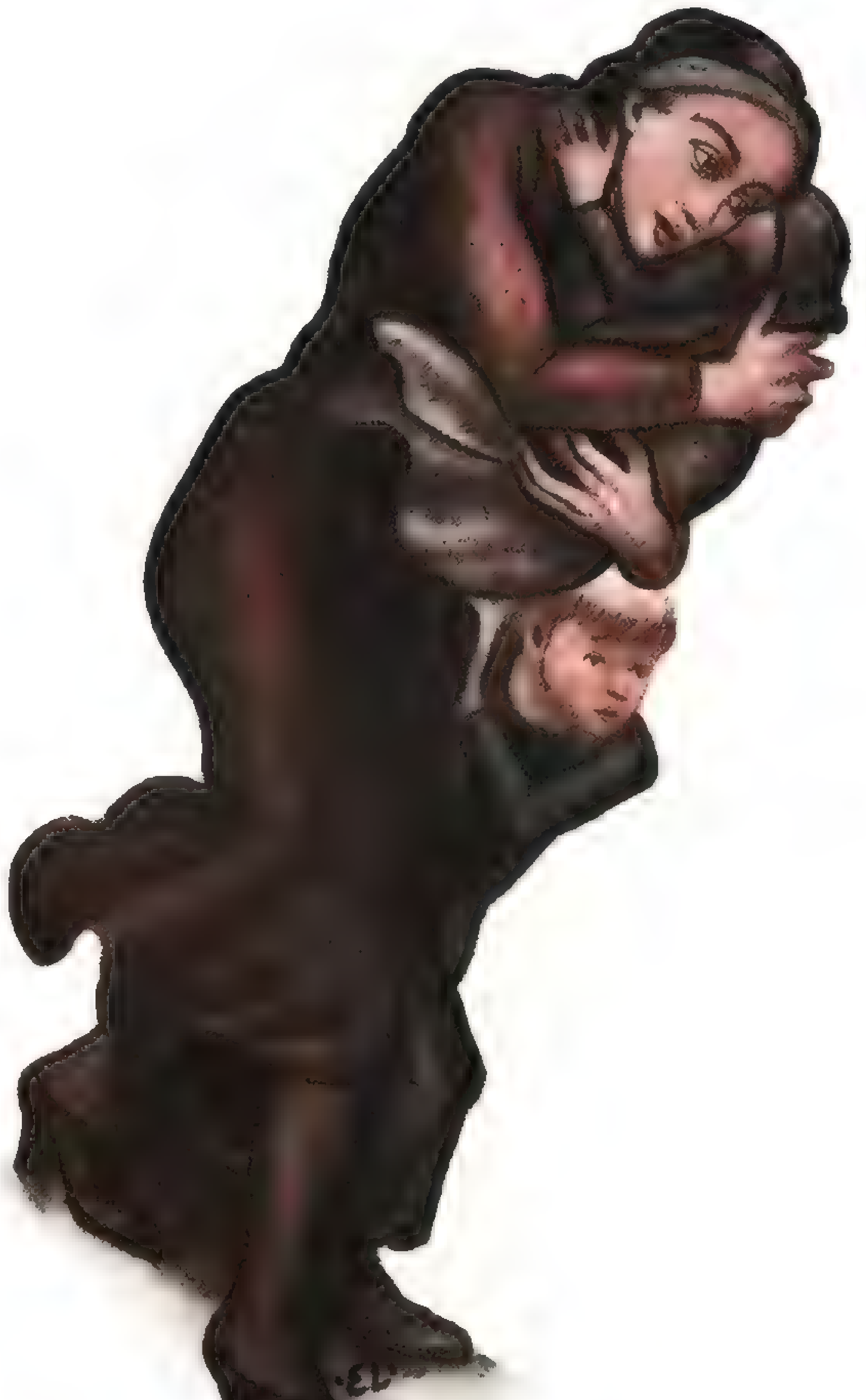
"Well, I guess that's that," Daisy said insolently, opening the door.

Tom pulled her back, swinging her across the kitchen. "Yeah? We'll see who's boss here!" He seized Mrs. Grey and lunged struggling with her. "I'll call your bluff!" He flung her out through the open door; she fell heavily on the floor in the narrow hall. Tom shouted down at her: "Go on, get out if you like it so much! Stay out till you learn who runs this house!" He slammed the door.

She lay bruised. She heard the baby inside screaming and Jackie crying "Momma!" in fright. Tom was cursing at them. Mrs. Grey got up and threw herself at the locked door; she pounded with her fists on it and with her shoe she kicked it savagely. Tom bellowed something. She put her hands over her face and rocked in agony against the door-jamb, weeping. The sobs tore stinging into her chest. With her knuckles she struck and struck at her brow. After a few minutes her sobbing subsided. She stood breathing in gasps. The only sound within now was the baby's whimpering. She began pacing the hall. Her side ached; her legs were trembling and weak. She went over to the steps and sank down, letting her head rest back against the wood bannister.

She had slumped brooding there for a long time when she heard slow footsteps on the stairs below. She scrambled to her feet. The footsteps ascended. Alarmed, she looked around: there was no hiding place. She turned and began to go down the steps. Below on the second floor she met the old man from upstairs; he stood aside, and biting her lip she hurried past him with averted face. She ran downstairs and out onto the street.

The night was chilly. She walked distractedly along under the elevated-structure, trains rattling above her head. The stores along the street were closed, darkened. Gusts of wind blowing her hair and striking through her weightless house dress made her quiver. She quickened her steps, uselessly trying to escape the torment behind her. Corner after corner she crossed mechanically, blind to all the life of the street, and only the humiliating memory of each clear shaming word and movement clamorous in her mind. At length she came upon a little park. She turned almost involuntarily into its darkness away from the littered sidewalk.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The park was sad and deserted. She went with slowing pace along the curve of its path. Under a lamp's flood of light an unstirring man in baggy clothes sat with head bowed on his fists. She passed by him. She walked till she came to a bench lurking in the shadow of a clump of bushes. She sat down, wretched. There was the heartsick sighing of the wind. The leaves above were shivering. She pressed her arms tight against her tremulous body. Seated thus hidden in the dark, staring dully at the ground, she knew such misery that tears again slowly filled her eyes. Her heart was awail for a warm bosom to bury her shame in, for an arm to go strong round her shoulders. She twisted suddenly around on the hard bench and hid her face in grief.

Long afterwards she raised her head. The glowing clock-hands on a great building reared high against the night sky were fixed at five after eleven. She got unsteadily to her feet and walked, her body shaking with chill. The man still sat with bowed head. Hastening she left the park and stumbled through the streets towards home.

Turning the knob she pushed at the door. It was still locked. She stood troubled. Yet from inside there came the patter of steps, then fumbling at the bolt. The door swung open into the lighted kitchen. Jackie, barefooted and in little night-drawers, clung to her leg whining: "Momma, where were you, where were you?" The door to the living room was shut. Mrs. Grey put her finger cautioning against her lips. Softly she drew Jackie back into the dark bedroom. Dim in the crib the baby lay sleeping.

Mrs. Grey said in a low voice: "Hurry, put your clothes on."

"Why, Mom?"

"Do as I tell you," she whispered testily.

The boy dressed hurriedly in the dark room. Mrs. Grey wriggled a coat over her house dress. She knelt and helped Jackie pull on his clothing, buttoned his jacket. Then she rose and stooped over the crib, and lifting the baby in her arms wrapped the coverlet around its tiny body. The baby stirred, woke up and started crying.

Mrs. Grey whispered: "Come, Jackie."

Hushing the petulant baby against her chest she left the bedroom, Jackie close behind her. From the kitchen-closet she took down her purse. At that moment the living-room door was jerked open and Tom stumbled out of the darkness. Swaying he held on to the doorknob. The shirt-tails hung loose over his disarranged pants.

"Where d'ya think you're going?" he said thickly.

Mrs. Grey remained motionless. Behind Tom in the light faltering into the indistinct living room Daisy bent pulling up her stockings, twisting straight her rumpled skirt.

"Answer me!" shouted Tom.

"What business is it of yours where I go?" Mrs. Grey said.

"You're going to Mamie, ain'tcha?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Grey.

"That's fine," Tom sneered. "She'll be able to take swell care of you, she will."

"She won't begrudge me," said Mrs. Grey.

Continued on page 178

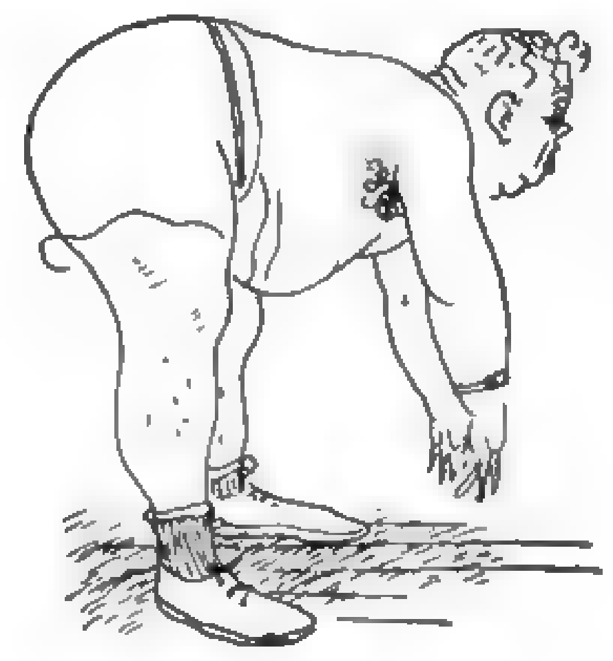
The Uses of Exercise

When a man becomes a slave to a rowing machine, he'd better swear off exercise completely

by LOGAN CLENDENING

• ARTICLE •

Exercise is like education. Not only that they both begin with the letter "E," although that is resemblance enough for a hard pressed essayist. There are other reasons. They are both all right for the young, but they were never designed for the old. There is a definite moment in the life of man—but of that, later.



Then education is to the effect, if I understand what President Hutchins of the University of Chicago has been trying to get at for the last two years, in the words of a friend of mine—"If a boy's bright, he don't need no college education and if he ain't, it won't do him no good." That is not necessarily my idea, you understand, but who am I to bandy words with an eminent pedagogue?

Exercise is like that—"If a man is healthy, he don't need no exercise and if he ain't, it won't do him no good."

I once alienated temporarily the affections of a very dear friend of mine who asked me, "Is sleeping on a sleeping porch healthy?" My answer was "What do you mean by 'healthy'?" At which he flung from my presence muttering something to the effect that that was just like "one of these leeches—wouldn't answer a plain question because there wasn't any fee in it. Everybody knows what 'healthy' means."—But do they? Do you mean, will it make you live longer? The answer is "No" both for exercise and sleeping porches. I knew a man once who set fire to his bed on a sleeping porch with a cigarette. There was a high wind and he was saturated with alcohol and burned like tinder. It was very touching. The sleeping porch undoubtedly shortened his life. If he had been inside his smoke would have been smelled by other members of the family, who might possibly have rescued him.

Do you mean by "healthy," does exercise keep you from having colds or infections or resisting them better? Not a bit. Exercise doesn't increase immunity a particle. You can take a bushel of "stiff workouts"—I think that's the word—and walk into a pest house and if you've never been vaccinated, you will have just as swell a case of smallpox as the flabbiest clerk. Maybe sweller.

You could go right down the line with this. Does it stave off kidney and heart disease, high blood pressure—all the bugaboos of middle age? You know better than that. You must have seen plenty of the boys who are determined to beat that game by keeping in trim, pop off at what would be a shocking age to a billiard marker.

But you say it makes you better able to endure more. More what? More exercise. Well, there you are—in a vicious circle. Here is where the analogy to education comes in again. As I understand it, the psychologists have decided that the old idea that learning Latin, for instance, was good for you because it trained your mind, is no longer true. It just trains you to learn more Latin. Whether this holds for the realm of the spirit or not, it certainly holds for the realm of the muscles. You play tennis and it trains you, but only to play more tennis. Of course you can train your heart and increase your wind, but stop awhile and see how soon you lose it.

Of course, I don't mind if people take exercise. I make no criticisms or sneering remarks. But I hate to have 'em keep after me about taking exercise. And I don t want to go to athletic contests or feats of strength. There is no more painful sight than a class of business men exercising through the noon hour—the thin ones expecting to get fat, and the fat ones expecting to get thin. I don't belong to clubs where they allow that sort of thing to go on.

The exact moment in life when a man should give up regular exercise is marked by an event which is performed just as unconsciously and naturally as winding up your watch at night. I referred to it above—it is the moment when you buy and have sent home a rowing machine. In spite of the fact that it is a complete waste of money it is a very sound investment.

You get the thing home and "Here," you say to yourself, "is something that is going to keep me in trim. There are lots of bad days around here when I can't play golf and besides my old foursome is pretty well broken up. Ed moved away, and Duncan has got arthritis and Charley is crazy about that new wife of his and spends pretty near every Saturday afternoon gardening with her. Now here is something practical that will take its place so that I can get my exercise, rain or shine, and every morning and every night before going to bed." So in a day or two it is all set up and along comes one of those fine, drizzly afternoons just made to sit in a big chair with not the slightest temptation to get out and be a strong man, but there is the rowing machine. You have bought it and now you are going to use it. So you sit down and row across Lake Geneva, and arise feeling as if every internal organ you have, had ruptured. Your face is red and remains in a scorched condition for hours. Your back and arms and the back of your legs are killing you.

That is the beginning of the end. Every time you look at the machine after that, you are filled with loathing. From then on you wait for nice days to take your exercise, and not much at that.

There are even times at this dreadful time of middle age when exercise is positively harmful. The theory is gaining ground in this renascent period of the three-bottle-men reputation, that an extra round of golf or a set of tennis will allow you to have one more highball or cocktail than usual. Now, experience will show that exercise provides no immunity from the action of alcohol either. Many an athlete has become good and plastered by relying on this "every-extra-hole-means-an-extra-highball theory."

Even the value of exercise as a means of reducing weight has been challenged by the work of a professor at the University of Michigan. When he starts to reduce a patient—and he takes only those weighing over three hundred pounds, I understand—he exacts an agreement from them to go into a hospital room and give him the key to it. All the food that the patient eats is inspected by him and every visitor is searched for smuggled goodies.

He recently showed the pictures of a patient who began treatment at 570 pounds. For three years he ate mostly lettuce and slaw, but he came down to 170. All the exercise he got was in the hospital room.

When you come to figure it out, the professor says, exercise doesn't use up so much weight. Climbing up to the top of Pike's Peak only requires about 2,000 calories and you could balance that by omitting bread, butter, meat and gravy, vegetable and dessert from your daily intake. A bout with the dumbbells is balanced by omitting two soda crackers from the menu.

My Uncle Johnnie, who was a distinguished classical scholar, used to illustrate it out of Homer. He subscribed to the theory

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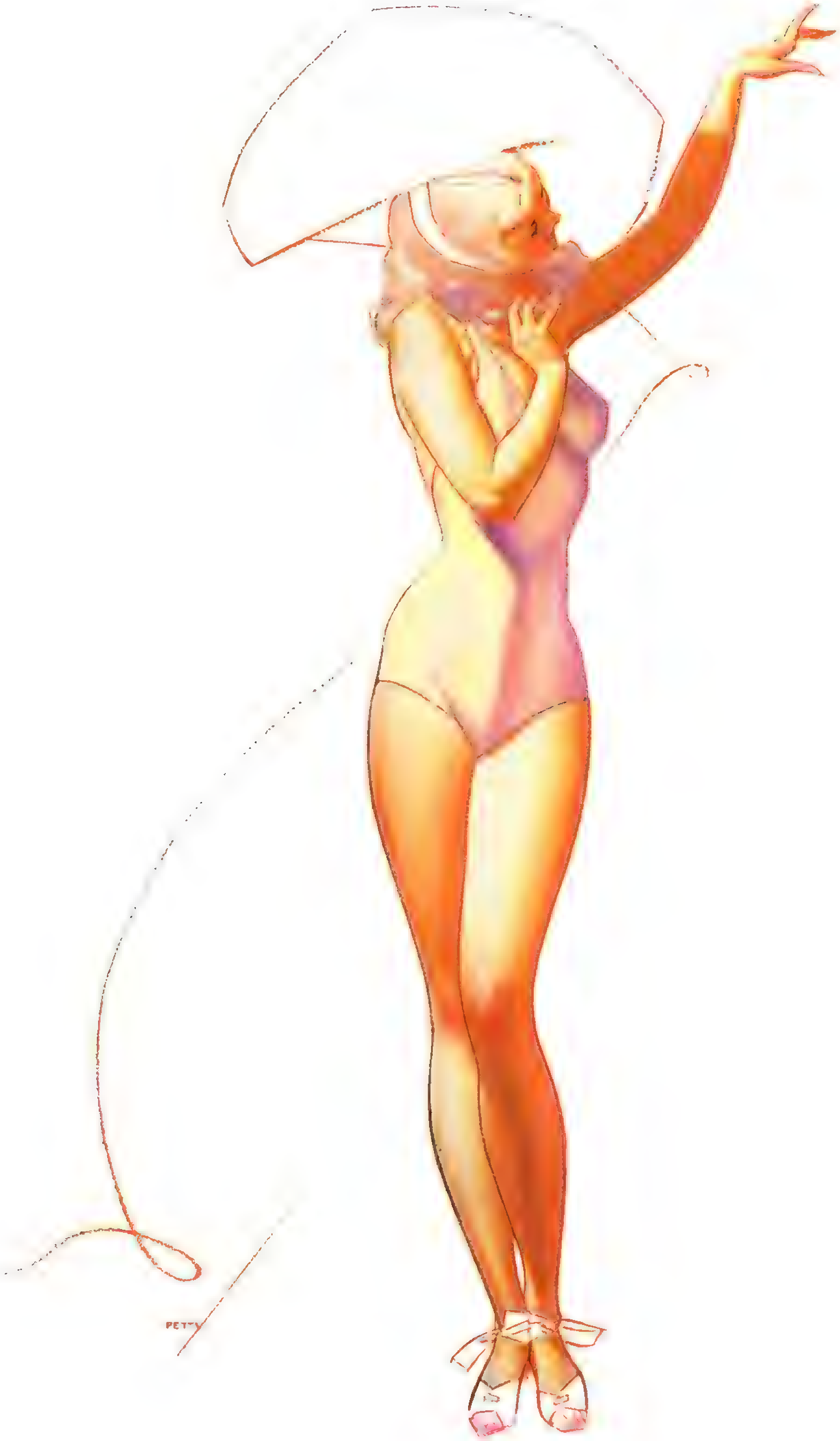
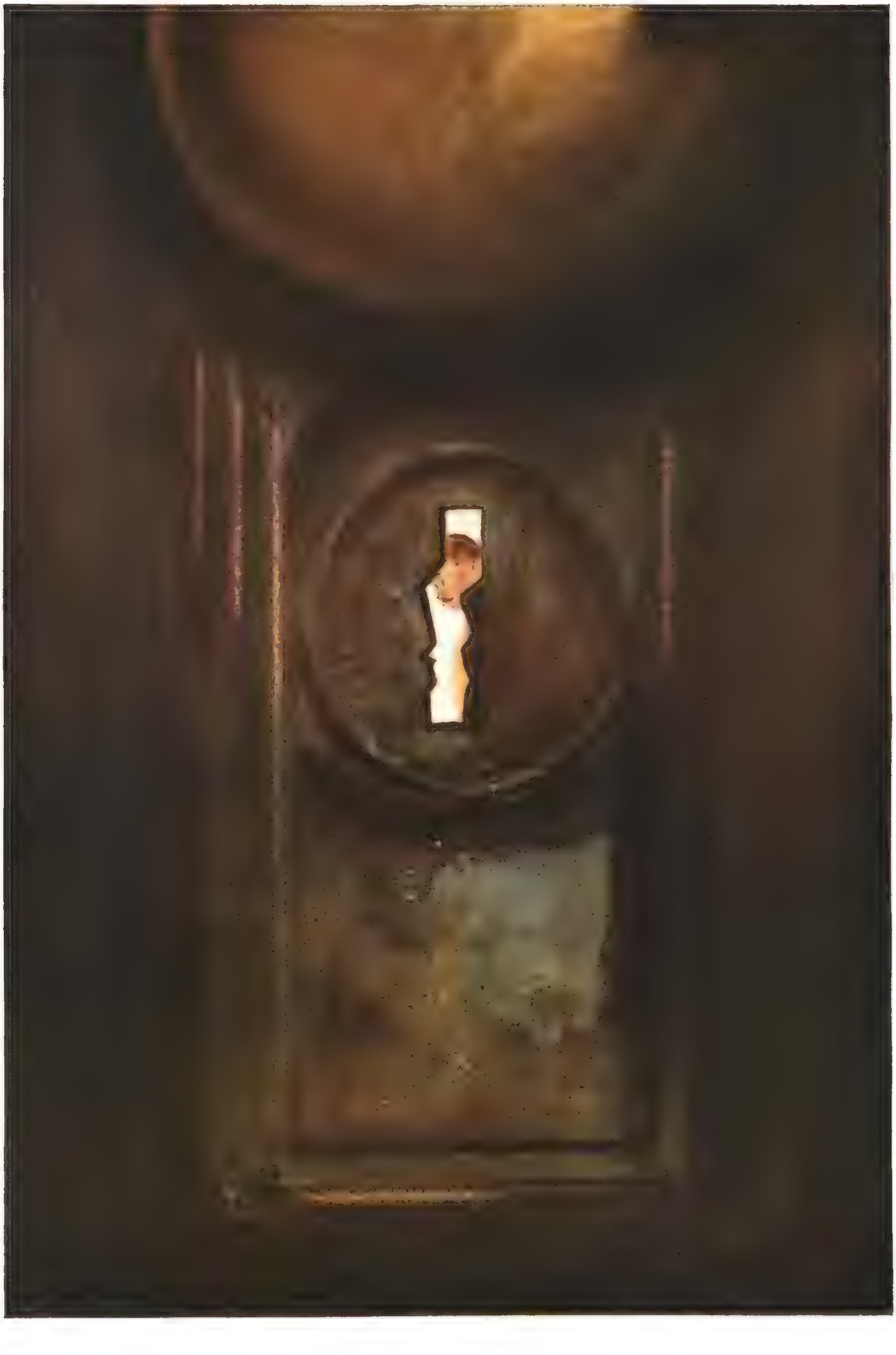


"I said 'no' and he said 'why not?' — He had me there"



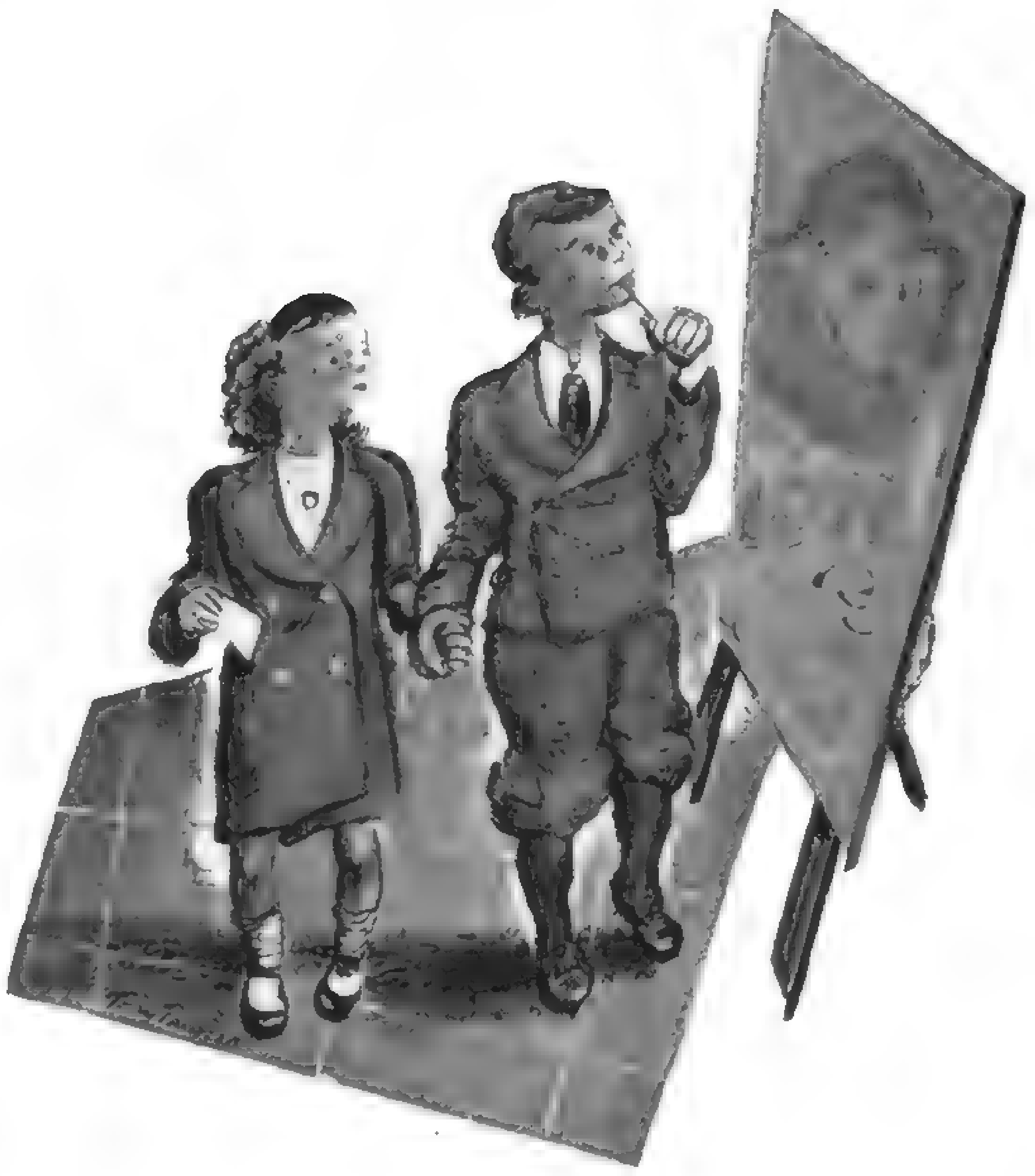
"I can't stay late—my wife isn't as dumb as your husband"

The Whole World Is Outside

She didn't say where she was going but Peter and Ellen knew it was the place where people go when they die

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •



"COME children, I think the time has arrived. Reach me the woolen shawl and I will try to sit up. Come here beside me. Your mother wants to hold you close and she has a lot of things to tell you. . . . And you must listen carefully to what she says."

The children brought the woolen shawl to the edge of the bed and the dying woman wrapped it about her shoulders. Peter who was ten years old was the first to get up on the bed and nestle beside his mother. He was two years older than his sister Ellen but in many ways he was still an infant. His mother stroked his head and he rested it upon her shoulder and close to her face. Ellen hesitated a moment and then came to the other side of her mother and curled up among the blankets.

"Now you know what we spoke about yesterday?"

The children nodded.

"And Peter will take the dollar and you will go and visit your Auntie Pauline and play with Jerry. Won't that be nice?"

The children nodded for they knew that Jerry, the high-strung wire terrier, was always ready to play and he could catch a rubber ball in his mouth. For some reason or other they had seen much less of Jerry than they would have liked. It was a rare occasion when their mother visited her sister.

"Yes, you will be able to play with Jerry as long as you like and you will sleep there and Jerry will sleep with you so you will not be afraid, will you?"

"No," they said together.

"Your mother will not be with you and so you will have to be big children. And at night if you want a glass of water or something you will not disturb your auntie when she is sleeping. Just light the light and then you will see how to get it for yourself just like grownups do. You know. And your Auntie Pauline will love you and you must remember to be sure to love her also. And she will be very good to you I know, and you must also be good and do what she tells you. She will send you to school. You want to go to school and play with other children, don't you?"

"Yes, Mummie," said Peter, while Ellen nodded her flaxen braided head.

"You remember, children, where your Auntie Pauline lives?"

"Fairwoods," they replied.

"And you know how to go there?"

They nodded.

"Go, Peter and take the dollar and bring me the box from the top bureau drawer."

Peter left his mother's side and got the dollar bill from its hiding place and brought the box she asked for.

"You will be sure not to lose the dollar. Let me see where you put it? That's good. And Ellen you see where he put it so he knows what pocket it is in."

She opened the small box that he brought to the bed.

"Here, now this is very important. See what is says on this card. I will read it for you. Mrs. Pauline Monroe, 227 Hillside Avenue, Fairwoods, New York. Now don't lose it. That is where you are going and you show this to a man in Grand Central Station and give him the dollar and he will put you on the train. And when you get off at Fairwoods you show it to the man at the station and he will bring you to the house. Now Peter put the card in your pocket. And Ellen dear, here is a letter for you to give your Auntie when you get there. You see the same name and address is on it. You can keep it in your coat pocket. . . . You must be careful when you go to the station and not cross the street until the light changes. And Peter, you will hold Ellen's hand."

"Yes, Mummie."

"Now I have something very nice for both of you. Here, Peter, is your daddy's watch and chain. You will take care of it. I will wind it up and set it for you and tomorrow you can wind it yourself. It is now two o'clock."

She wound the silver watch and placing it in his pocket attached the end of the chain to a buttonhole in his vest.

"There now. And do you remember what your father's name was?"

"George," they both said at once.

"Yes. You will always remember his name was George. And here, Ellen, is your grandma's locket but before I put it on I want to place this ring on the chain. Some day the ring may fit you."

She drew the ring from her finger and placing it on the chain, clasped it about Ellen's neck.

"There, it looks very pretty. Now that is all your Mummie has to give you. She would like to give you a lot more but the best thing she can give you now is to let you go back to school. She has kept you home too long and you have taken good care of her. If only attention and devotion were a medicine it would have cured her. And now you will go back to school and your Auntie Pauline and Uncle Fred will look after you much better than anyone. And your Mummie will go away on a long long journey."

"Far?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, very far."

"And will you visit us?"

"I will try. Somehow or other I will try. But you will be good children anyway and when you grow up you will understand everything. And Peter, you must promise me that you will look after your sister and always take good care of her and she will love you as I have loved you and that love will make you a strong and big man. If you stay together there is no strength in the world that could defeat you. And so you must promise me that you will never quarrel no matter what the cause may be. You promise, don't you?"

"Yes, Mummie."

"And you, Ellen dear. Soon you will be a little lady and you will try and see that your brother does not catch cold or do foolish things."

She nodded her head.

"Now there is nothing more to say because it would be too much for you to remember. Only one thing. Try and be brave. Don't be afraid. And if you are not afraid then you will be brave. It is sometimes very hard to be brave. . . . Now give your Mummie a good hug and a nice kiss and go put on your hats and coats."

She embraced her children and kissed them passionately. Her strength was gone and she dropped her head back into the pillow. She watched them put on their coats and hats and when they were ready to go she said in a feeble voice: "Try and be brave. Your Mummie tries very hard to be brave and she wants you to try also."

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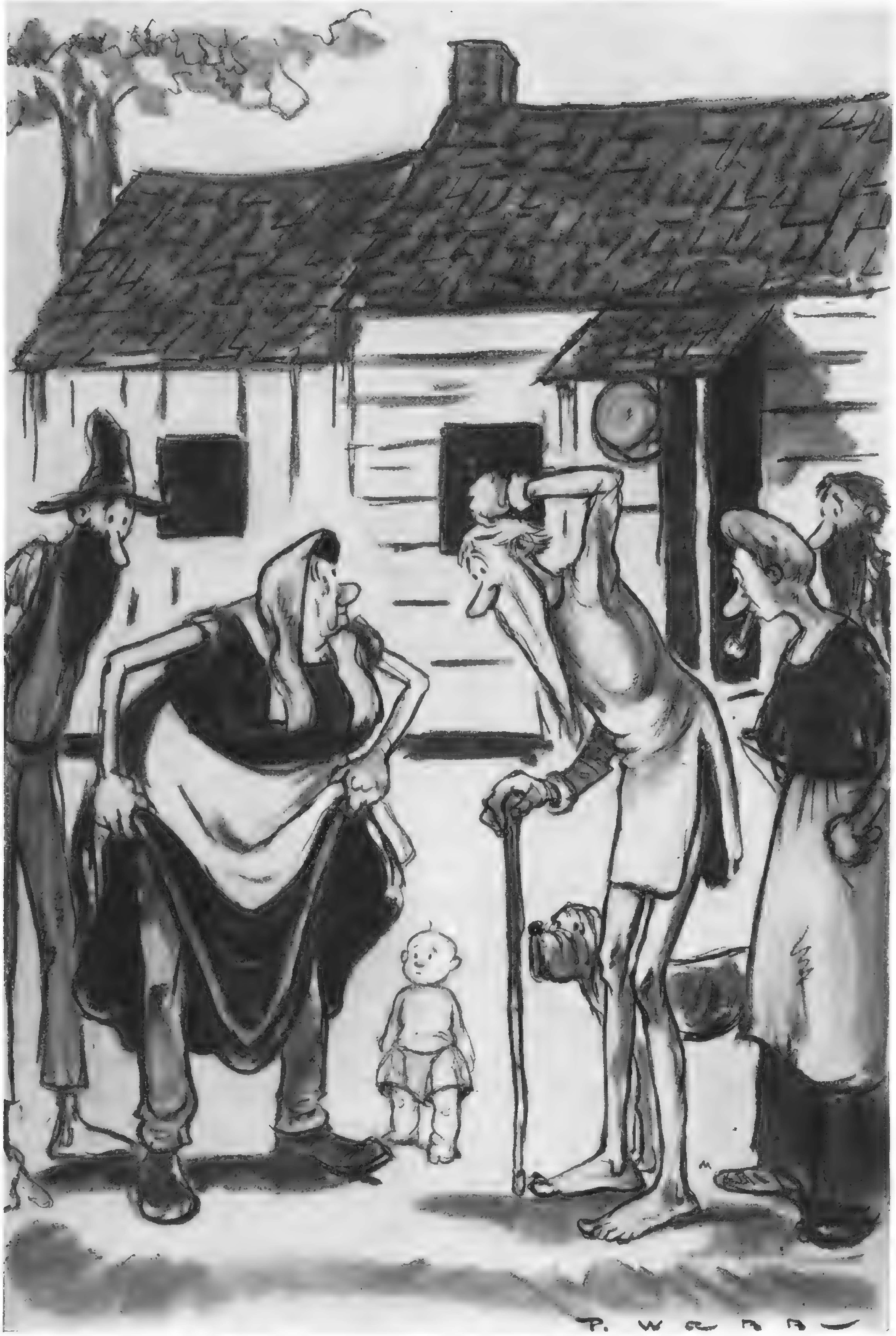


"Ah jest remembered, Toomer—ah been wearin' yore britches since tother day when that doctor kem tew look me over"

The Old Raid Mule

Ben Coles was downright sorry to hear that Sister Millie was sick near onto death with the ravin's

by JOHN BELL CLAYTON

▪ SATIRE ▪

Old Man Gatemyer came down the road with his shotgun in his hand and murder in his eye.

Even before he had passed the mill someone in the crowd on Wehn's store porch saw him and set up a cry.

"There comes Old Man Gatemyer with his gun agin! Who you reckon he's goin' to kill this time?"

They watched the skinny old man keeping stolidly to the middle of the road, his eyes intent on the dust his angry toes disturbed.

"He's mad enough to bust about somethin'. Ain't no gittin' him to stop an' talk today."

"Just watch a minute and I'll show you how to make him stop and talk," a lanky fellow drawled. He cupped his hands over his mouth and called, "How 'bout a bottle of strawberry, Mr. Gatemyer?"

Gatemyer wheeled, squirrel-like, and marched back to the store without breaking his step. The crowd followed him through the door in the unbroken movement of water entering a drainpipe.

Gatemyer leaned his gun against one of the square pine pillars in the room, edged to the counter, and said, "Where at's that bottle of strawberry?"

The loafers perched up on the counter or slouched over sacks of feed and dry goods boxes.

"Look kind of worked up this evenin', Mr. Gatemyer. Got a killin' on?"

"Wail," said Gatemyer, draining the bottle of pop, "reckon I'll be killin' me a Coles 'fore the day is done."

"Which one of the Coleses you goin' to kill?" the lanky fellow asked.

"Which one! They ain't but one Coles needs killin'." Gatemyer's voice was a twangy whine, like the thin vibration that comes rolling out of an empty barrel when it is struck sharply with a light stick. "That's that haound Ben!"

"That Ben skin you agin, Mr. Gatemyer?"

"Ben's a close trader all right," someone said.

"Yeah, Ben'll skin anybody give him half a chance, Ben will."

"What'd Ben skin you out of this time, Mr. Gatemyer?"

"Skunt me outa my mule, that's what he skunt me out of."

"Not yore old *red* mule?"

"Yeah, my old *raid* mule!" Gatemyer spoke in the peevish mimic of a child. "Think I got a whole mule farm or somethin'?"

"How was it he come to skin you?"

"Wail, he skunt me with a old rattletrap of a ortomobile and gol-blast him, he tuk advantage of sickness to do that."

"Ben's had that old car settin' up in front of his shanty near onto four year. Never thought he'd pass that one off on nobody—specially you, Mr. Gatemyer. How was it he come to do it?"

"Wail, thuther day—Thursday, Friday—Loosh Wade comes by with the mail an' stops an' tells me Sister Millie's asick with the ravin's an' ain't likely to ever be up agin. She's the one married Sam Clatterbaugh down at Plum Valley.

"Wail, I gits to thinkin' how I ain't seen Sister for near onto six year an' I thinks to myself, 'Now maybe I better git on down there an' see Sister.' So along a little after the middle of the day I sets out walkin', figurin' I kin make better time if I don't bother with old Raidy an' jest let 'im stay in the pasture, an' I gits up to that haound Ben's shanty an' he lays aside his old brown fiddle an' sticks his bald haid outa the door an' says, 'Good evenin', Mr. Gatemyer, goin' somewheres?'

"I says, 'Wail, a man don't usually walk down the public road jest because he don't aim to git *no*-wheres, does he? A course I'm goin' somewheres. Goin' down to Plum Valley.'

" 'Must have some right urgent business,' Ben says.

" 'Oh I got my reasons for goin' all right,' I says, 'fact of the matter is Sister Millie is near sick to death with the ravin's.'

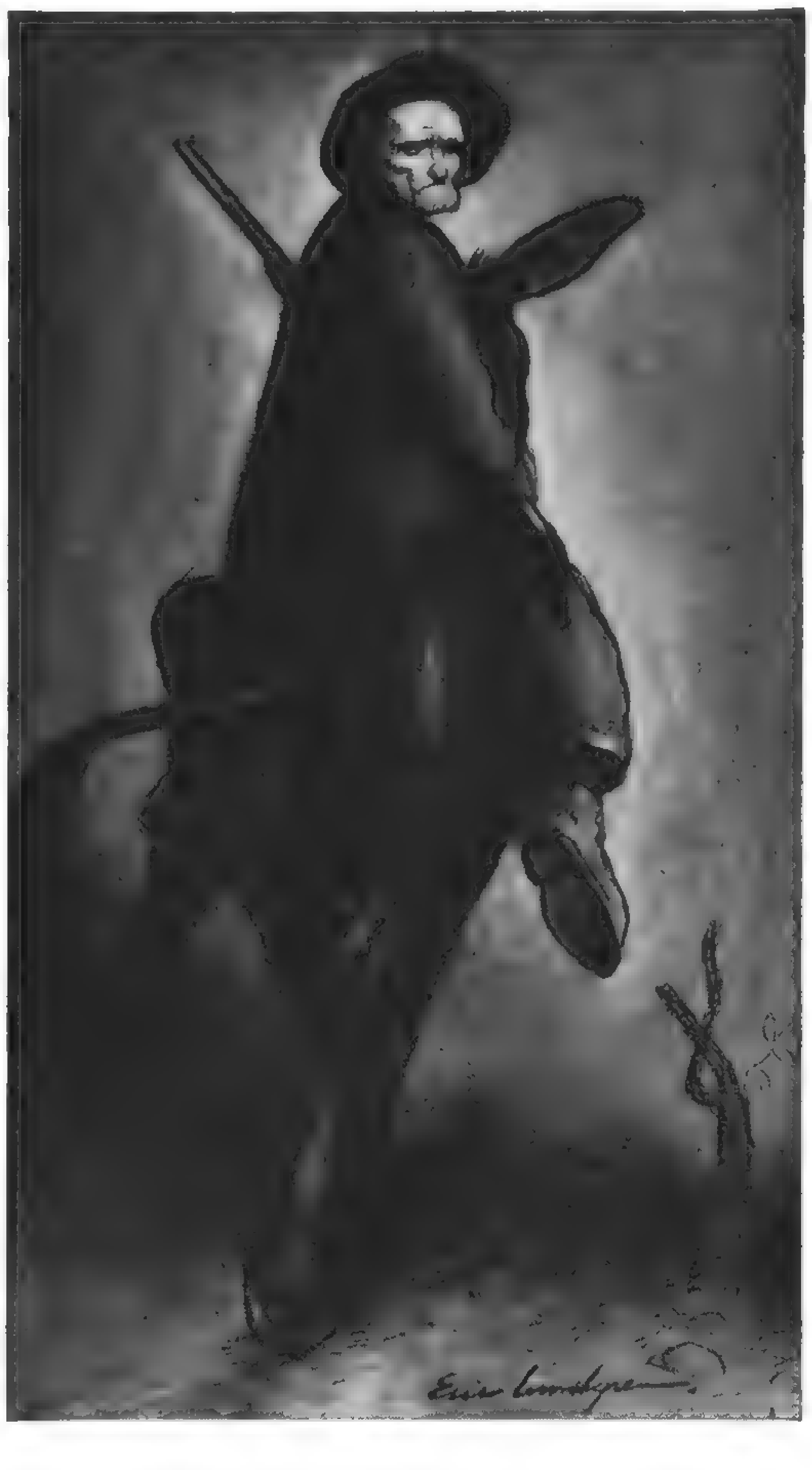
" 'Wail, wail,' Ben says, stickin' his tongue in that holler tooth ahisn, 'deed 'n fact I'm downright sorry to hear 'bout it. Always thought a heap of Miss Millie. Like to see her myself. Deed I would—' "

The fellow over nearest the summer-cold stove interrupted. "Betcha he was figurin' out some kind of sharpness right then."

"Shore he was. He says, 'Wail, wail, I shore would like to see Miss Millie once more 'fore she passes on.'

" 'Wail,' I says, 'don't 'low as how you will, seein' she's down to Plum Valley an' yore here an' got a crippled laig anyways.'

" 'Wail,' that haound Ben says in that shifty-eyed way ahisn, 'guess maybe I could jest step out there an' crank up that gas buggy an' I'd be in Plum Valley 'fore you kin git to Mr. Revercomb's raid barn.'



"Then that haound Ben limps over to that ortomobile and jest rubs it an' pats it with his hand. 'Shore is a shame 'bout Miss Millie,' he keeps sayin' to hisself, 'r'member her when I was jest a boy. Got more'n half a notion to hop in an' take a spin down to see her. Suppose you wouldn't like to ride along 'stead of walkin', would yuh?'

"So Ben twists an' cranks on that ortomobile an' after awhile she kind of explodes an' I climbs in holdin' onto my hat. We gits purty wail down towards Broadway an' Ben says, 'Don't guess you never rode in a ortomobile that runs like this'n, did yuh, Mr. Gatemyer?' I says, 'Wail, can't say I have, Ben—never rode in one that makes as much *noise* as thisn anyways.' Ben pats the guidin' wheel an' says, 'No sir, don't spose you never did. That's the 'vantage of one of these here models—yuh know when yore goin'. Naow you take one of them newfangled streamlined affairs you see spinnin' through here on the way to Hot Springs—I wouldn't have one of them if somebody was to make me a gift of 'em. Them new motors is a failure; they made 'em too quiet. About every ten mile them rich fellers has to git out an' see if they're still runnin' or not. Nao sir, give me one of the old reliable models every time.'

"When we gits to the foot of the Shinaberry hill Ben pulls over to the side of the road an' says, 'Mr. Gatemyer, I'm agoin' to show you some-

Continued on page 207

Beauty at Tea-Time

It was strange to think of a girl as vivid as Peggy married to this humorless stick, living in Graymont

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

•FICTION•

"STEPHEN CRANE once wrote the story of an artist's model who married into a small town, but the tale froze editors while it amused James Huneker and it has disappeared." It is regrettable that this is all that Thomas Beer's biography of Crane can tell us of the matter. When I noted that sentence yesterday—lying on a beach in Barbados and reading Beer's entertaining book through very dark glasses, for the whiteness of the beaches in Barbados can scorch the eyes right out of your head if you are indiscreet—I lamented that we shall never be able to see that story of Crane's. It is an intriguing theme, and I wondered how he had handled it. The subject admits of many possible developments—some moral, some comical, some cruel, some vulgar. I would not know how to go about inventing such a story myself; I'd be afraid of bungling it. Probably Crane's tale was told with his customary contempt for the established values of his fellow-men, and probably it was very ironic. And I wondered whether, by any chance, the thing that had put this story into his head might have been some distorted rumor he had heard of facts that were within my personal knowledge—the history of Peggy.

Tony Palazzo

Her name was Margaret, but everyone called her Peggy. A nicer, a more sweet-tempered girl, has never lived. I used to encounter her often in New York, in the studios of my friends who were painters or sculptors. If I dropped in unexpectedly to have a talk with Guy Du Bois or George Luks or Brenda Putnam, I might find Peggy posing for the artist. And my friend would be likely to say: "Look here, I'm working; I don't want to talk to you just now; if you want to talk to me, you wait an hour until I've finished what I'm trying to do. Sit down in the other room and read a book—or, better still, come in here and talk to Peggy. Try to keep her from falling asleep; she's tired."

So I would invariably choose to talk to Peggy, because I greatly liked her and I think she liked me. Neither she nor I gave very serious thought to the fact that she had no clothes on. Yet it would be silly hypocrisy if I tried to give the impression that I was sublimely unaware of her body: on the contrary, I was quietly but keenly aware of it, and I was glad that it was so perfect. I don't know whether the phrase "impersonal voluptousness" makes any sense, but that's as near as I can come to describing the way I used to feel when I sat there talking with her. It wasn't so very different from looking at a golden cloud or a flower or a colt, and marveling that such wonderful things existed.

She was an unspoiled, unartificial girl—no more ashamed of her navel than of her forehead—and both of them were masterpieces. She did not have a complicated mind or a learned one; but I never heard her speak a word that was dishonest, affected or unintelligent. She was blonde; her smile was warm and generous; she was full of the enjoyment of life. Whether she had lovers, I don't know; I never cared to cross-examine her on this subject. I certainly hope that she had, for that beautiful body and that eager spirit deserved all the admiration that a lover could give.

I don't know where she lived in New York; I don't know who or what her family were; all I know is that she was a simple, honest, delightful girl with a body so beautiful that you almost held your breath in astonishment as you looked at it. All I know of her is that—and then what I learned of her later life.

Various considerations—irrelevant to this story—led me to go away from New York. I went to Paris for two years; and then I came back to America and took a cottage in the small town of Graymont, in the Berkshires, where I could have the peace I needed for the writing of a novel. Graymont is doubtless the most conservative town in the world. Report says that if you have lived for thirty years in Graymont, and are dead, then perhaps the Misses Higginbotham and Mr. and Mrs. Stone Weymouth and Major Trutt will ask you to tea. I do not know about that from personal experience, for by some accident my grandfather had chosen to be born in Graymont, and on my arrival I found myself overwhelmed by the courtesies of my fellow-citizens, who had either known my grandfather or known of him. Because of his firmly established reputation as the sage who for forty years had written the most conservative and the driest judicial opinions that even the Supreme Court of Massachusetts had ever handed down, I was very nicely treated—and this in spite of the fact that people knew I was a writer. I don't think that any of them ever read a word I had written—which was perhaps just as well. They probably reread their Hawthorne and their Holmes and their Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and paid me the undeserved honor of considering me to be one of that literate and respectable company. As it was, I almost got into trouble one day by indiscreetly admitting in Major Trutt's presence that I thought the Russian peasant was better off today than under the Tsar. He gave me a black look and remained silent. But on the whole, I got on very smoothly.

One day I happened to be in the village bookshop, glancing over a pile of new magazines, when I heard a voice behind me.

"Hello, stranger! Who told you you could come up here?"

I turned around—and there was Peggy, looking very pretty in a white linen suit and smiling at me.

"Hello, hello!" I said. "Why, you see, Peggy, it happens that I live here now—but what are you doing here?"

"I live here too." And then she explained to me that she had lived here for more than a year, and that she was married to Richard Morse Alden.

That news surprised me. I had known Dick Alden for a long time—and to me he seemed the dullest and most inarticulate and most respectable young man of my acquaintance. He had inherited a little money and a large interest in first editions of American history; and I had always thought of him as a harmless sort of prematurely-old dodo. As a matter of fact, he wasn't old at all; he was only about thirty; but his pale eyelashes, colorless blue eyes, thin, aristocratic hands and ceremonious manners produced the impression of senility. The idea of the vivid Peggy and her beautiful body married to this humorless stick was very, very odd. Naturally I couldn't ask her how it had come about and whether she liked him—and I

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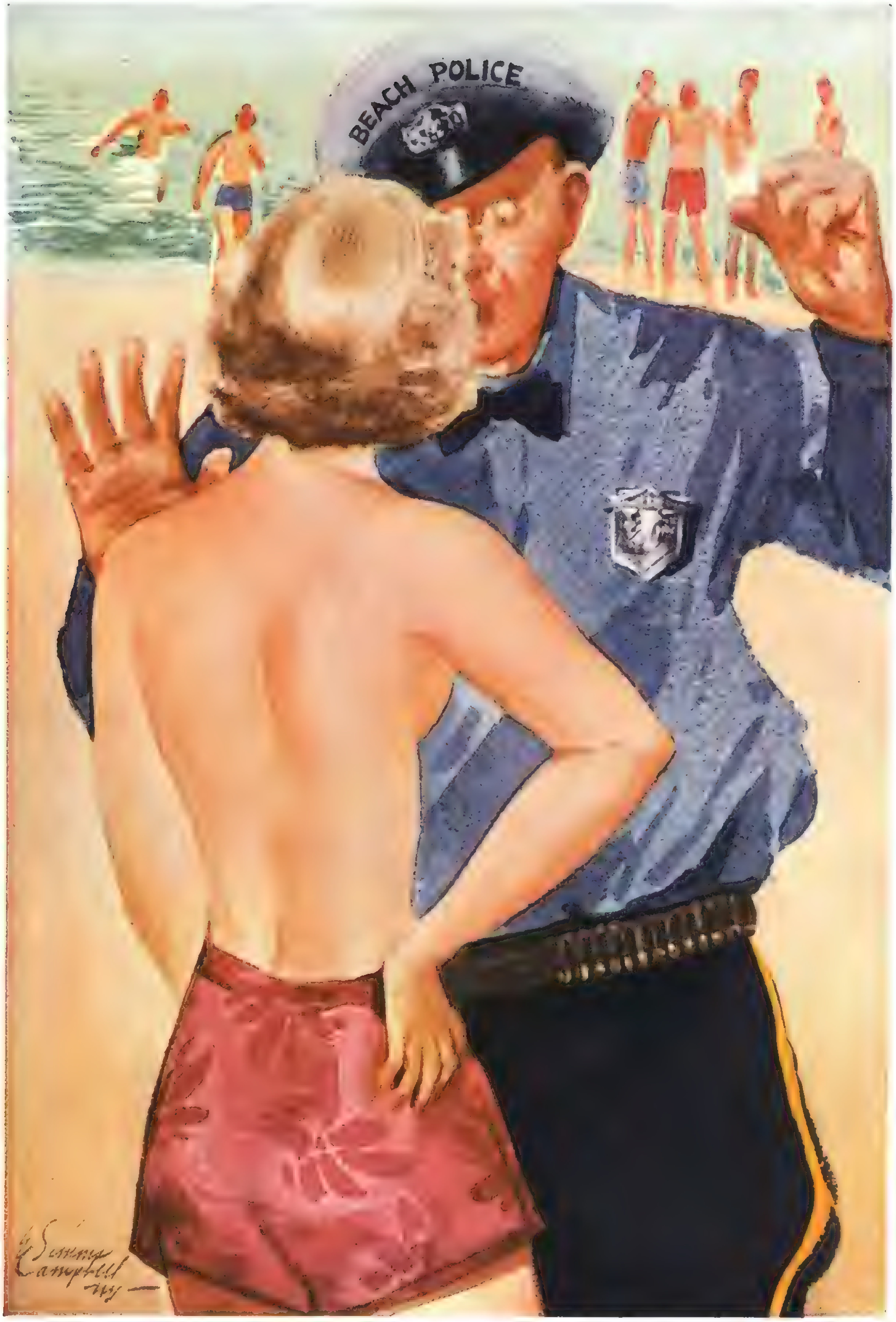
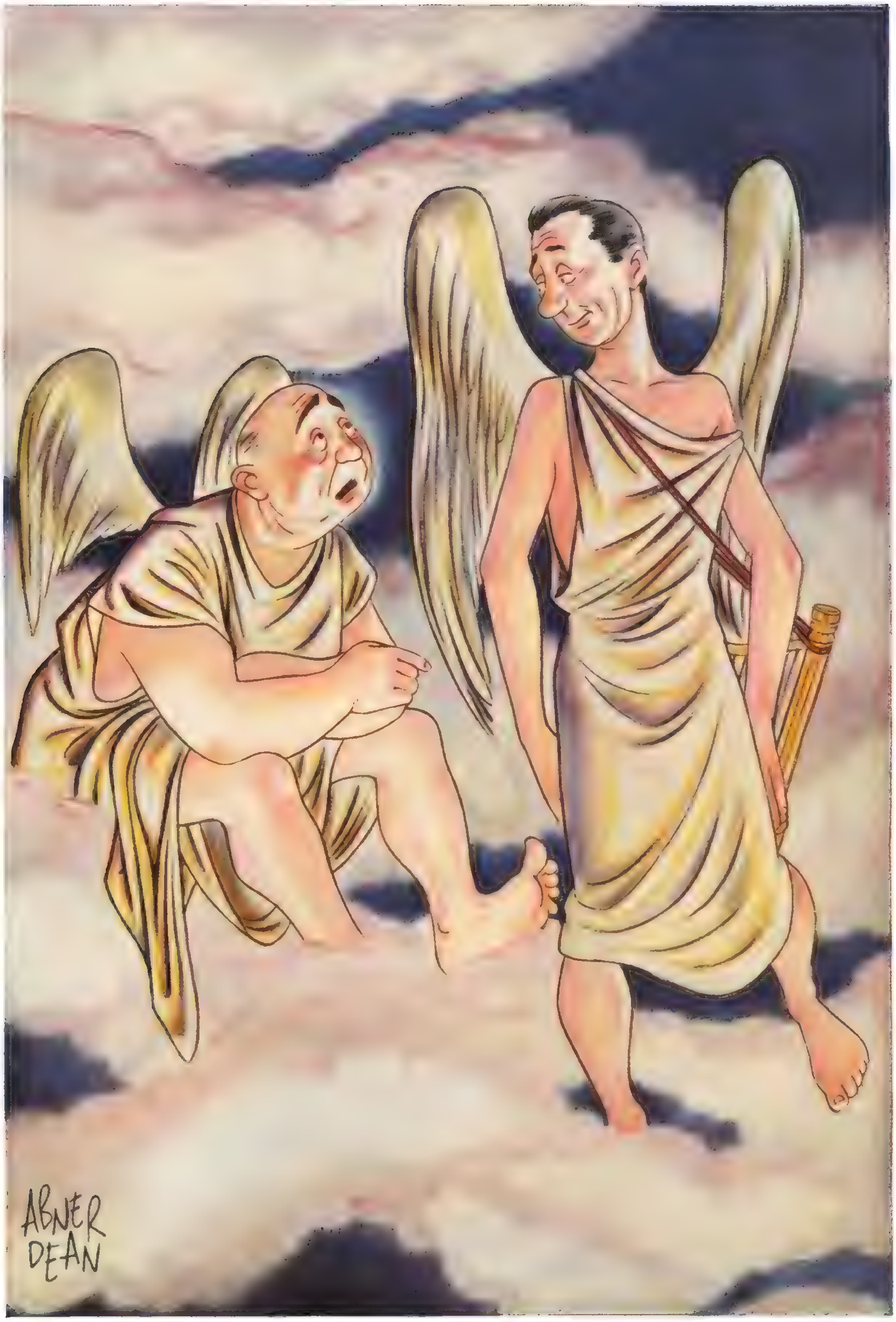

BEACH POLICE
Sammy Campbell

"I know they have trunks on too lady—but with dames it's much different!"



"I should have known better than to make my wife the beneficiary"

Why Have Chaperones?

It didn't occur to the Brothers that a chaperone, being human, might expect the courtesy usually shown to guests

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

I ARRIVED about five Friday afternoon of the week end I had been invited to chaperone at a fraternity house party—current model—at one of the leading eastern colleges. Being thirty, married and modern, and met at the station by one of the members of the fraternity whom I knew, I expected comfort and courtesy. It was a shock not to be introduced to the head of the house and never know throughout my stay who the dance chairman was, but I accepted my charge of fifty girls and awaited what I now know I could never possibly have anticipated.

I came down the stairs as the orchestra was tuning up, and at the bottom was greeted by a gentleman who said, "Mrs.——, will you kindly refrain from entering the living rooms on the left as they are reserved for necking." Being a very broad-minded person I let that pass, but wondered just why I was there. I was escorted to a chair in the hall at the entrance of the ballroom and there I was apparently expected to stay until the wee small hours of the dawn. It was the coldest, draftiest place I ever struck—remember I was in full evening regalia, with little on from the waist up.

During the evening I was asked to dance once. I did retire to the bar twice through sheer boredom and had two highballs.

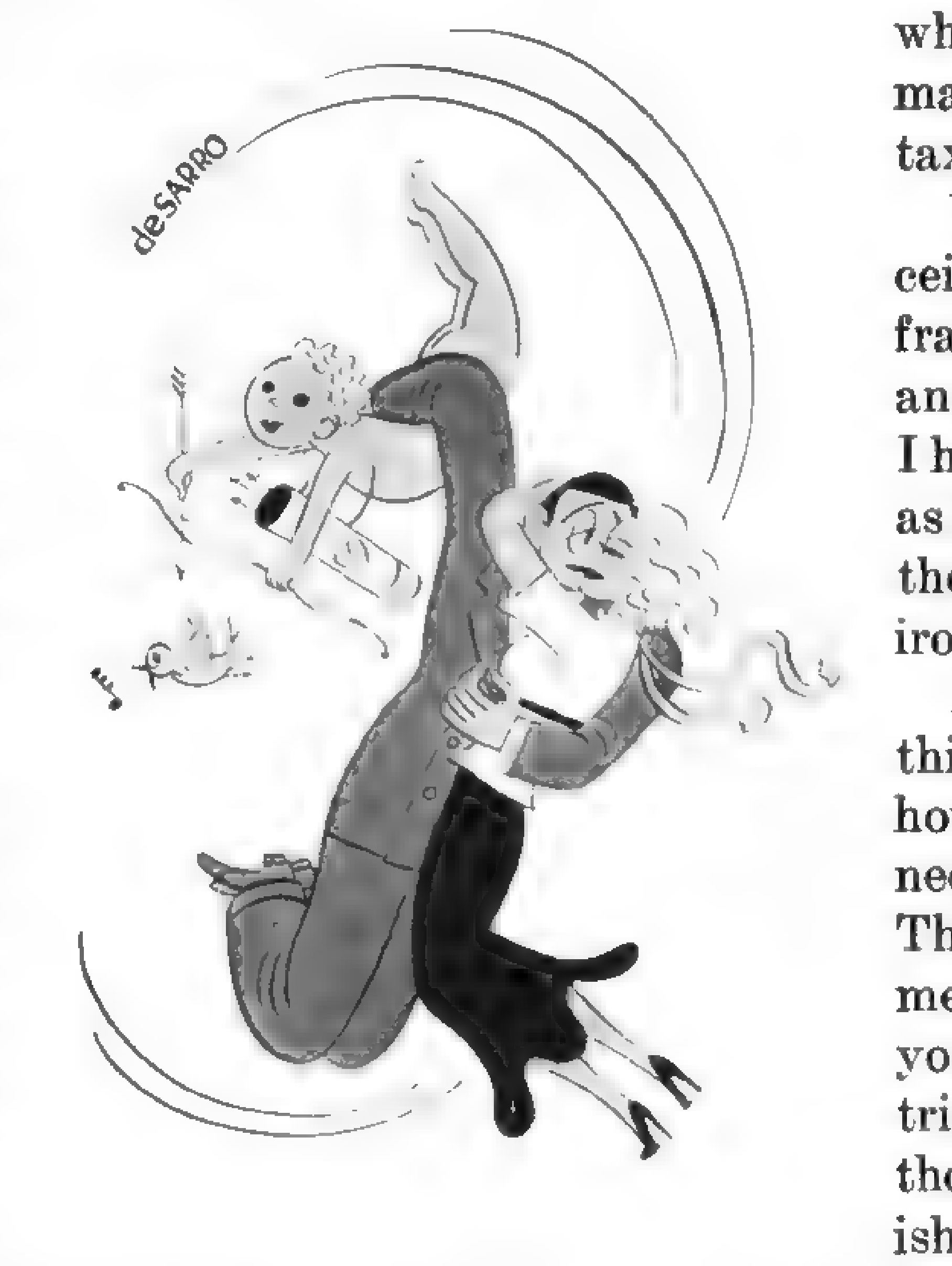
About 2 a.m. I noticed my partner in crime—the other so-called chaperone—seemed very uneasy about something. She was a very lovely person in her early fifties. It seems she noted that the rooms reserved for necking were in apparent darkness. Upon investigation we found one dim blue light burning in a corner. She suggested that some lights be turned on, but her suggestion was ignored. Later I found one of the doors to the "necking chamber" shut but at that point I felt silence was the better part of valor and consoled myself with the old adage that there is safety in numbers. There were at least twenty-five couples in there necking at the same time.

Having had a brief repast at the dinner hour, by 5 a.m. I felt a bit in need of food. The boys and their girls all went out at intermission and ate, but no food was offered the chaperones. So I very brazenly went up to one of the boys and told him he would have to feed me. This he did most graciously, and my poor cohort said in a weak voice, "Will you please bring me a hamburger?" We were not gone long, and upon my return I went right up to bed. On my way up I met two girls on their way down with their evening coats on, and they very sweetly said, "Goodnight Mrs.————," —this being about 5:45 a.m.

I finally fell in, and every time I started to lose consciousness there would be loud laughter and someone trying his hand at the traps left by the orchestra below. Also, someone got the bright idea of playing the victrola. I stood it as long as I could and then got up and went part way down the stairs and called to them in a very sweet voice to please be quiet. This had no effect and sleep was impossible, so at 7:30, in a fit of downright anger, I strutted right down to the ballroom in my negligee and read the riot act in no uncertain terms. From then on there was silence and I slept until 10.

As soon as we could don our clothes, we two chaperones went downstairs. No one asked if we had had our breakfast. So we donned our hats and coats and went out to breakfast, figuring at this point we were chaperones in name only anyway.

Upon our return we were kept busy running up and down stairs summoning girls for the various men. The morning wore on into afternoon. Again not a boy suggested that we might like some lunch. And now I'm leading up to the highlight of the week end—a very much heralded football game which won the front page in the Sunday papers was to be played. Were we chaperones given tickets or asked to go? I should say not! While this game was taking place I lay stretched out on a davenport, reading a magazine, while my friend retired to her room to try to snatch some much needed sleep which she would gladly have forgone to have seen the game.



About 4:30 the house began to fill up for the tea dance. By 7:30 it was empty again and I found myself alone on duty, as my partner had planned to go out to dinner.

I was sitting in front of the fire by myself when a boy whom I knew before I ever went up to chaperone came along with a bottle of Scotch, and he joined me. We were sitting talking and sipping a highball, thinking ourselves entirely alone in the house, when he jumped up as if someone had stuck a man-sized hatpin into him, and tore around the corner of the room. He came back and said, "I thought I heard a noise." With that I heard the creaking of a davenport, and to my horror there was a couple at the favorite pastime—necking.

At 11:15 our other chaperone returned and I then went out for my dinner, which consisted of a cup of soup and a sandwich.

Our evening progressed from then on as did the previous one, with but one exception. At 2:30 a.m., during intermission, I decided to go into the "necking chamber" and relax on a comfortable davenport for a few minutes, supposing all the young folk had gone out to eat. So I walked in, and what to my wondering eyes should appear but couples, couples, couples, everywhere. You could distinguish no one. Now I ask all you mothers (I happen to be the mother of three myself), aunts and grandmothers, what would you have done at this moment? I can tell you, exactly what I did—turn around and walk out with the remark, "I see there is no room for a chaperone here." After all, one poor lone woman is pretty helpless with perhaps twenty-five to thirty couples all doing the same thing. I'm sure it was all harmless; just the youth of 1937 doing what the youth of 1837 did, only not giving a darn who knew it.

Sunday morning was the same old story. No interest shown whether or not the chaperones slept well nor whether they ate. Again we trudged out for orange juice and coffee, and at noon never a word was spoken to us about the proverbial New England Sunday dinner. I did not have a thing to eat from breakfast until I arrived home at 7:30 that night. I was to take a 3:00 o'clock train out, and up until twenty-five minutes before it left I wasn't sure whether or not I would make it unless I called a taxi on my own.

Upon my return I received a note from the fraternity thanking me and saying they hoped I had as pleasant a time as I made it possible for them to have—a bit ironical to say the least!

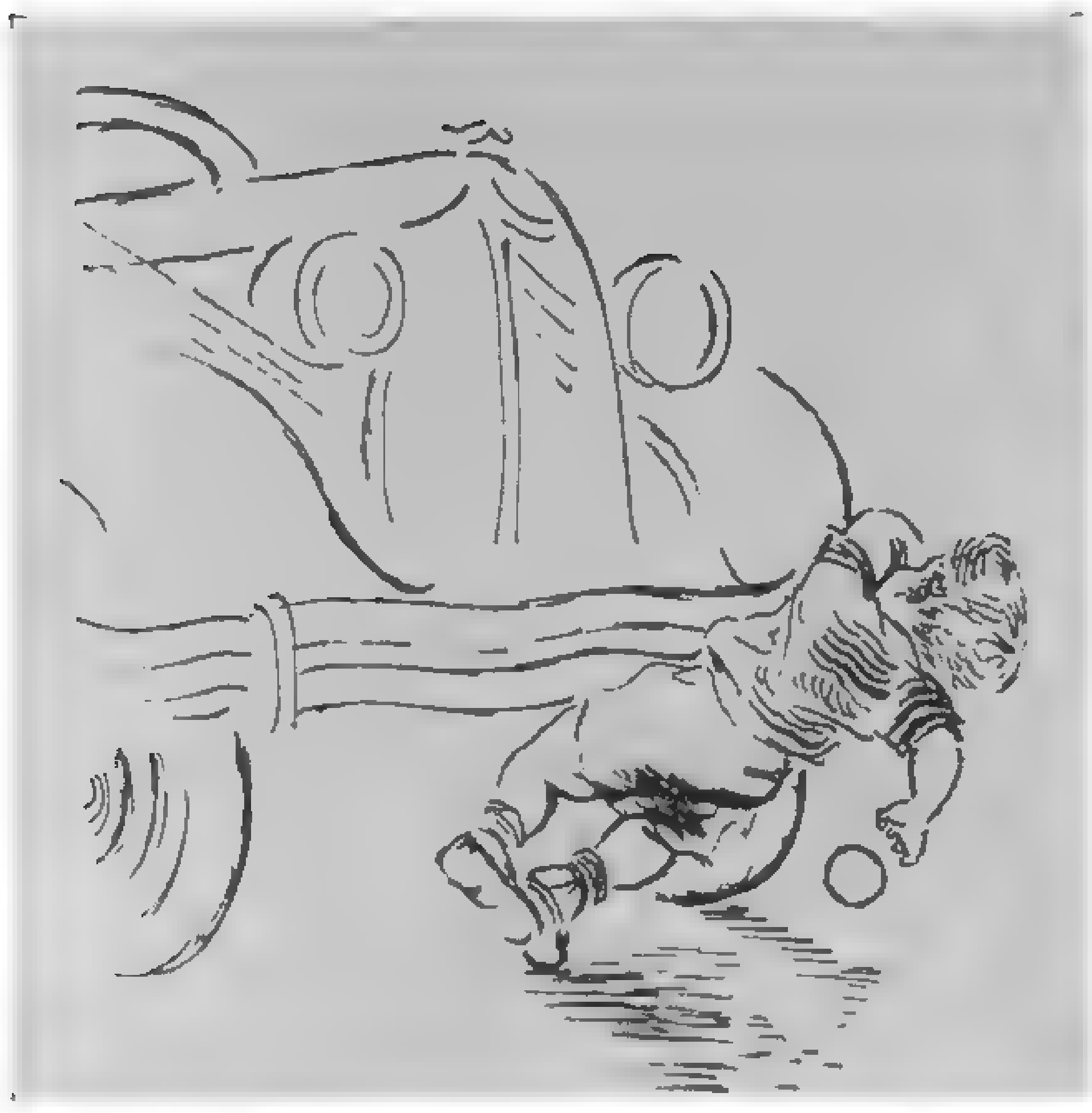
I have not written this article to show up how youth may drink, neck or cavort today. That does not bother me, for after all it is youth, but what I have tried to show is the thoughtlessness, the selfishness and the downright rudeness of the youth of today. Fortunately, I didn't blame those boys for what they did not do for us chaperones, but I blamed every one of their mothers and fathers. In this article I want to appeal to all of you American parents to instill something of our fine American background into your children and make them realize that life is not just a bowl of cherries! ###

Sob Story's Progress

The reporter wrote so beautifully about the death of Willis Wooten that everyone felt like characters in a play for awhile

by MICHAEL FESSIER

▪ FICTION ▪



THERE never was such excitement in the neighborhood as the time the green roadster ran over Mrs. Wooten's boy, Willis. Willis was only three years old and the roadster killed him dead. It broke his back. The older kids were playing run-sheep-run and Willis was trotting along in the rear yelling at the top of his lungs when the green roadster came around the corner and ran over him.

Mrs. Thompson was sitting on her front porch darning socks when she heard the screeching of brakes. She looked up just as the roadster hit Willis. It passed over his body and stopped. But the screeching kept up. It was high and loud and then like the noise a cat makes when you step on its tail. It was some time before Mrs. Thompson realized it was Willis and not the brakes making the noise. He screeched for about a minute then he stopped. He was dead.

The man got out of the green roadster and walked over to Willis. He took off his hat and started twisting it.

"I was only going twenty," he said to Mrs. Thompson when she came running up.

Mrs. Thompson put her apron to her face and started crying.

"I wasn't going a bit over twenty," the man said.

His face was white and covered with sweat. He kept twisting his hat in his hands.

"Why don't you do something?" Mrs. Thompson asked him.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

He looked around him helplessly.

A mob of kids were collecting. They stood around in a circle and looked at Willis. They didn't say anything. A little kid, just about Willis' age, stuck his hand in his mouth and started to cry. His brother slapped his face and the little kid stopped crying.

"Go call a doctor," said Mrs. Thompson. "Don't stand there." The man started away and Mrs. Thompson called him back.

"Don't leave him in the middle of the street," she said. "Pick him up and take him to his house. They ain't got a phone there, though."

The man picked Willis up and followed Mrs. Thompson. The kids followed him. They didn't come very close and they didn't say anything. The little kid started crying again and his brother slapped him. This time he cried louder. He fell down on his stomach and lay there in the middle of the street bawling. Nobody paid any attention to him.

The nearer Mrs. Thompson got to the Wooten house the louder she cried. You'd thought it was her own kid the man carried. She started running when she got half a block from the house. The man started running too. Then he slowed up. Mrs. Thompson knocked at the Wootens' door. Mrs. Wooten opened it and Mrs. Thompson threw her arms around her and cried louder than ever.

The man came in the gate holding Willis out in front of him.

"I wasn't going a bit over twenty," he said.

Mrs. Wooten looked at Willis.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked. "Is he sick?"

Mrs. Thompson sat down on the porch and started bawling so loud you could hear her three blocks away.

"He's killed," she said. "Willis is killed. A car run over him."

The man walked onto the porch and held Willis out to Mrs. Wooten. She stared at him for a long time before she spoke.

"What will Pete say?" she said. "He told me not to let the kids play in the street."

She started snuffling and looked at the bunch of kids that were hanging around outside the fence.

"Where's Merle?" she said. "I told him to watch Willis."

None of the kids said anything.

Mrs. Wooten called Merle. She called three or four times and finally Merle came running around a corner. When he saw the crowd he ran faster. "What's the matter?" he asked when he came into the yard.

Mrs. Wooten waited until he got up on the porch. Then she slapped him hard.

"Your brother's been killed," she said. "What will your father say, now?"

Merle started bawling. He held his arm in front of his face and backed away.

"It wasn't my fault," he said. The man carried Willis inside and put him on a couch. The house smelled bad. There were some wet diapers hanging on the back of a chair and if you looked through into the kitchen you saw the dishes hadn't been washed. Mrs. Wooten sat in a chair. She didn't even look at Willis. She rocked back and forth and looked out the door, snuffling a little.

"You kids go on home," she yelled.

The kids backed away a little bit but they didn't leave.

"What shall I tell Pete?" Mrs. Wooten asked Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson started bawling again.

"I'll never forget it," she said. "Him lying there kicking and screeching."

The baby started crying in the bedroom.

"You go shut that kid up," Mrs. Wooten told Merle. "I got enough without him crying."

Merle didn't move. He was looking at Willis. Mrs. Wooten leaned over and slapped his face. He went into the bedroom, whining.

"Shut up, you little devil," he said to the baby.

Mrs. Thompson was crying louder and louder. Mrs. Wooten looked at her without any expression. You'd a thought she was puzzled. Then she snuffled a little more. A few tears ran down the wrinkles in her cheeks and she rocked back and forth on her chair.

"What'll I do?" asked the man.

He was twisting his hat again and his face was covered with sweat. He didn't look at Mrs. Wooten.

"There's no use getting a doctor," said Mrs. Thompson. "His face's blue already. He's dead. You'd better go over to my house—the white one—and telephone the police."

The man licked his lips and started to say something. Then he went out. He looked scared when he came back.

"I was only going twenty," he said when the police came. "I swear it."

The police took his name and Mrs. Thompson's name and left. They sent the coroner. The coroner asked a few questions and he took the body away. Mrs. Thompson bawled out loud and Mrs. Wooten whimpered.

The man went to the door and hesitated. He looked back into the room over his shoulder and he gulped a couple of times before he could speak.

"Well," he said. "Well, I gotta go."

No one said anything to him. He walked away fast. He got in his green roadster and drove off.

A reporter came from the afternoon paper. He couldn't get Mrs. Wooten to say much. Mrs. Thompson did most of the talking. He got a picture of Willis and left.

Corinne and Georgie Wooten came in from school. Corinne started bawling when her mother told her what'd happened. Georgie went into the bedroom.

"You slapped the baby. I saw you," he said to Merle.

He hit Merle and Merle started blubbering.

"Wait 'til pop gets done with you," Georgie said. "You let Willis get run over. I'm going to tell him you slapped the baby, too."

"It wasn't my fault," said Merle. "Just because you're bigger'n me—"

Mr. Wooten came home late that night. He was drunk. Mr. Wooten was almost always drunk and when he was drunk he was mean.

"What in hell are all the neighbors poking their heads out of windows at me for?" he asked. "Why are all the kids hanging around in front? Why isn't supper ready?"

Mrs. Wooten backed away from him. She looked like a kid that's about to be slapped.

"It's Willis," she said. "A car run over him."

Mr. Wooten threw his hat into a chair.

"A fine mother you are," he said. "Now I guess I'll have a doctor's bill to pay. Ain't I got enough bills without having doctor's bills?"

"You won't have any doctor's bills," said Mrs. Wooten. "He's dead."

Mr. Wooten staggered from the liquor and what Mrs. Wooten said.

"A fine mother you are," he said.

He sat down and started thinking it over. He got madder and madder and the madder he got the louder he talked. The neighbors started saying somebody ought to call the police. No telling what Mr. Wooten'd do when he was drunk, they said.

Merle sneaked into the room. He was afraid. When nobody said anything to him he got bolder.

"Ma," he said to Mrs. Wooten. "Ma, I'm hungry. Ain't we gonna eat?"

Mr. Wooten slapped him so hard his head hit the wall. He fell down and scrooched into a corner. He was too scared to cry.

The neighbors knew what was happening all the time. People kept going in and out of the Wooten house. They'd stay a while and go out to talk to the people outside.

Mr. Olson, the shoemaker, did most of the talking. He said people like the Wootens shouldn't have children. "They're raised like animals and they're always dirty," he said. "The Wootens never did want them. Those that don't get killed will turn to crime. They'll come to no good end. I caught Merle stealing from my apricot tree and when I chased him he laughed at me."

All the neighbors agreed with Mr. Olson. They said the Wootens didn't care for the kids. Every time the kids batted an eye they got beaten.

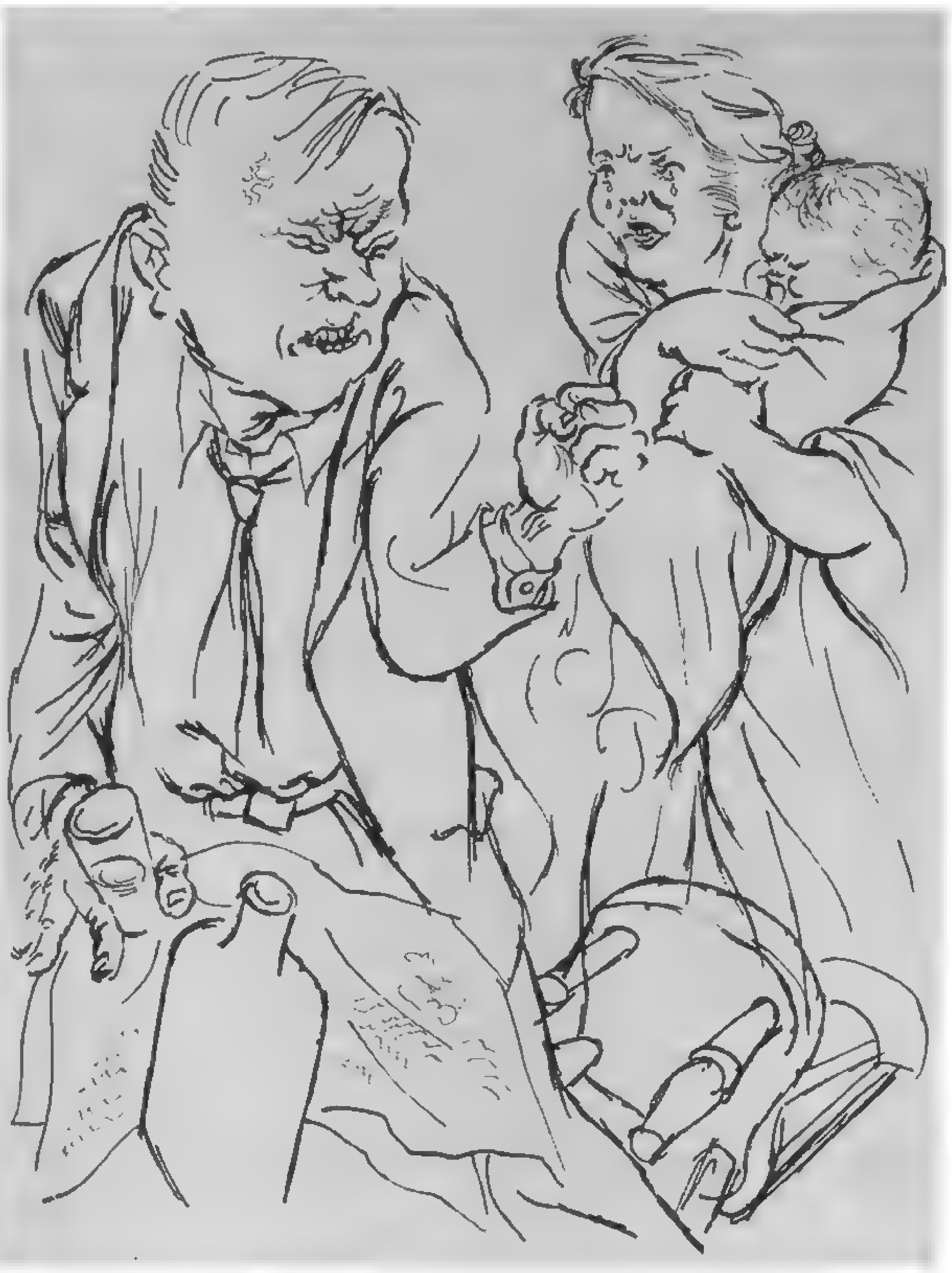
"Mrs. Wooten didn't cry much even though Willis was cold and dead," said Mrs. Thompson.

"And the only thing bothers the old man's the bill at the undertaker's," somebody else said.

"The law ought to take the kids away from them," Mr. Olson said.

"Which one was Willis?" Mr. Silveria asked.

"The tongue-tied one," Mr. Olson told him. "That's what comes of people like the Wootens having kids. Willis couldn't talk. He just blubbered. He was a half-wit."



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Then the afternoon paper came. Everybody started looking for the story about Willis. It was on the front page with a picture. Before they got through reading the story half the neighbors were crying. Mrs. Thompson was crying out loud.

It was a beautiful story. It reminded you of one of Edgar Guest's poems. It was real sad.

It told what a pretty curly-haired little fellow Willis was and how happy he'd been while he played in the street and how all of a sudden he was dead and wouldn't ever play in the streets again. The reporter sure noticed things. He told about Willis' cheap toys lying in the corner, never to be used again. He told about Mrs. Wooten being so full of grief she couldn't even cry. She suffered the silent agony of bereaved motherhood, he said. After they read the story the neighbors didn't talk so much. They looked ashamed. Even Mr. Olson said he guessed he'd been a little hard on the Wootens. That part about little Willis never playing in the streets again and the part about his toys got you. One of the neighbors took the paper to the Wootens. Mrs. Wooten read it and started to cry. She cried out loud this time. She moaned and sobbed and gasped for breath.

"He was a pretty boy," she said. "And he was only three years old."

Mr. Wooten read the story and sat down in the big chair. He sat there and his hands kept closing and unclosing. Finally he started digging his fists into his eyes. He hadn't washed when he came home and his face was all smudged. When he started to cry everybody broke down—even Mr. Olson. The women started to comfort Mrs. Wooten and the men slapped Mr. Wooten on the back. A lot of men that never spoke to him even though they worked at the shops with him shook his hand and asked if there was anything they could do.

Merle started bawling and said he was hungry. All the other Wooten kids started blubbering too. Mrs. Thompson sent one of her kids home for a cold roast. Somebody else got a cake. Soon the women were bustling around fixing supper. They'd talk a lot and act excited like it was going to be a picnic, then they'd remember Willis and they'd all start crying.

One of the men had two bottles of home brew and he gave it to Mr. Wooten. Some of the other men got whiskey and they drank it with Mr. Wooten to cheer him up. The more Mr. Wooten drank the more he cried. He even put his arm around Mrs. Wooten and patted her cheek. This made her cry louder than before.

Mr. Wooten got so drunk he fell down on his face and couldn't get up. They undressed him and put him to bed. The neighbors divided the Wooten kids and took them home. Mrs. Thompson stayed with Mrs. Wooten. Before they went to their homes the neighbors agreed that they ought to chip in and help the Wootens out. They said it was the only decent thing to do seeing's they'd suffered such a terrible blow.

The next day they didn't say anything more about chipping in to help the Wootens, but they were sympathetic. Some of the women brought things for the Wootens to eat and they did the housework. Somebody gave Mr. Wooten a bottle of whiskey and he got drunk again. The neighbors said he shouldn't be carrying on like that with Willis dead but they said they guessed they couldn't blame him much.

The day of the funeral all the neighbors waited for the paper. They expected another beautiful story like the one when Willis was killed. But it was a different reporter wrote the story about the funeral. It wasn't over four lines. About all it said was that Willis Wooten had been buried. It was inside the paper on the bottom of the page.

That night Mr. Wooten got awfully drunk and you could hear him roaring at Mrs. Wooten. One of the Wooten kids must have got in the way because you could hear a smack and the kid started screaming. When Mr. Wooten stopped for breath you could hear Mrs. Wooten moaning. The baby was bawling its head off.

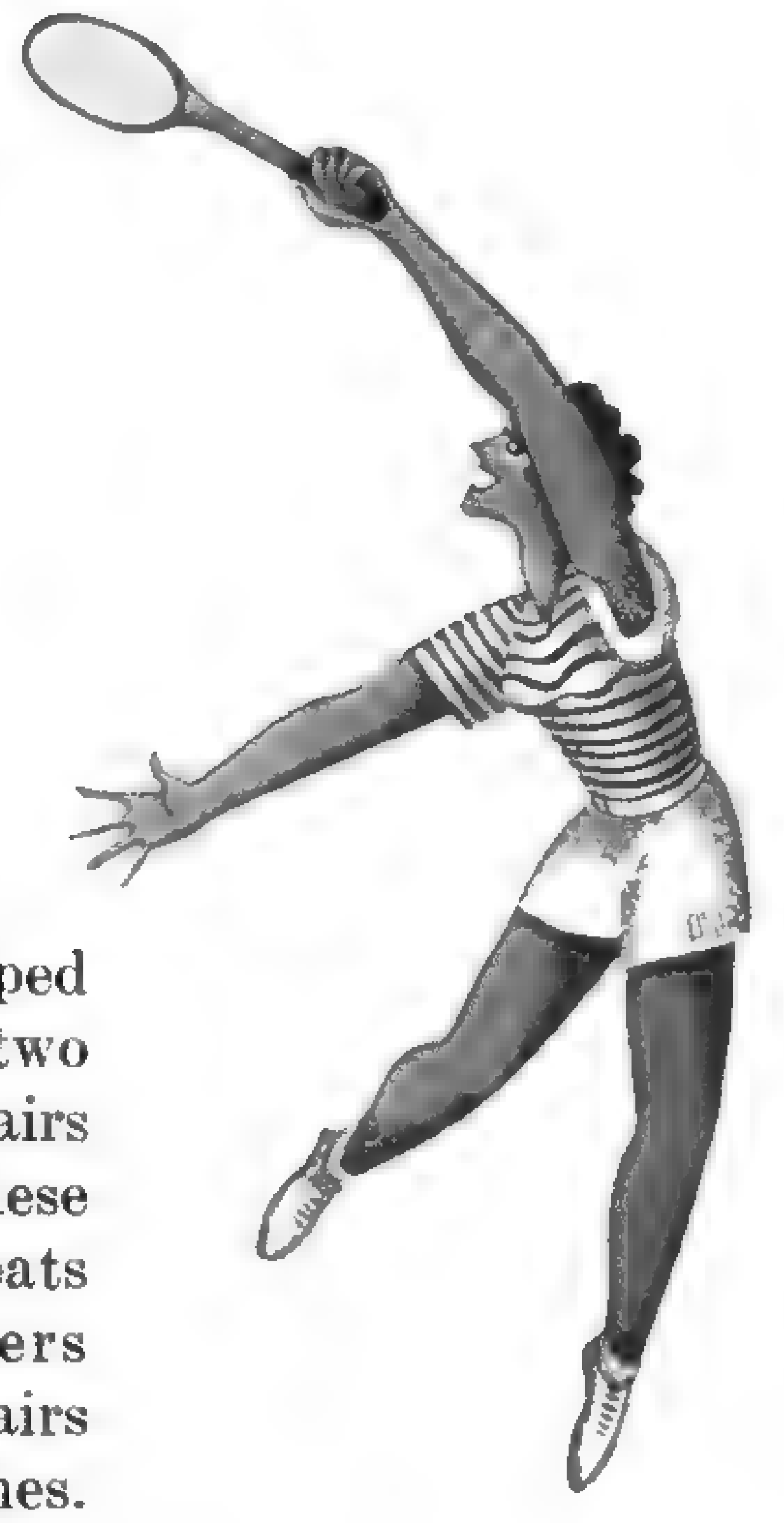
The neighbors said somebody ought to call the police. #

Tennis from Bustles to Shorts

Tennis was a grand game in its golden age on the Riviera when your opponent might be a world's champion or a king

by MILTON HOLMES

▪ SPORTS ▪



IN THE year 1873, Major Walter C. Wingfield, an Englishman, introduced a game which he called Sphairistike. It was a variation of the ancient game of court tennis (played in the courtyards of the kings), adaptable for play on a smooth, level run of turf.

Sphairistike, a Greek name, was difficult to remember and because it was played on grass the game soon came to be known as "lawn tennis."

The court was laid out in the shape of a huge hourglass, tapering at the net. The dimensions were quite elastic, depending on the ability and number of the contestants. A game was played by two or more persons but the best games were made up of two, four or eight players. Can you picture a set of Quadruples or Quintuples today with four and five on a side, all racing back to retrieve a deep lob?

The net posts, seven feet high, painted red and blue, were held in place with guy ropes tied to stakes driven in the ground. The net itself, twenty-four feet in length, had no tape binding at the top and was attached to the posts at a height of five feet; it dropped in the middle to four feet. The present regulation net is three and a half feet high at the posts and three feet in the middle.

When Ellsworth Vines is hitting hard, his margin of safety, the distance at which the ball clears the net, is less than one inch. This means that over the original net, four feet high in the center, not one of Vines' drives would land in the court but would hit at least fifteen feet outside the baseline.

The first rackets were spoon-shaped, with a small head and a long thin handle, like a lacrosse stick. They were very light in weight and despite the fact that they were loosely strung it was but a short time until the stringing sagged even more with dampness and use.

The balls were hollow, made of India rubber and had no cover. They were much softer than the present ones. The rules suggested, "in wet weather a rubber ball without any puncture or hole is recommended for best results. In nice weather the balls may be covered with white cloth."

It was at the first Wimbledon tourney in 1877 on the grounds of the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club (note the billing), that the precedent for the present wool covered ball was established. The balls, made expressly for this event, were covered with white flannel and the seams were crudely stitched in bright colored threads. Due to the fuzzy nap-like surface of the flannel, which helped keep the balls true in flight, the same as the feathers on an arrow keep it true in flight, the play in this tournament was of a higher order.

It was also in this Wimbledon tourney that tennis scoring was employed for the first time. Before that, a game consisted of fifteen points; a match the best two out of three games. The hand in and hand out system of tallying was in vogue, like our present handball scoring, whereby the server only, is eligible to win a point.

During 1878-79 the game began to take hold in America and there was much gossip and controversy as to whether it would ever supersede croquet as the popular recreation for lawn parties. Tennis sets came over from England packed in boxes like croquet sets. They consisted of four rackets, six balls, a net, two net posts and stakes, and a book of vague rules. These sets sold for around sixteen dollars.

Lawn tennis courts sprang up in all parts of the New England States; on Staten Island, Nahant near Boston, the summer resort of Seabright, Newport and Philadelphia. Most of the courts were laid out on private estates and because sets of tennis were scarce, it was a common practice to carry them about, from one house to another.

The various groups that met and played on the different courts formed into clubs and this was the origin of the famous tennis clubs in the East which now stage all the invitational grass events.

The first tournament of any importance in America was held at the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club in 1880. Furious discussions and disputes arose when the representative players from the scattered locales suddenly discovered that the conditions under which they were accustomed to playing on their home grounds were not uniform; the net was too high or too low, the balls were not the same make, and there was a variance in the interpretation of the rules in each location.

These marked dissimilarities were directly responsible for a meeting of over thirty clubs interested in the game in New York City on May 21, 1881. It was at this meeting that the playing conditions were made uniform, a new set of rules drawn up and the present United States Lawn Tennis Association was founded.

The first National Championship to be held the following August, was awarded to the Casino at Newport, Rhode Island, whence it eventually wound up at Forest Hills. There were no grandstands or bleachers, the court was roped off on all sides and two or three rows of chairs placed around it. These were the choice seats and the late comers stood behind the chairs to watch the matches.

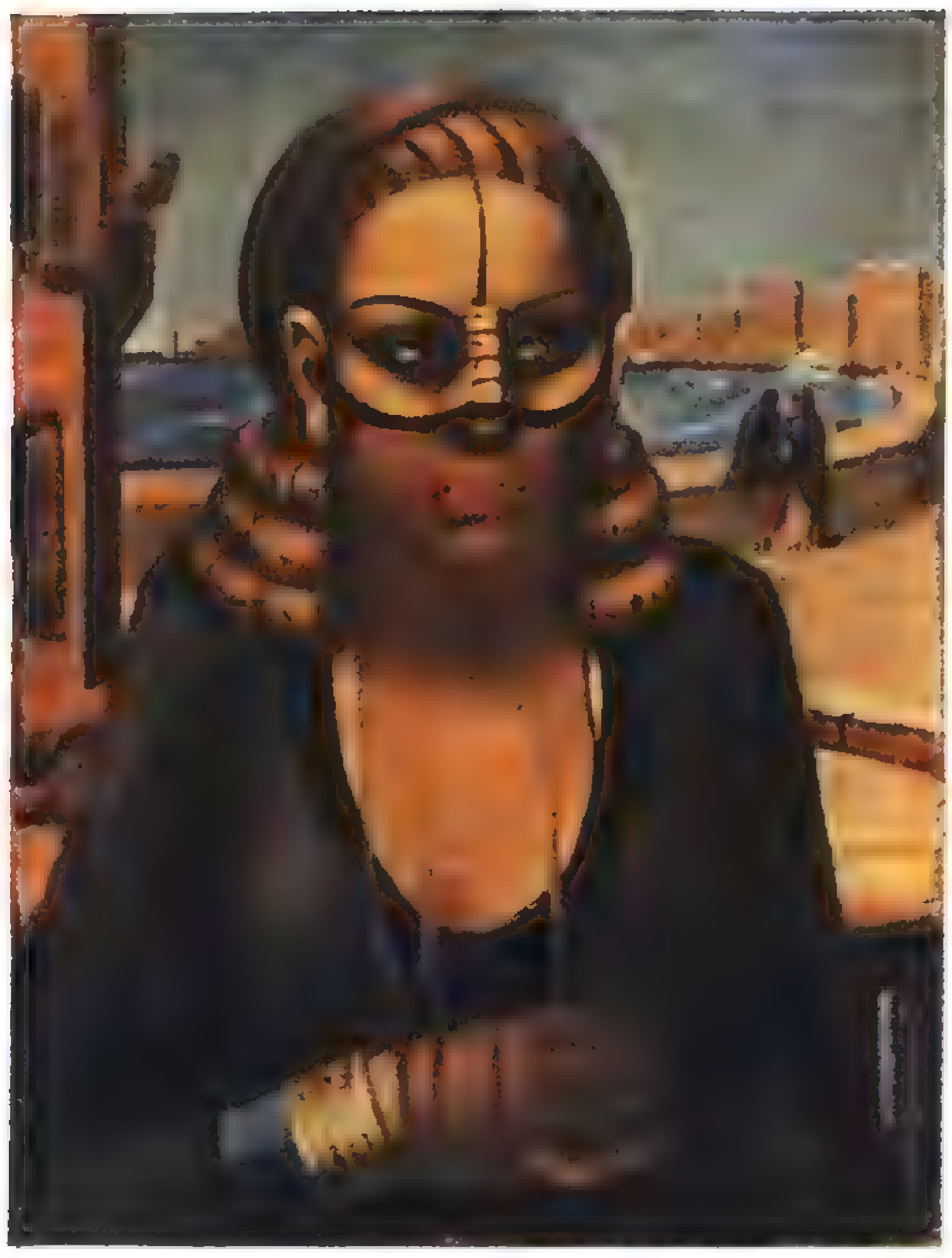
The game of lawn tennis as it is known today came in somewhere between the years of 1890 and 1900. And the rules, except for some minor interpretations, have remained unchanged for over thirty-five years. This is not true of any other major sport. The factor more than any other, responsible for the improvement in the game over the old days, is the perfection of equipment.

Back in the "Nineties" a tennis ball was an involved proposition. The cores, manufactured at the Harburg Rubber Company in Germany, were made of four separate pieces and shipped to the Wright and Ditson factory, deflated. Here they were put together by hand, placed in an oven and baked to the proper consistency. On the inside of each core was a button of soft pure rubber through which the ball was inflated hypodermically. The felt cover was then gummed to the rubber core and the ball was finished except for the stitching of the seams which were hand sewn, like the seams of a baseball. The employees of the factory took the balls home to their wives who did this work in their spare time and at the regular sewing bees for tennis balls.

Naturally, these balls were not perfect. The plug on the inside made the balls unbalanced, the threads in the seams continually tore loose during play and dangled in the air, many times the covers peeled partly off due to the inferior gluing process and the compression of each ball varied. Yet, in those days it was the custom to use a set of balls for an entire match; (nowadays, in championship play a dozen balls are used at a time and only for five or seven games).

William A. Larned, seven times National Champion, was the first player to ask for new balls during a match. His request created an uproar. In the finals at Seabright, after having played three hard sets and over forty games with the same set of balls, he requested new ones. The chairman of the tournament committee tried to argue the matter. "What's wrong, Larned? You're getting awfully finicky," he said. But Larned was insistent and the balls were finally thrown out. The gallery was shocked; such squawking, such extravagance. Some of the spectators could contain themselves no longer and jeered at him, "You big sissy! Mollycoddle! Does the baby want his mama?"

Continued in center of page 196



LA FILLE AU VOILE

Women of Egypt

by MAHMOUD SAID BEY

Mahmoud Said has created for Egypt an imagery comparable to that which Goya created for Spain, Degas for the world of the ballet, Toulouse-Lautrec for the underworld and Seurat for the circus-ring—something that reveals and interprets the strength and poetry of Egyptian life as it has not been revealed in any modern day, something which breathes the very spirit of the Egyptian people. He has studied under the best Italian masters in Egypt, in Paris at the Louvre, at the Academy of the Grande-Chaumiere and at the Julian Academy under P. A. Laurens. Though his earliest influences were Rubens and Rembrandt, he has turned to the later primitives, particularly to Van Eyck, Memling, and Van der Weyden for inspiration, and as a result has developed a style which is highly individual. But in spite of his renown as a painter he still regards his art as an avocation. He is a judge of the District Court at Alexandria, and paints only during the spare hours of the four months annual recess of the Courts.

—Jasper Yates Brinton

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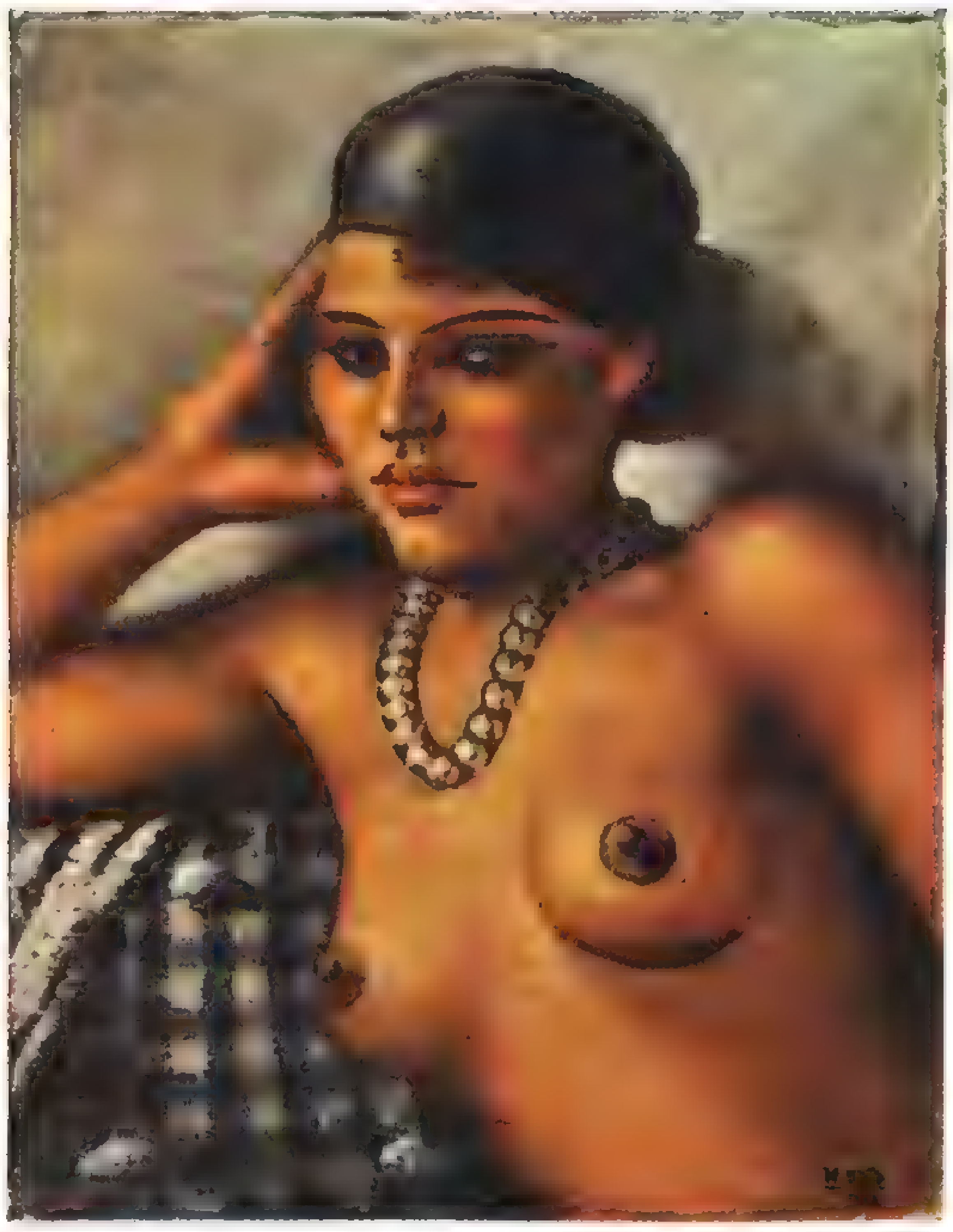
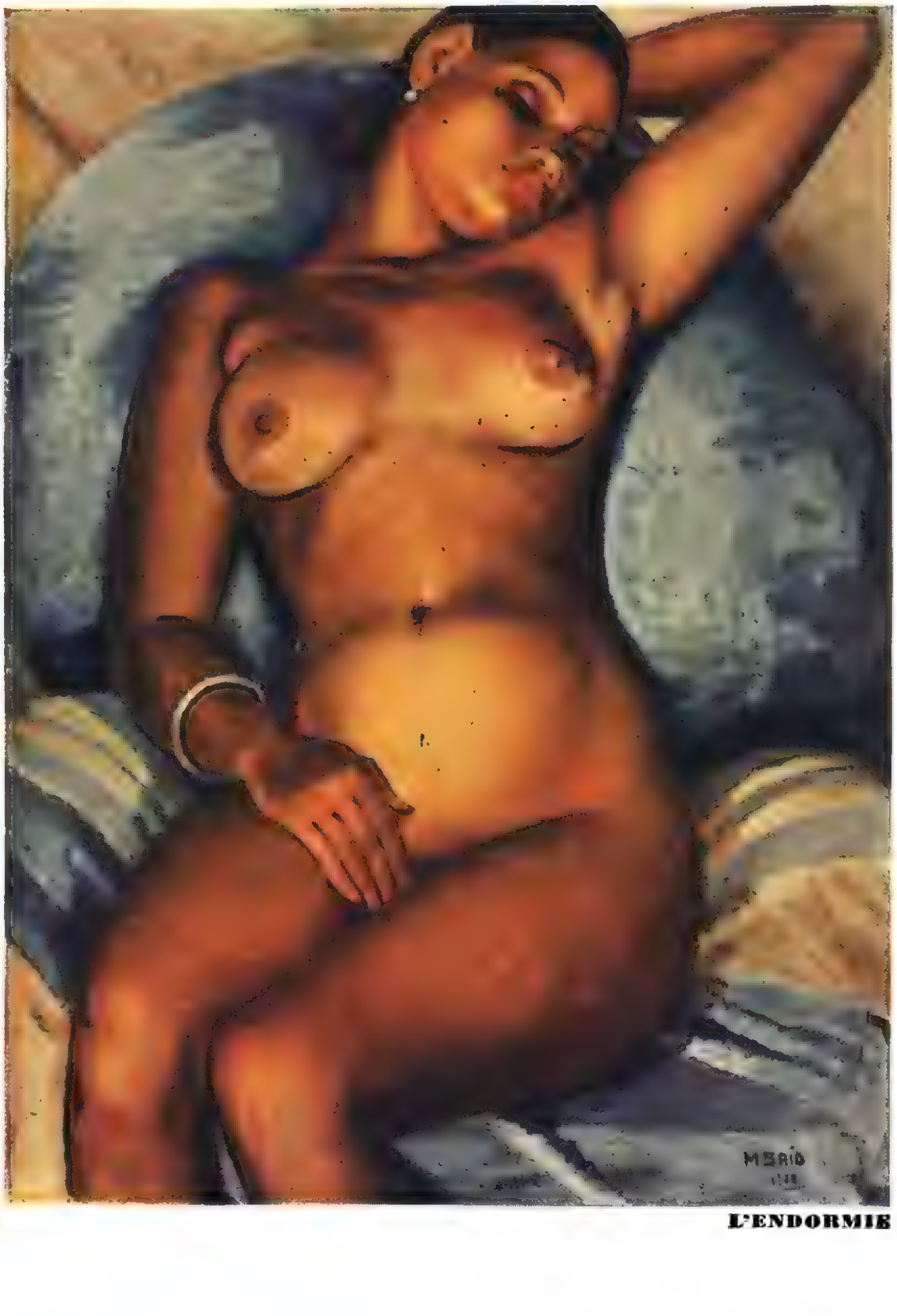
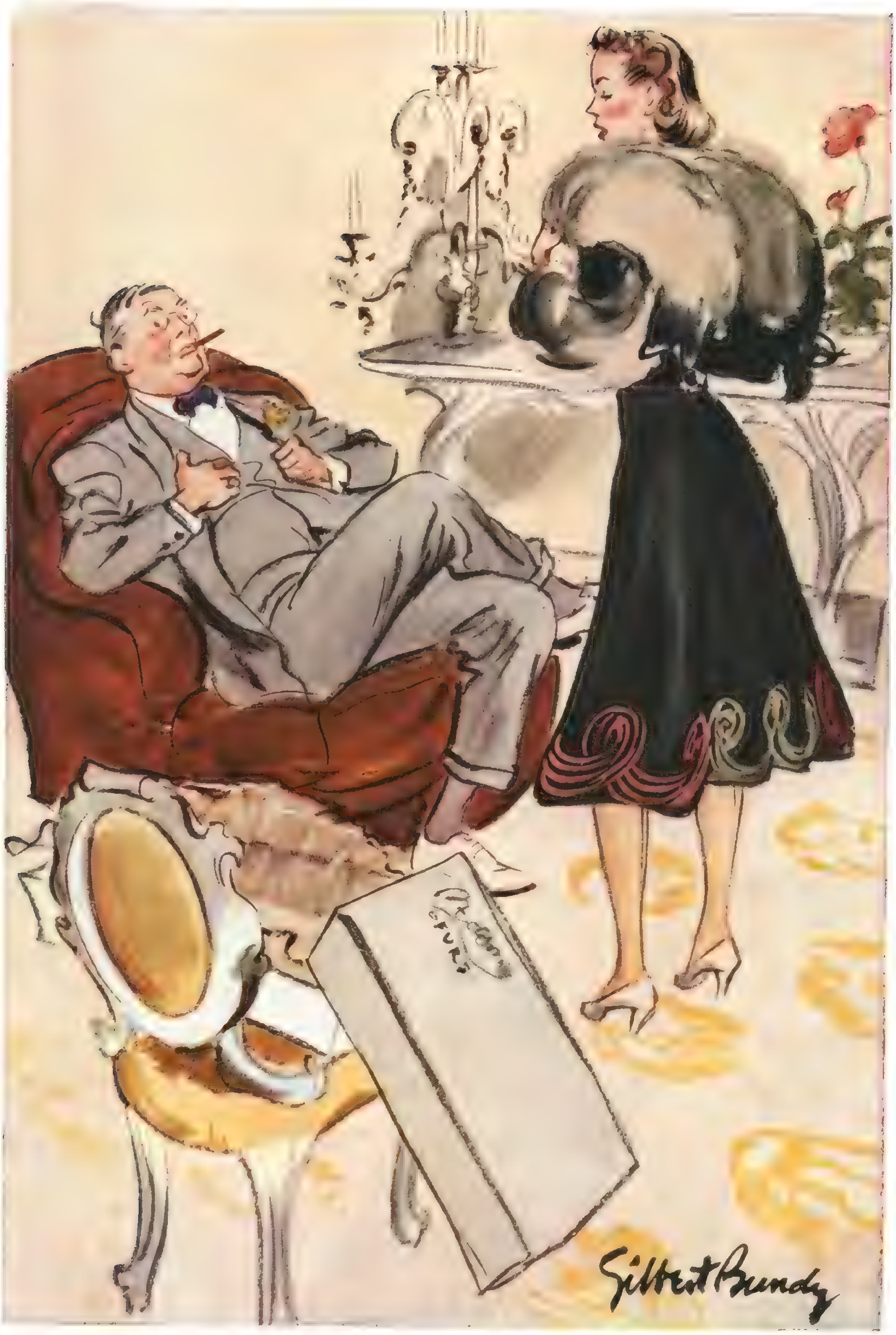


LA FILLE AU COLLIER



L'ENDORMIE


Gilbert Bundy

"I think you should buy one for your wife—it's not a very good reflection on me the way she goes around"

Everyone's a Suspect

Sergeant Arden figured if he went to one of those hifalutin specialists all the boys would say he was crazy

by TIM PRIDGEN

• FICTION •

When Police Sergeant Theodore Arden looked up he was on Ware street. That was queer. When he left the station it was to go up on Rolf street and that was six blocks away. It didn't matter but it was a damn funny thing. He had a pain. Not a pain, exactly. It was a buzz, like a dentist's drill before it went through. It didn't hurt. It felt as though it might, but it was getting better. Why the hell he came up this way was beyond him. He wished there was some place to sit down, a park bench or, maybe, a goodsbox like Chet Holly kept in his harness shop to sit on. Old Burleyson's brick wall, here, would do.

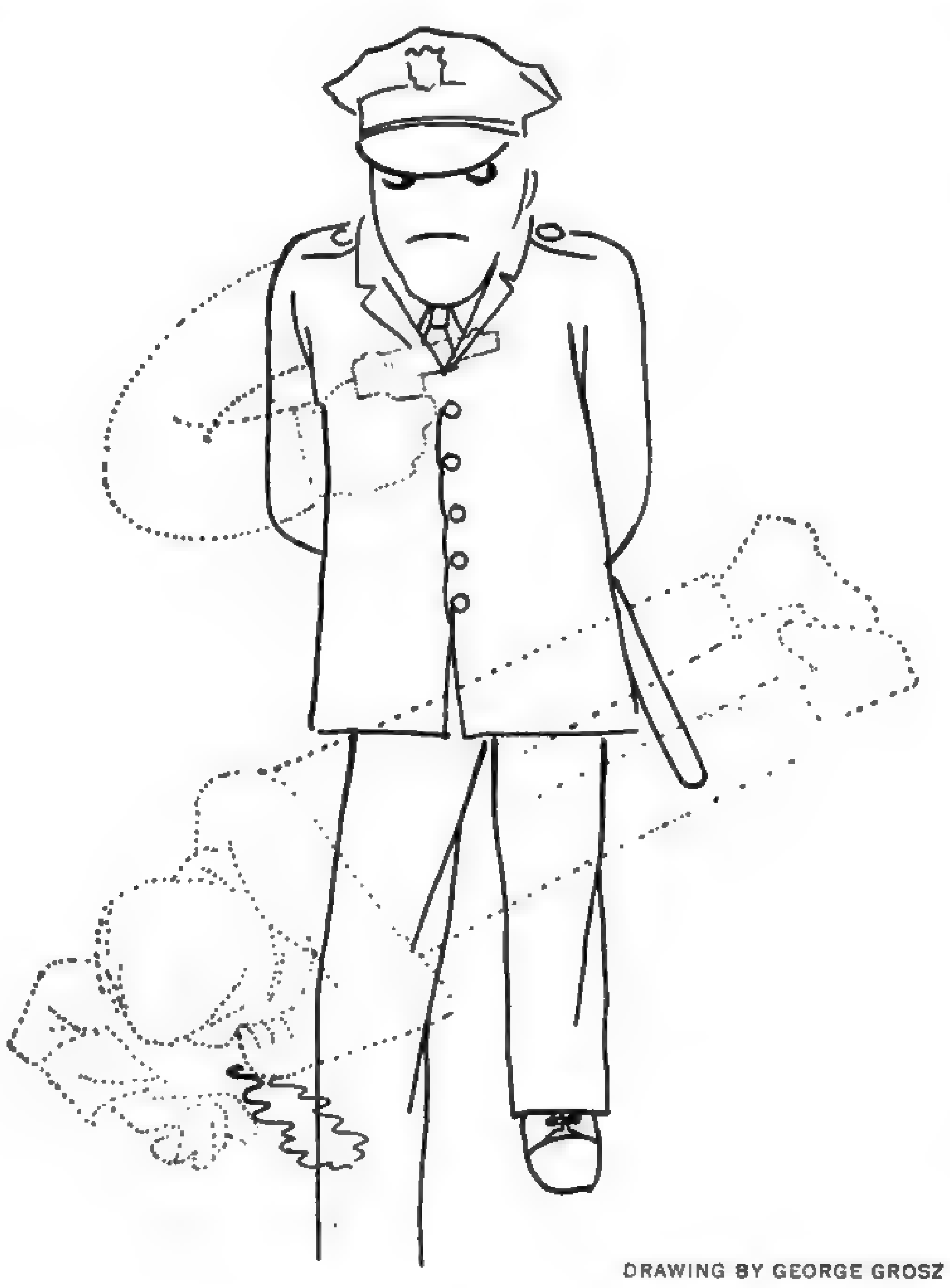
It felt good to sit down. The buzz feeling was going away. Funny thing, his being out here on Ware street. He ought to be away out on Rolf street. Patrolman out there wanted him to see a man. And here he was on Ware street. People ought not to strike children. Ought to be kind to them. Like him. And Chet Holly. Chet would never hurt a kid. Play with them and rough them up, maybe, but he wouldn't hurt a kid. Take his own boy, now—Theodore. Junior, they called him. He'd have been a strapping big buck by now. Nineteen next month. He ought not to have struck Junior. A man ought not to put a finger on a chap. But he always was quick to flare up. Junior was just six years old that day. It wasn't much of a lick at that. Just a little back-handed slap. It wouldn't have amounted to anything if somebody hadn't left the lawn mower out in the middle of the yard for his head to crack against.

He didn't remember coming up here on Ware street. He looked up and there he was. Doc Fitchett was right. He had to do something about those lapses. Nobody knew it but Doc and Doc was worried. Always talking about him going off and taking treatment. Catch him! Go off to some hifalutin specialist and the boys would say he was crazy. Doc was a fool. He'd rather be dead.

Still, he'd better be thinking about it—waking up out here on Ware street this way. Good thing he'd started toting his gun empty. No telling what a man might do when he forgot. There was a time when he could feel it coming on and go home and go to bed. Said he had sick headaches. But now it came on like a snap of your finger and went off the same way. And what the hell he did between times he never knew. He probably acted all right, gave the right answers. Nobody ever said anything.

He wouldn't have another spell like this in a week. Might as well load his gun. Those Rolf street rackets had some dopes in 'em. You never could tell what a dope would do. How came his holster strap unbuttoned? That was damn sloppy. No good cop would go around with his holster strap unbuttoned for some fool to snatch his gun.

Now just by God how come that holster strap unbuttoned? He hadn't had his gun out since he inspected it early this morning. The chambers were empty. He remembered it. He made sure about that. And he didn't remember about snapping the strap button, which made that certain. Habit. You didn't remember what you did by habit. If you hadn't done it you would have remembered.


DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Ha-a-a-a! Treating himself like a damned suspect. Be using the rubber hose on himself in a minute. He hadn't done anything. Walked along the street kind of dopey, maybe. Nobody noticed. Not a soul ever said anything. Pretty smart of him, though, keeping his gun empty. Wouldn't hurt anybody even if it wasn't. He was not that kind.

Like hell! Like hell he wasn't! Look at them cylinders—loaded! One fired! God damn!

He felt sick. Sick! What had he done? He couldn't think. It was all blank—but he could fix it right here. In a second. With bullets to spare. The boys at the station would have a hard time figuring it out—shooting himself twice and missing once. Humph. By God they'd know something was wrong about that. He didn't miss.

Anyway, a man would be a fool to shoot himself. Where's his guts? Just two things he'd shoot himself for. Leprosy was one of them. He'd always said that. And just plain suspicion wasn't enough for the other. Not a good case. But it was a case.

It was his business to clear up cases. What were the facts? He was on Ware street when he ought to be on Rolf street. That was a case—and a clue, too. Showed location. And time. He was one, two . . . eleven blocks from the station. It was now 11:17—been here maybe six minutes—put him here, maybe, 11:11, left the station just about 10:30—about 40 minutes. Eleven blocks in 40 minutes, from the station on Pine street to half way the 700 block on Ware. Hm-m-m-m. Pine to Ware. He could have come by Twelfth street, or by Tenth, by Segram, maybe, or least likely by Elliott.

He remembered starting toward Elliott when he left the station. Felt like walking, so he left the car. Walked, to get the exercise. That's where he started going off his nut. He remembered now. A big boy was cuffing a little boy. He started toward them, very angry. Both ran and it cleared up. He thought it did. He didn't remember much after that. It was coming back but it was hazy. He remembered seeing Chet Holly's harness shop across on Elliott. That was all he could remember now.

That was three blocks from the station, so whatever happened was in the next eight blocks. He could phone the station and ask how everything was. Might be a big hullabaloo. No. If there was he didn't want to hear about it. He'd trail himself back to where it happened. He'd trailed a thousand men and he could trail himself. And maybe, God grant, find a dead mad dog. That was a good theory. Mad dog. Good.

He'd better get along to the corner and see what he could pick up. Maybe the Greek noticed which way he turned in from. Pete was a good boy. Saw a lot of things. But he'd have to be careful, not spill a lot of unnecessary stuff. The whole thing might be nothing—just a mad dog or something.

"Hi, Pete. Have you seen the captain?"

"The good morning to you, Capitan! No sir, I have not seen the Capitan."

"Okay. Just asking."

"Yes sir. No sir, I have not seen the Capitan. I have not seen him this day. I have seen you, sir, but you would not say something. I hope you are not angry with me?"

"Lord, no, Pete! I'm not sore at you. Had something on my mind, see? Didn't

Continued in center of page 193

Wholesale Poisoner

Of Frederick Menarik, alias Mors, who played the rôle of Death with grim reality

by CHARLES J. DUTTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It might be the man next door. The one you talk the baseball game over with across the fence. Or that distinguished doctor whose beard is so cleanly cut, his clothes so fine. Or worse—that orderly in the hospital who is so helpful—so smooth. You cannot tell. Neither can the police.

If you wish to get the police of any large city excited, ask them just one question. Do you think Frederick Mors is still alive? It will be answered by first their saying they do not know. The next remark will be a fervent hope the man is dead. Mors was the most wholesale poisoner America ever had. He escaped from Mattewan only a few years ago. No one knows where he is. He vanished as though the earth had opened to swallow him up. But whenever there are unexplained deaths in public institutions, a long series of deaths, the police begin to wonder if Frederick Mors is again at work. They hope not.

Towards the end of June, 1914, a striking figure walked through the lobby of one of New York City's largest hotels. The man was young, tall; his black beard was distinctive and had been carefully trimmed. It was his dress which caused comment. Odd to picture in a large New York hotel. He wore a leather hunting jacket, leather leggings, and carried a large knife in a sheath outside of his coat. The costume might have been correct in the Rockies, though there is much doubt if it would have been correct anywhere. It was a foreigner's idea of what a man should wear. That is, if he were to hunt bears in the States.

Frederick Mors was not only a foreigner, but he told everyone who would listen that he had come to America to hunt bears. He was astonished to discover that he would be unable to go from his hotel and start at once on a bear hunt. Bears, he was informed, were thousands of miles away. The news made no difference. He continued to wear his absurd clothes. Of course he was noticed—talked about. Afternoons and evenings he could be seen in the hotel lobby, always at the bar, talking, gesticulating. At the moment he had plenty of money. Where from—no one ever discovered.

At the end of a week he suddenly vanished. Why, no one knew. Evidently he had lost his money. How, always remained a mystery. He moved to a cheap room, in a run-down section of lower New York. There in a few days he became the object of great interest. Wild and wonderful were the stories he told at the dining table. He had hunted bears in Russia. Killed wolves in Russia. Run down wild boars in Austria. He allowed to drop, as if by accident, that he was the son of one of the leading families of Budapest. Showed pictures of many women—all of whom he claimed were in love with him. Talked, though a little wildly, of a sacred duty he owed the world. What that duty was on one ever knew. Later many were to remember his words.

Aristocrat or not, Mors must eat. He was without funds. So the hunting suit was pawned, the knife vanished. An employment agency found him a job. It was not much of a position. He became porter in an Odd Fellows' Home in the Bronx. The pay was but eighteen dollars a month, but board and room were provided. It seemed rather a come-down for a member of the Austrian aristocracy.

By the end of February, 1915, the District Attorney of New York was puzzling his head over an unexplained fact. It had been reported to him that the death rate at the Odd Fellows' Home in the Bronx had leaped to alarming proportions. The Home cared for aged men and women as well as for children. There had been no deaths among the children, but the aged inmates were dying at the rate of seventeen a month. This was suspicious—the figures were alarming. But there was another fact. A certain Frederick Mors had hinted that he had killed several of the inmates of the Home. And who was Mors? No one knew.

The name meant nothing to the District Attorney. But coupled with the large increase in deaths it seemed suspicious. He called in the Homicide Squad and told them what was on his mind. One of the police remembered Mors. Remembered him because of his hunting jacket, and the fact that he hung around the lobby of a hotel, drinking. He wondered if it could be the same man. He soon discovered it was. Going to the Odd Fellows' Home, the police uncovered an amazing situation.

Mors was a porter. His salary, eighteen dollars a month. But when the police started their investigation, they were met at the door by an individual wearing a snow white uniform. There was a stethoscope hanging from a pocket, and he was very important. It was Mors, the porter. They discovered another astonishing fact. Though the Home had a superintendent and a medical staff for some unknown reason the eighteen-dollar-a-month porter had more authority than anyone else. He was running the place.

Perhaps it was due to the man's aristocratic appearance, or the wild stories he told as soon as he reached the Home. Though he was only a little over twenty-four years of age, his carefully trimmed beard made him look older. He had said he was a graduate of a famous European medical school. The medical staff believed him. Soon all the inmates were calling him Dr. Mors. What seems more incredible, he was allowed to give out medicine, to care for the inmates. The old people thronged the office he had taken over. In it he mixed medicine which they accepted as if it came from the hands of the greatest expert in the world. He awed them. But they were afraid of him.

This situation astonished the detectives. But the death rate of the institution amazed them more. From the time Mors entered the place it had shot up over four hundred per cent. Every individual who had died was over seventy. In most cases there had been no known reason for the death which had taken place. They discovered that the Home had become a place of terror. Men and women were writing frantic letters begging their relatives to take them away. All were asking one question. Who would be the next one to die? Everyone was afraid of Mors. All claimed he had something to do with the many strange and untimely deaths.

As usual, the police made a quiet investigation first. There was no evidence the deaths were not natural. But as the investigation went on, one fact kept cropping up. The old people feared the young man. He was domineering, impetuous, given to wild speech, and angry outbursts of temper. And whenever there had occurred a death, he had been in the room shortly before the inmate died.

The investigation in the end led the police to a druggist who supplied medicine for the Home. When asked if Mors was a customer, the druggist nodded.

"Sure, he buys perfume, cosmetics," he smiled. "Being a European, he is fastidious. His beard must have special care."

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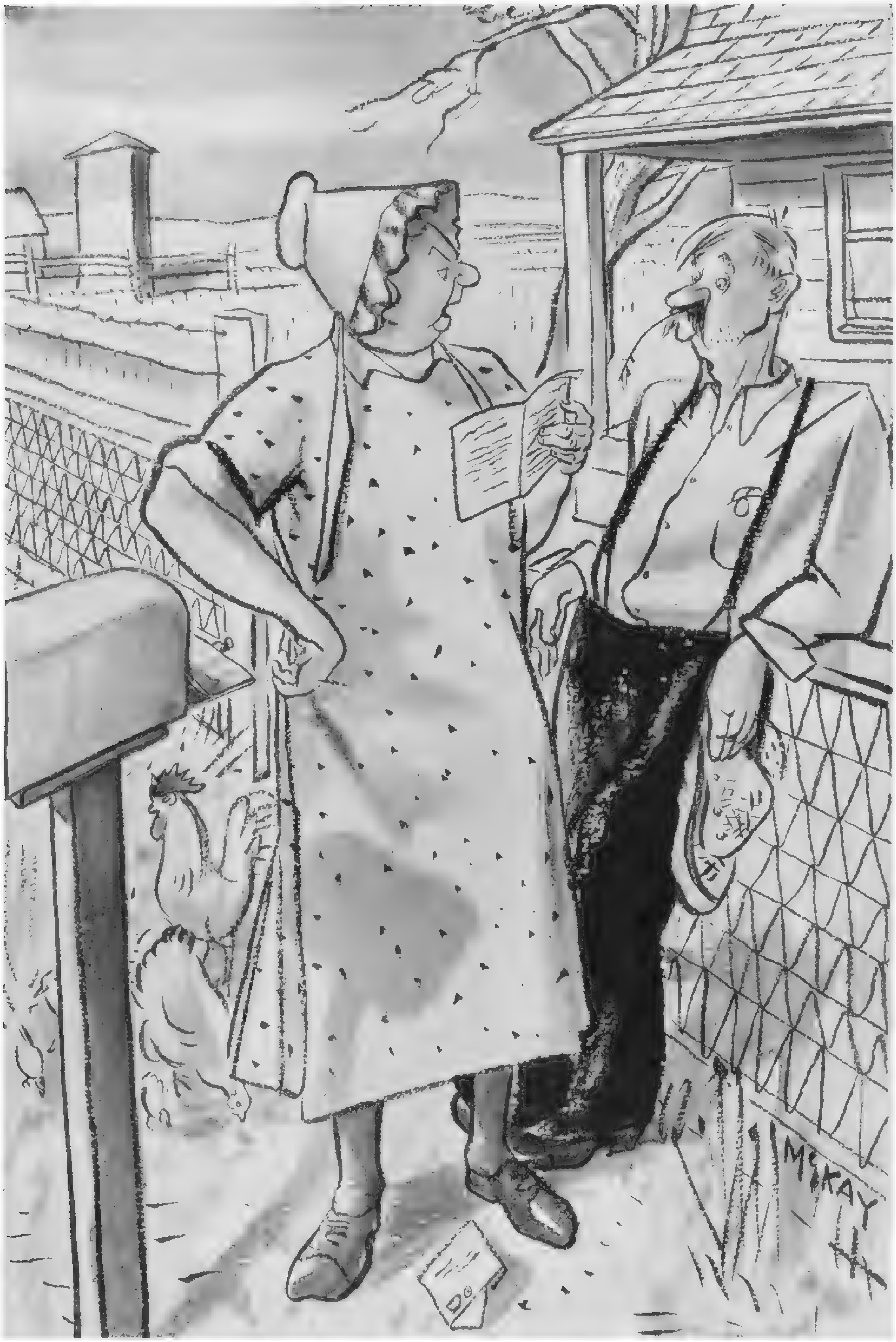


"Last year it was the dust storms, and this year it's your relatives!"

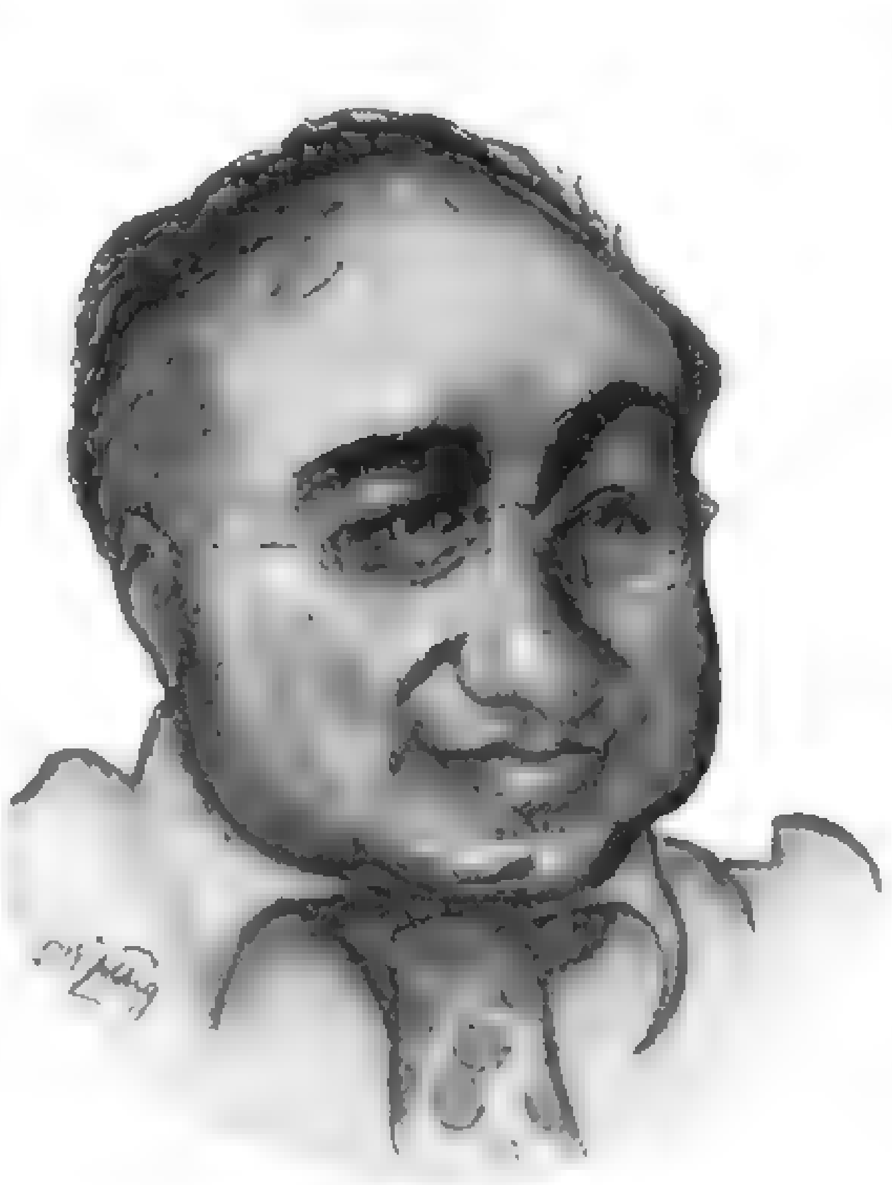
Mussolini of Music

Local Union No. 10 was nothing but a club till Jimmy Petrillo seen an opening for a smart guy

by MILTON S. MAYER

• ARTICLE •

Jimmy Petrillo sat behind his Florentine desk in his bullet-proof office and explained his new ruling. Hereafter, said Jimmy, no radio station may broadcast any recording made by members of the Chicago Federation of Musicians without paying as many musicians as were used to make the record. And the Federation's board of directors—which is Jimmy—is prepared to enforce the ruling.



"It's this way," said Jimmy. "The average band receives in the neighborhood of $1,500 for a recording. By the time the record has been discarded it has wiped out around $1,500,000 worth of business for living musicians. Can anyone explain why musicians should help destroy themselves? Hey?"

When Jimmy gets going on the subject of recordings, explaining is out of the question. "Mr. Canned Music" (Jimmy's own phrase) is the red devil that put 35,000 musicians out of work. Radio stations may fox Jimmy by getting their recordings made by the members of other (and weaker) locals of the American Federation of Musicians. Sooner or later, though, the A. F. of M. will adopt Jimmy's ruling. The A. F. of M. adopts all of Jimmy's rulings. Not that Jimmy's the boss. Old Joe Weber, president of the New York local, is the boss. Joe merely takes Jimmy's advice.

Jimmy figures that the radio stations will pay his living musicians $1,500,000 for the use of a record that cost $1,500 to make. A fair share of the $1,500,000 (or less) will go into the union's unemployment fund, which Jimmy administers scrupulously in his losing war with progress. The fewer musicians employed, the more money Jimmy gets them. It won't last forever, but while it does, Jimmy, like Father Divine, is truly wonderful.

For fifteen years Jimmy Petrillo's one-man union has had Chicago by the—we'll say ears; Jimmy would use the purer idiom. He has a revolver in his desk-drawer—which has a habit of being open—and five bodyguards to keep him company. The secret, not of his success, but of his being alive, is that he's honest. No one has anything on him, and it's not because no one has tried to get anything on him. "You just can't buy him," the biggest amusement man in Chicago told me. "I know. I've tried it for years."

Let's say that you're a muscler-in. Most small unions—and some big ones—have yielded you a nice profit in their time. You call on Jimmy Petrillo. Jimmy knows who you are, but he presses the button under his desk and the door to his office opens. There he sits—alone. You and your friends sit down in the overstuffed sofa and Jimmy pulls open the top right-hand drawer of his overcarved desk. When Jimmy is satisfied that you have identified the blue-steel object in the drawer, he swings back in his chair and grins at you between his jowls and says:

"Well, gents, what can I do for you?"

If you and your friends are smart, you will explain that you have the wrong address and bow yourselves out. If you are not smart, and the chances are you are not, you will offer to put the Musicians' Union on a paying basis. Jimmy will wait until you get through, then he'll say:

"The Musicians' Union has $10,000 in a safety deposit box that can't be touched except for one purpose—to get the guy who gets Petrillo. Get out." Only he doesn't say, "Get out." He says, "Get out, you sons-of-bitches." Jimmy is a plain-spoken man.

He has never sold out to anyone, and he has licked not only the racketeers, but the radio stations, the movie houses, the theatrical producers, the opera crowd, and the Chicago Symphony Association, and while musicians all over the country are playing for their supper, Petrillo's boys have had their wages increased 400% since he joined the union in 1917. Today they are the highest paid union laborers in the world. (The musicians in the Chicago studios of NBC get $140 for a 30-hour week.)

Local No. 10 was a typical musicians' union, with a rabbit hutch for its headquarters, when Jimmy Petrillo first appeared on the scene. The musician traditionally performs for what he can get. There are too many of him and he is fit for nothing else. In 1917 Joe Winkler had been president of Local No. 10 since Little David played on his harp. Joe was a nice guy and a pretty good cornetist. But the union was nothing but a club. As Petrillo blandly admits, "I seen an opening for a smart guy."

Jimmy got hold of a trombone (his father was a scavenger) at an early age, and when he was eight years old he was playing in the Chicago *Daily News* band. He was no dreamy-eyed musician. He was, as he recalls, "a tough little bozo runnin' around de streets." And the streets were Taylor and Halsted—one of the toughest intersections in town. Jimmy went to grammar school long enough to learn that he could learn just as much in and around the saloons at Taylor and Halsted. He was small and hard and fast, and a fighter. And he wasn't a musician. When he joined the union twenty years after his début with the *Daily News* band, he found he wasn't so hot on the trombone. He sat around the clubrooms with the rest of the boys who weren't so hot, and after a while he decided he was a business man.

He was boisterous and aggressive, and he had a lot of humor. At the weekly meetings he made speeches. His speeches were ungrammatical, oratorical, inflammatory; the burden of all of them was that the man on the floor was oppressed by the employers and the union wasn't doing anything about it. Look at the teamsters. Look at the janitors. Jimmy was right. Prohibition came and the musicians were turned out of the beerhalls and cafés. In 1919 Jimmy was elected vice-president of Local No. 10. In 1922 he took the union away from Joe Winkler and he's been president ever since.

The first thing he did was abolish all meetings. Then he told the men that contracts could be made only with the union's sanction. Then he began raising the wage scale. The union's membership mounted to 8,000 by 1925 and remained there throughout the depression. The men knew that Jimmy was square and they knew he was smart. If Jimmy called them out on strike, out they went. Sooner or later they returned to work with a 10 per cent raise. Jimmy was a despot, a benevolent despot. You couldn't take care of yourself, so you paid your $16 a year dues and Jimmy took care of you. Before long the musicians of the city discovered that if they didn't join the union they couldn't get work. Chicago had become a "closed" town.

Jimmy's idea of an administrator is Mussolini. Or rather, was. Their close relationship (of which Mussolini was unaware) came to a bitter end a few years ago. It seems that Sig. Giuseppe Castruccio, the Italian consul, invited the local Italian societies to participate in an International Jubilee to be held in Chicago. Now the Italians, with the exception of Jimmy Petrillo, are a musical lot, and every second one of them toots something on Sundays. On week-days they are vegetable purveyors, waiters, half-sole-and-heelers, etc. Naturally, they are not members of the Musicians' Union. When Petrillo discovered the Italian societies were going to jubilate with nonunion bands, he called Castruccio in some heat. Giuseppe tried to pacify Jimmy by reminding him—in Italian—that after all they were com-

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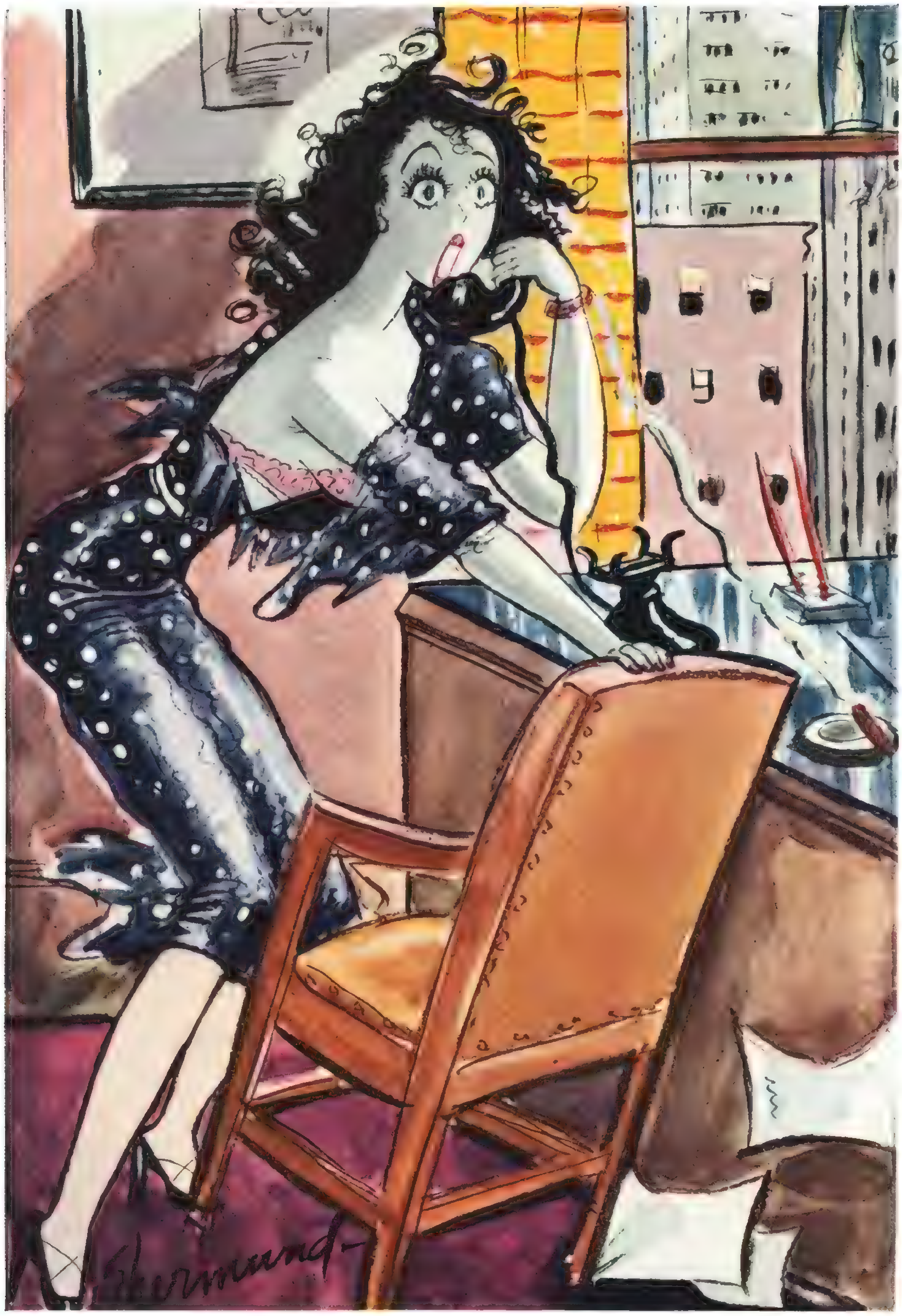
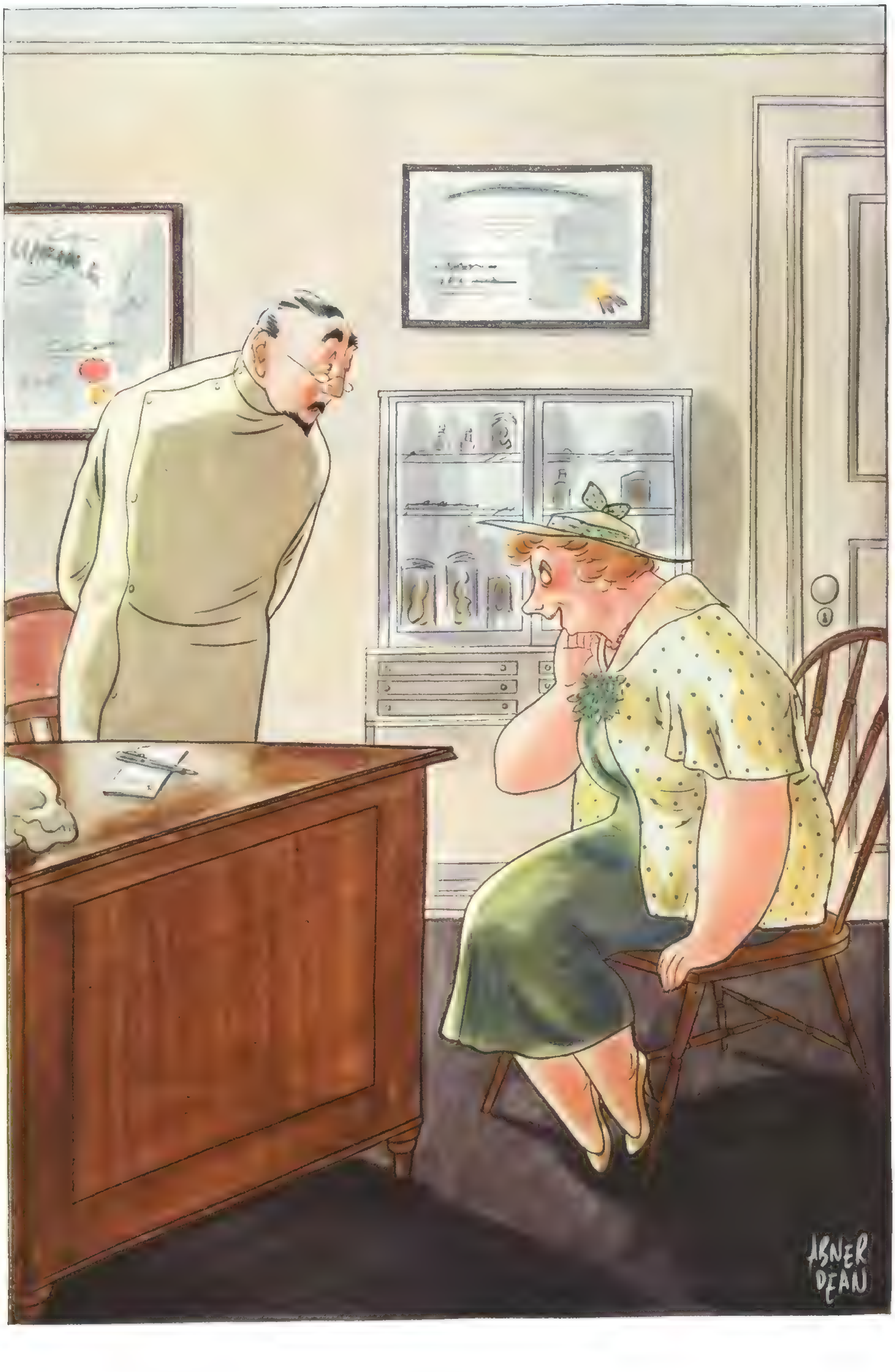


"Hello, Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School?—Help! Help!"



"I've already got three—Lord knows where this one came from"

Murder Is a Minstrel

Those merry ballads that jest about murder and the gallows have a grim air of "laugh-that-you-may-not-weep"

by JOHN KOBLER

• ARTICLE •

In the year 1920 young Fritz Haarmann, of Hanover, Germany, committed a series of cannibalistic obscenities which placed him beyond humanity. It was his practice and his pleasure to lure homeless youths to his attic and there hack them to pieces, selling the flesh as butcher's meat. He was known as The Hound of Hanover.

Despite the revulsion which swept through Germany it was not long before children were skipping through the streets of Berlin, merrily singing a parody lullaby:

Warte, warte noch ein weilchen.
Bald kommt Haarmann auch zu dir
Mit dem kleinen Hackebeilchen,
Und mach Hackefleisch aus dir.

Which may be translated into the tender sentiments, calculated to lull into slumber the most fractious infant:

Wait, wait a little while.
Haarmann soon will come to you
Carrying his little axe,
And chopmeat he will make of you.

A few years later another lycanthropic Teuton, Karl Denke, of Muensterberg in Silesia, inspired a similar pleasantry when he pickled in brine eight fellow-townsmen. Reprimanded, he committed suicide. A pair of suspenders fashioned of human skin were found in his room; also various household articles in the same material. They were elaborate and artistically tooled. Herr Denke took pride in workmanship.

For weeks a punning *mot* was on everybody's lips. One was asked: Who was Germany's greatest murderer? And the sprightly reply—*Ich Denke Haarmann* (I think Haarmann)—never failed to raise a chuckle.

Now, it would be unduly harsh to conclude that Germans are more cold-blooded than their Anglo-Saxon or Gallic brothers. The same temper which produced the cynical quatrain about Haarmann was likewise responsible for the lines immortalizing Miss Lizzie Borden, the enigmatic Falls River spinster, who either did—or didn't—butcher her parents:

Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her father forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done,
She gave her mother forty-one.

President Theodore Roosevelt had a particular weakness for this jingle and once confessed that he couldn't keep it from prancing through his head, Mr. Edmund Pearson, the distinguished historian of the Borden case, reports that it has been reprinted in newspapers as far distant as Durban, Natal.

Wherever murder has bared his fangs, puns and witticisms, saws and riddles, doggerel, jingles, epigrams and ballads have clustered thickly around the leading figures—a phenomenon which tends to support the contention that while it may shock and horrify, murder also excites and amuses. The trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann was a typical American over-statement of this fact.

The inhabitants of Flemington had a grand time; so did the thousands who made the pilgrimage to New Jersey. But it was for some unnamed reporter to improvise the now famous parody of the old German *Schnitzelbank* song, which could be heard miles distant in the stillness of the spring evenings:

Ist das nicht ein Ransom Note?
Ja, das ist ein Ransom Note.
Ist das nicht ein Nellie Boad?
Ja, das ist ein Nellie Boad.

And so on for fifteen verses, ending with:

Oh, du schoene, oh, du schoene,
Oh, du schoene, Hauptmann Trial.

Since Cain slew Abel murder has given spur to the ballad flippant and irreverent, spawning of street-corner wit, never compiled and swiftly forgot; yet contributing to a very definite folk literature—the literature of the gallows and the dock.

America has been no laggard in its creation. The Borden case alone produced several gems. Although usually anonymous, authorship for at least one can be attributed to a Mr. A. L. Bixby, who composed it during the trial. At a distance of forty-three years it is still troublesome to determine whether Mr. Bixby was not writing with his tongue impishly thrust into his cheek:

TO LIZZIE

There's no evidence of guilt,
Lizzie Borden,
That should make your spirit wilt,
Lizzie Borden;
Many do not think that you
Chopped your father's head in two
It's so hard a thing to do,
Lizzie Borden.
You have borne up under all,
Lizzie Borden,
With a mighty show of gall,
Lizzie Borden;
But because your nerve is stout
Does not prove beyond a doubt
That you knocked the old folks out,
Lizzie Borden.

In the same decade a regional quip based on the murder of Hiram Sawtell by his brother, Isaac, was amusing New Hampshire society. In order to profit by the recent abolition of capital punishment in Maine, Isaac had driven Hiram across what he believed was the state border before he perpetrated the bloody deed. In reality he had never left his native New Hampshire and for his topographical ignorance the hangman exacted a heavy price. Local wits chanted:

Two brothers in our town did dwell.
One sought Heaven, the other Sawtell.

Simultaneously Boston was much exercised over the exploits of a night prowling desperado who would enter swanky Beacon Street homes, strangle or bludgeon to death the inmates, and carry off whatever valuables he could find. He was eventually arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment since no concrete evidence of murder could be produced. His trip to Charlestown Prison was cheered with a ditty of somewhat obtuse meaning:

There goes The Boston Burglar,
In strong chains he is bound,
Some crying more than others,
But he is off to Char-les-town.

Moving further south into New Orleans one hears citizens of the Nineties expressing curiosity about the assassination of their chief of police, Mr. Robert Hennessey, with a strange little whistle: "Who killa da chief?" Following his exposure of a Mafia ring, Mr. Hennessey had been shot down at the gate of his home. Eight Italians were arrested

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One-Eyed Jacks Wild

What could be more natural than for Mr. Hornblower, fifty-six years *young*, to make the acquaintance of Miss Gotz?

by LYNN MONTROSS

• FICTION •

Gentlemen, I hope you all realize the urgency of this conference. As district sales managers, you should be first to know the facts regarding the $200,000 breach-of-promise suit brought against our president by Miss Dorothea Gotz. Our salesmen, of course, are the advance guard of our firm; so it will become your duty to correct any false impressions they may have entertained. It goes without saying that we do not want our business to suffer as a result of this adverse publicity.

But fortunately, gentlemen, I can reassure you that the newspaper reports are a tissue of lies—a barefaced tissue of lies! In the first place, Mr. Hornblower most emphatically did not push Miss Gotz, as she has told the reporters. Our president is too much of a gentleman to push a lady on any provocation. The truth is that our president pushed *him*, Mr. Brubaker, and as he ricocheted off the table *he* jostled Miss Gotz when he spun around and dropped. The most that could be said was that our president's hand was slightly doubled up at the moment of contact with *him*, Mr. Brubaker. Have I made myself perfectly clear, gentlemen?

Next I wish to correct the damnable falsehood that, following this accident, Mr. Hornblower scooped up all the money on the table and walked out without saying a word. It is not true that Mr. Hornblower walked out without saying a word. On the contrary he paused before taking leave to make a few well-chosen remarks which I shall never forget. And as for the money, gentlemen, I think you realize that our president is a man of too much integrity, too much standing in the community, to be interested in a jackpot amounting only to some fifty dollars.

Such a sum would have been a mere bagatelle to Mr. Hornblower. What he was interested in, gentlemen, was not the money but a great principle. Indeed, it was the first time in Mr. Hornblower's life that he had ever drawn a royal flush! Moreover, it was the second time in Mr. Hornblower's life that he had ever so much as laid eyes on a royal flush. Naturally, Mr. Hornblower did not propose to be robbed of his just rights by usurpers claiming a hand *higher* than a royal flush.

Before continuing, gentlemen, I trust that you are all familiar with the game which has been our president's lifelong diversion? . . . *No?* . . . Dear me, Mr. Witherspoon! In that case I shall attempt a few words of explanation for your benefit.

First, let me make it plain that poker is not a mere pastime to be confused with such parlor games as contract bridge. Understand me, Mr. Witherspoon, I have no quarrel with bridge. I find it a very ingenious game calling for no little decision, concentration and memory—a game particularly adapted to women and bridge experts in that it demands a plodding mind delighting in detail. Yet, complex as it appears to the novice, bridge is perhaps life's greatest boon to the natural-born amateur; for he needs only patience, diligence and one of the many valuable books of instruction in order to acquire a fair degree of proficiency. In other words, bridge, like china-painting, Esperanto and bird-lore, can both be taught and learned.

Such, Mr. Witherspoon, is not the case with poker. Poker can neither be taught nor learned. In common with military strategy, correct spelling or left-handed pitching, one's poker ability is already predetermined some months before he is born. He can or he cannot play poker, and no law of heredity is more inexorable in its application.

To continue (and I am sure that Mr. Hostetter or Mr. Terwilliger will approve of the comparison), poker stands in exactly the same relationship to bridge as the chef's art to domestic science, as oratory to public speaking or as fine arts to handcrafts. Far from encountering complexity in poker, the novice is beguiled and deceived by a few apparently simple combinations within the grasp of a mental defective. Like the adolescent facing the world, he does not suspect at the outset that these combinations are treacherous because, rather than in spite of, their very simplicity. As a result he wins on a first, perhaps even a second or third occasion, against experts. He wins, gentlemen, for exactly the same reasons why a sophomore would prove perplexing to a diplomatist. And having won just enough to make him a lifelong loser, he goes on feeding the kitty for the rest of his troubled days on earth.

Yet I would not have it understood, gentlemen, that I am maligning the novice in poker. His function is as clear and unmistakable as that of the patron in art. It is his rôle, and a very worthy one it is, too, to provide the materials, the ammunition, the sinews of war, for those epoch-making battles between the great strategists of the game. Or, to employ a more primitive and hence more appropriate simile, the novice and the poker player were as obviously created for each other as the lion and the tender, juicy gazelle.

Stark as this statement may sound, gentlemen, I will not qualify a word of it. For we are now approaching the Darwinian essence—nay, the quintessence!—of our national game. Those four cards dealt face-up on the table, what do they symbolize if not the unequal abilities with which each of us is endowed? That one hidden hole-card, what indeed does it symbolize if not the eternal mystery of existence, the relationship of metaphysics to circumstance? . . . I hope, Mr. Witherspoon, that I have made myself perfectly clear—poker, like any other great art, is an interpretation of life itself.

Keeping this firmly in mind, let us now return to the events which have culminated in Miss Gotz's breach-of-promise suit. But in order to understand them fully, it will be necessary to turn back the hands of the clock and recall the beautiful home life of our president until the untimely death of his wife two years ago.

For in those pioneer days of 1912, gentlemen, our great firm occupied only one room; and Mr. Hornblower, single-handed, was the forerunner of the splendid sales organization you are now piloting. Debts were pressing. Notes were due. Our president, frantic with worry, was unable to sleep; so his wife, as a true helpmate, played cards with him to pass away nights when insomnia was added to his other burdens. Yet it would not be accurate to say that he *taught* her poker. As I have emphasized before, poker can be explained but not taught. He merely showed her the combinations without realizing that he possessed the rarest of all jewels—a woman able to play poker!

Not until the evening when she laid down that immortal hand and raked in his last chip did Mr. Hornblower have the slightest inkling. And then, gentlemen, as he gazed transfixed on the first pat royal flush of his life, it was as if a vision had been vouchsafed him! Like Bruce gazing upon the spider, he saw far beyond the clouds of discouragement into blue skies bridged by a rainbow of hope. For the royal flush, Mr. Witherspoon, can never be described merely as the five highest cards of one suit. The royal flush is a symbol, rather, a pledge and an inspiration. It represents the pure and shining ideal, as distinguished from earthly things; and like the angels above, it is something we must accept upon faith. Indeed, the devout poker player is but little concerned whether he or his opponent holds the royal flush—it is enough to have *seen* one in a lifetime, to have reached out a tremulous hand and *touched* that manifestation of the ultimate.

Need I add, gentlemen, that this moment was the spiritual turning point of our firm? There are materialists who would accuse me of superstition; but I find nothing remarkable in the coincidence that Mr. Hornblower received his first large order by telephone on the following morning. Order followed order in brilliant succession, until he was soon on the road to his present success.

Others might easily have forgotten the source of their inspiration, but not our president. As one entered his dwelling in those bygone days, the first sight to meet the eyes was that royal flush framed in a position of honor over the piano. It struck the keynote of the home and, like a family motto, it proclaimed to the world that the Hornblowers aspired to the topmost rung.

Not only was it a daily staff of strength and guidance in the business world, but its influence kept the home free from those irritations which mar so many marriages. The moment our president realized that his wife was proficient in the keenest of games, their domestic differences were soon settled fairly and amicably.

I am sure, for instance, that all of you have envied Mr. Hornblower his ear for good music. How often have we heard him in his office humming a bit from *La Bohème* or a delicate fragment from Dvorak's *Humoresque!* Yet I wonder how many of you know that a close game of two-handed stud was the beginning of our president's musical education? Yes, gentlemen, a timely full house—jacks on sevens, if my memory serves me right—was the key which unlocked a new world of artistic appreciation.

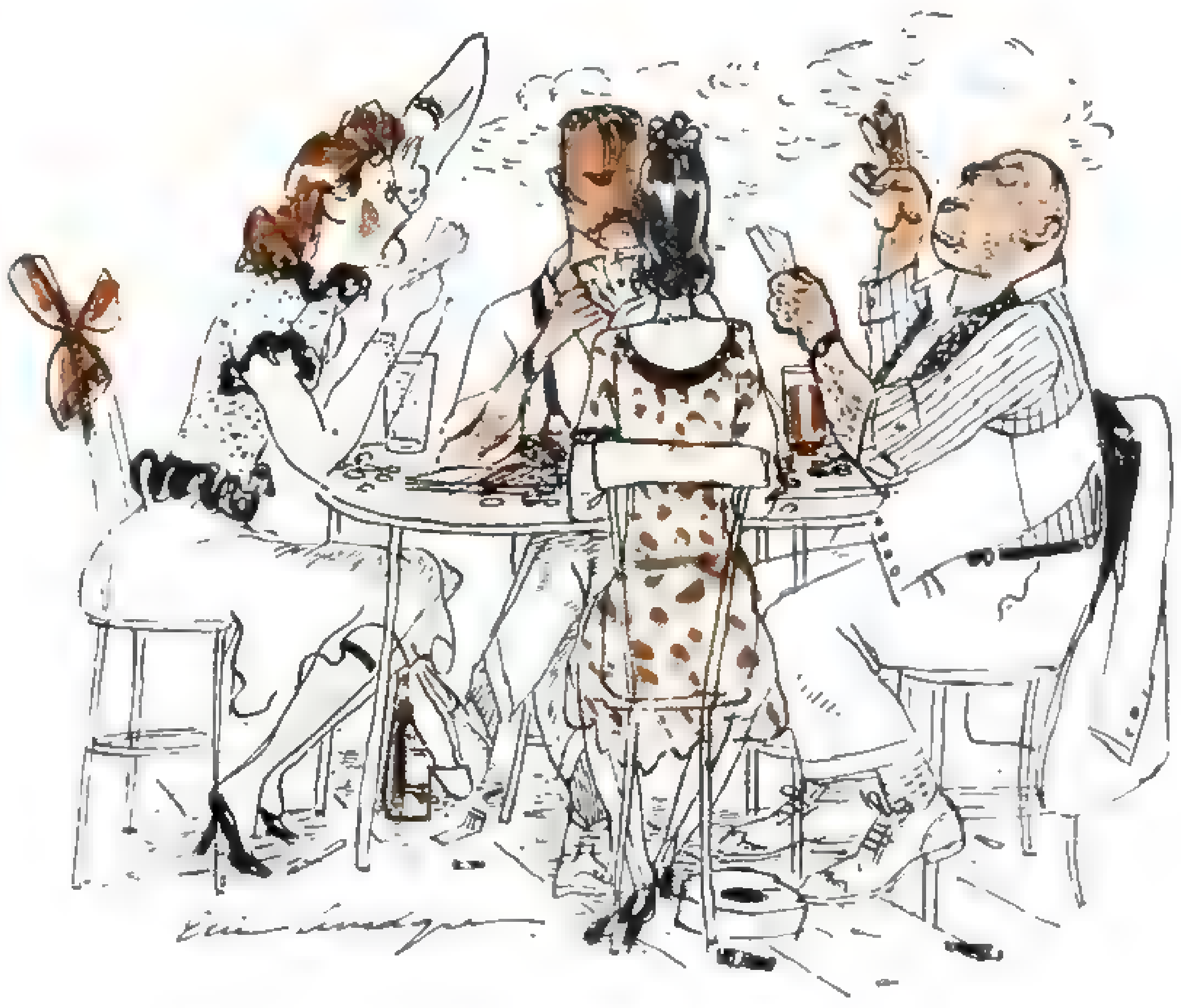
Lesser wives might nag or fret, but Mrs. Hornblower proposed stud to decide whether they could afford season tickets to the Symphony or a new hot water heater for the basement. The chips were equally divided with the understanding that the winner of them all was to have his way. It took two long evenings, gentlemen, before a verdict could be reached; then as Mrs. Hornblower filled that full house, she knew that music had prevailed. Often our president had to shave with cold water during the remainder of the winter, but he could always have been heard happily humming some masterpiece from the previous evening at the concert.

Obviously a husband and wife cannot play for money, since their funds are common, so the Hornblowers continued to play poker for principles. During the following summer, for example, our president won an enjoyable fishing trip to Canada instead of the vacation in Atlantic City which his wife had preferred. Afterwards he confided to me that a well-timed bluff, with a four-flush showing, had led to his triumph.

With two players so well matched, it meant that the hearthside game had become a means of compromise which satisfied victor and vanquished alike. There was, as a further instance, the occasion some years later when our president wanted a new car and his wife aspired to the mink coat so dear to the heart of every woman. But did they dispute the difference of opinion as so many couples would have done? No, gentlemen, it took a week of consecutive and hard-fought evenings to arrive at a decision; but Mrs. Hornblower appreciated the prize far more because she had *earned* it. How often have I heard her remark, "This isn't a mink coat—it's four treys against an ace-high straight!"

Her husband would laughingly rejoin, "It might have been a twin-six coupé, my dear, if I'd suspected that you held another trey in the hole." Only a few months later he did win his new car—against a tour of the West Indies—when Mrs. Hornblower discovered that her confidence in a diamond flush had been misplaced.

I have unveiled these incidents of the past, gentlemen, lest we forget what a perfect marriage our president had until his great bereavement. There were no repressions in that home, no complexes, no smoldering little resentments. And though never blessed with children, the union continued for twenty-two years with a serenity which seems unbelievable in this era of quick divorce.



And now, gentlemen, I come with the utmost reluctance to the unfortunate publicity which has accompanied this breach-of-promise suit. As executives of this firm, I ask you to forget the misleading accounts in the newspapers and listen with open minds. For it will be your duty tomorrow to *interpret* the situation to our salesmen with the greatest tact and delicacy.

First, put yourselves in our president's position. What could be more natural than that our president, in his loneliness, should make the acquaintance of such an attractive young woman as Miss Dorothea Gotz? As her picture on the front page reveals, Miss Gotz is a blonde of undeniable charm; and as I have often assured him, our president is fifty-six years *young*. Thus the acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and with his usual kindliness of heart Mr. Hornblower saw fit to give Miss Gotz several thoughtful little remembrances of congenial evenings spent in each other's company.

His integrity was such, gentlemen, that he had no inkling of these gifts ever being misunderstood. He had only the most Platonic of motives in presenting Miss Gotz with the bungalow, the roadster and the bracelet which the newspapers have mentioned in such a carping spirit. He did not realize that there are always convention-bound souls of whom it may truly be said, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Nor did he realize that Miss Gotz herself might place the wrong construction on his generosity. Even when she made free to resign her position as manicurist in the barber shop where Mr. Hornblower first met her, he granted without question the small loans she requested from time to time.

This, gentlemen, was the situation prior to the deplorable events which I am about to discuss. Briefly, Miss Gotz had already revealed herself as a siren of a most designing character; and in order to insinuate herself further into our president's good graces, she proposed an evening of poker upon learning that he was a devotee of the national game.

He accepted with reluctance, due to fond memories, and invited me as a fifth hand to the bungalow which the newspapers have falsely termed an "alleged love-nest." Miss Gotz had asked her two best friends—Miss Eisenkorn, the new manicurist, and Mr. Brubaker, a salesman for a barbers' supply house.

Our president seemed silent and moody as the game began, and after the first draw only he and Miss Gotz stayed. They raised each other the quarter limit several times before Miss Gotz called with two pairs, nines on deuces. Our president showed three queens and, as might be expected, reached for the pot. But he met a cruel shock and disillusionment. "Oh, no!" cried Miss Gotz. "I have four nines, our crowd always plays deuces-wild, it's so exciting that way."

"It makes the game more sociable," added Mr. Brubaker, "because everybody has a chance to draw a nice big hand."

Now at this point I wish to emphasize again for Mr. Witherspoon's benefit that poker is a game played with character rather than cards. The stout character accepts unflinchingly the odds against him and strives by ability to overcome them. The weak spirit, on the contrary, falls back upon wild cards, hoping thus to reduce the game itself to the common denominator of his own mediocrity. Indeed, Mr. Witherspoon, show me a man who wilfully and habitually plays deuces-wild and I will show you a man capable of taking trout with worms in a state fish hatchery!

Out president, having always associated with the aristocrats of the game, was in no tolerant mood after Miss Gotz carefully explained that four nines were higher than three-of-a-kind. "If," he said thoughtfully,

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Rattlesnakes in the Bag

Of course the object of the game is to collect snakes, not bites, but sometimes the snakes are bum sports

by O. ARRINGTON

• ARTICLE •

I AM a rattlesnake collector. I collect them as a hobby, just for the fun of it. To you, who see snakes voluntarily only in zoos, and involuntarily only in the throes of alcoholic repentance, a snake is a snake—come one, come all. To me the rattlesnake, one species among the hundreds that decorate the earth, affords in itself a field for broad study and offers an opportunity for the exercise of an absorbing avocation.

I realize that no matter how hard I try, I'm not going to convince you that collecting rattlers is any fun. The first and last question you are going to ask is, "What the hell kind of a goddam fool would go out gathering rattlesnakes?" Well, go ahead and ask it: you won't offend me. I've been asking it longer than you have, and I haven't got to first base. All I know is that I enjoy it. If, at the end of a hard day afield with only wild snakes for companions, I search my soul for some explanation as to why I enjoy the company of these beautiful but dumb babies, I also ponder at times on the hobbies of other people.

My hobby, after all, is the collection of good, honest, snakes. I take them straight. I take them right smack out of the desert. I take them as snakes, and they take me as a snake collector. I know they're going to strike, and that if they connect, I'm badly bitten. They have a hunch my only interest in them is in stretching their hides. I have no etchings to show them, and they know it. It's a pretty clean-cut arrangement.

Undoubtedly I am attracted to snakes primarily by their beauty. To you a rattlesnake observed with a sober mind is a creepy animal with a sinister diamond pattern on his back. But his marking is sinister only by association; viewed objectively, it is one of the most intricate and beautiful things to be found in nature. But the rattler is not always a study in patterned browns and tawny yellows. There are other kinds. He comes in more colors in nature than he does in the unholy visions of his alcoholic manifestation. His variations offer a color chart unsurpassed: soft pastel shades, brilliant pure colors, velvety blacks and browns and beautiful metallic iridescence. A snake skin properly cured is one of the most beautiful things in the world; the colors and, especially, the patterns derived from this source constitute a major background for human draftsmanship and art. The rattlesnake holds plenty of beauty for those who stop to look instead of run away. (Don't get me wrong here, however: maybe you better run away at first, until you get used to it. The rattler is beautiful, but he is no little prairie flower. He bites.)

If you think that the rattlesnake is so simple, try to keep in mind (if you can keep snakes in mind at all, which is an accomplishment in itself for the average non-collecting and non-drinking citizen) that there are fourteen kinds of rattlers in the United States. In southern Arizona, my own stamping ground, there are nine varieties.

The Diamondback, of course, is the most common rattler. He is what you, in your blissful ignorance, think all rattlesnakes are. He may be called the backbone of the whole thing. But look at the Tiger Rattler. He consists of a series of reddish brown bars on a pink-grey background. He's rare, and a full grown one measures less than thirty inches long. It's a thrill—to the collector—when you come across one of these unusual babies. Another small rattlesnake is the Green Rattler: a vivid green body (one of the most striking greens you ever saw) across which, at wide intervals, are narrow bands of dark brown. You'll probably never see one, wild. They're very, very rare.

Look at the Black Rattler: a rich, velvety black, with faintly discernible diamond-shaped markings. At the end of each diamond are several gold scales. The Bleached Rattler is a mottled grey with darker quadrangular markings that become bands near the tail; the Willards Rattler is a little slate-grey fellow with two white lines on each side of the head; the Horned Rattler (this is the "Sidewinder" of the pioneers) has straw-colored skin with small brown spots arranged, roughly, in rows the length of its back. A very neat little number. The Spotted Rattler (very rare) has many little brown blotches over an olive-grey body. Try that one out on your clavilux. Try any of these out next time you come down with the fever. No matter how hard you try, you can't match them. The best you can do is pink, and a pretty pale pink at that.

The general impression is, even among non-enthusiasts (of which there are a great many) that the collector goes along all day, day after day, and sees or captures nothing but the Diamondback, glimpsing these rarer birds only on state occasions. This is partly true. But the thrill that comes when you see, then capture, one of the more exotic species makes up for all the hard work. And what's more, I have caught seven varieties of rattlers in one day. Well, I didn't catch them all. Some of them I caught, others I bought of another collector I met in the field.

I started out that day with my usual outfit: an oak stick about six feet long with a hinged piece at the business end to form a scissors when controlled by a rawhide thong; several canvas bags; a venom collecting jar. I also took, of course, a suction kit for first aid. The object of the chase is to collect snakes, not bites, but sometimes you get fooled.

First I went up to Rattler's Gulch, in the Santa Rita Mountains. I worked my way down to the sandy creek bed in the gulch, looking for signs. Soon I saw them: irregular furrows in the sand. A bit further I came to a rock pile about thirty feet high. This clearly was a rattlesnake den. I began to steal quietly toward this formation. (The idea of a man sneaking up on a snake may not sound like cricket: the snake is supposed to sneak up on the man. But like all wild things snakes prefer flight to battle.) A slight movement under a clump of greasewood attracted my attention. It was my first snake.

Imagine my delight (or never mind, you can't do it) to discover that this was a large Blacktail. Olive colored body, chocolate bars, jet black tail. A beauty, and rare: found only in southern Arizona and New Mexico. He was coiled, ready to strike. He rattled sharply. The ugly, wedge-shaped head followed every move I made as the slit-like, expressionless eyes watched for the opportunity to strike.

I moved half a step closer and extended the collecting stick. A flash of green, and two spurts of venom dribbled on the wood.

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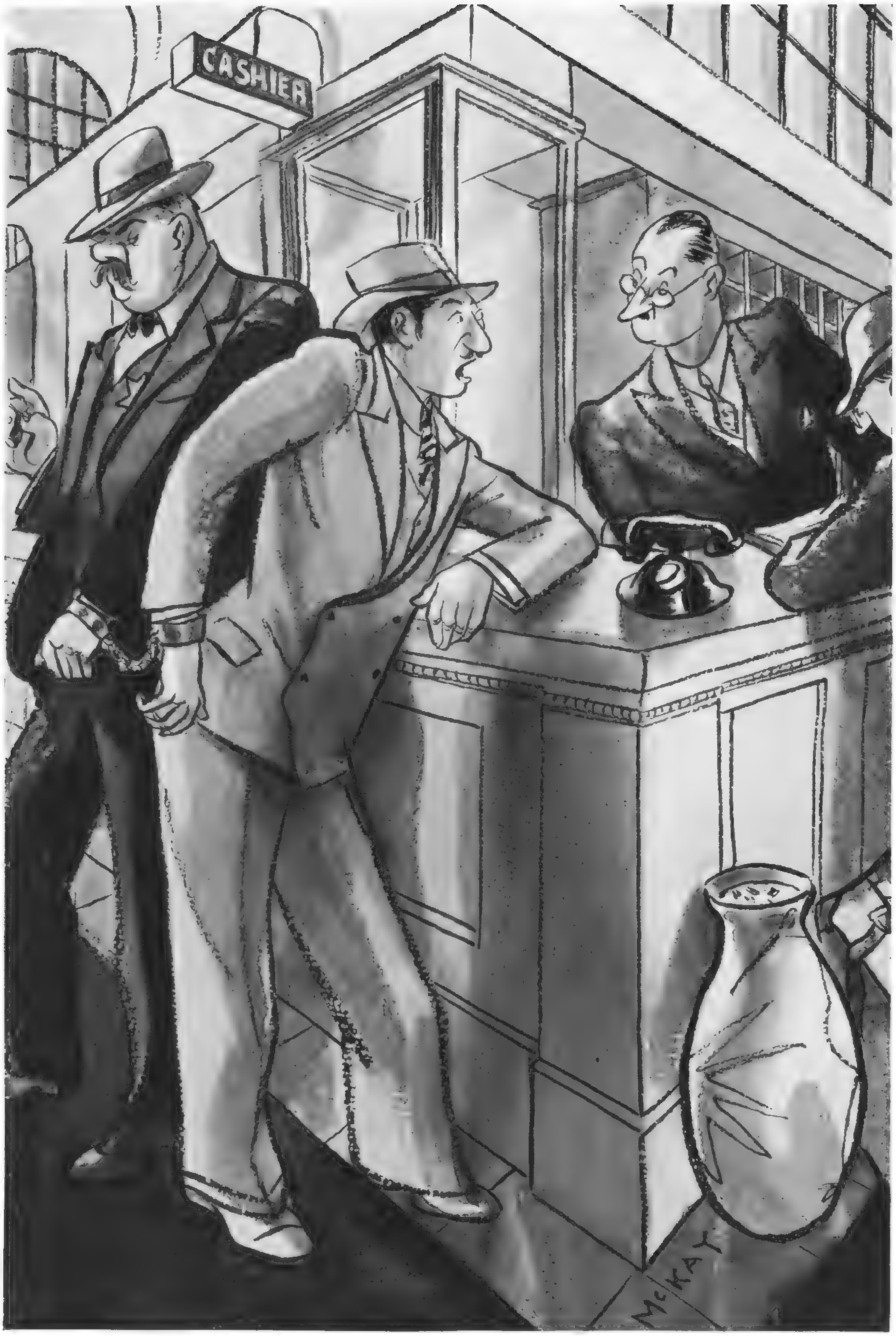
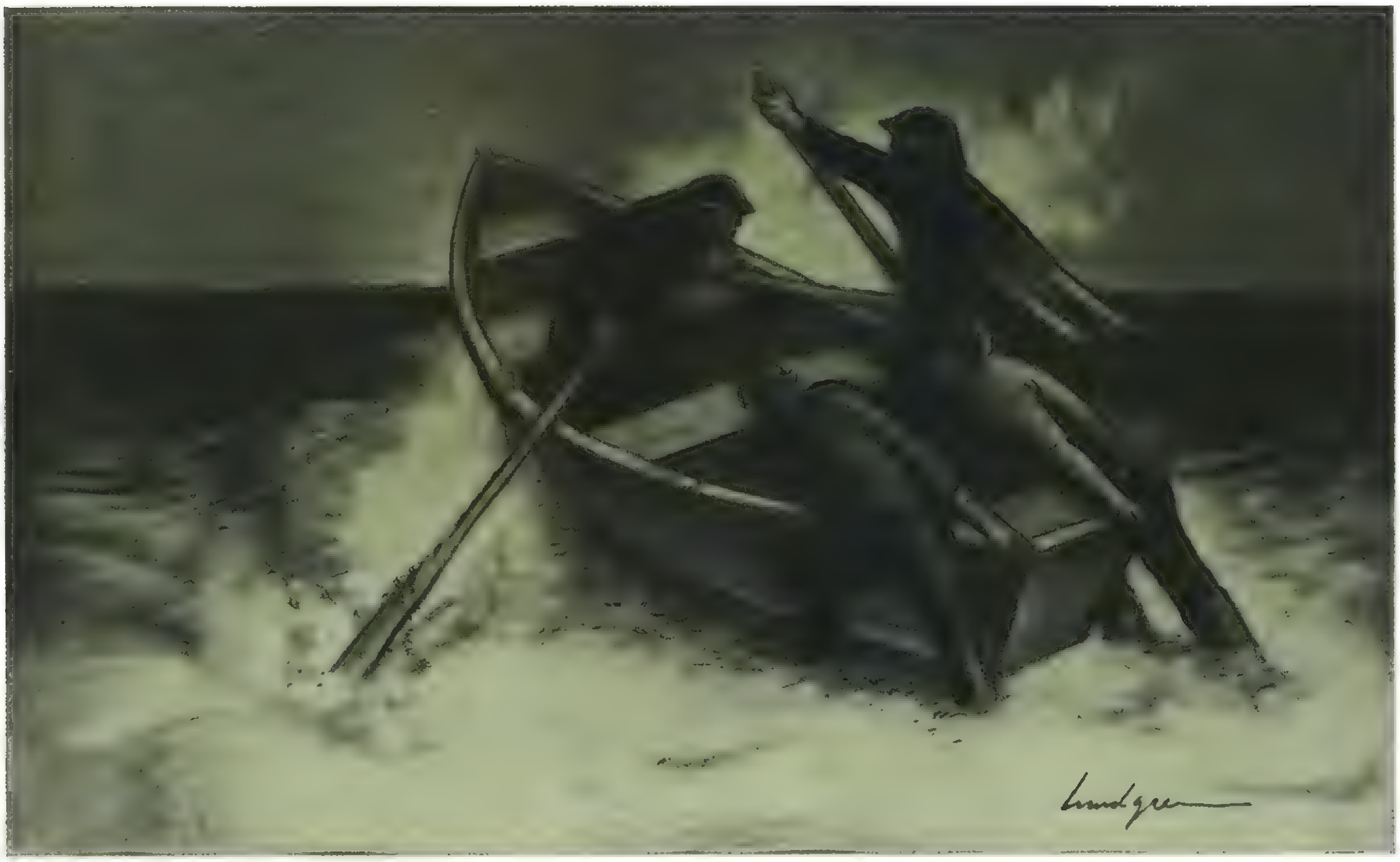

CASHIER
McKAY

"I'd like to leave a forwarding address"



Cod-Fishing

by **WILBERT SNOW**

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"'Tis time we got rigged up for laying in
Our winter fish," an uncle would begin;
"The flies are gone and we can now salt slack."
He gave us little peace till we were back
Into the bay a second time. New snoods
Were bent on new hooks; from the neighboring woods
We cut spruce limbs and shaped them into reels;
Filed sharp our old hooks; punched new leads; for creels
We brought out tubs and tierces—autumn fun
Meant food for winter and gay sport in one
Exciting day's adventure. (Pity him
Who makes his winter fishing just the grim
And driving need of sustenance—his day
Is never famished who turns work to play.)

We knew the favorite shoals where kelps appeared
At dead low water and profusely reared
Protective aprons whose soft shades of brick
And brown were cunningly designed to trick
The cod's worst enemies. We chose a day
When low tide slack at sunrise found the bay
Free from disturbing groundswell; chose for bait
A large white clam, the main course; then a crate
Of small black lobsters just about to shed,
More tempting than the clams; we knew a bed
Of big blue mussels on a half-tide reef
And raided it as we rowed out. The chief
Of all our secret morsels never came
Into the light, nor could you guess its name.

The older men shock clams as we row out,
And sunrise finds us there. A lusty shout
Comes from the boy who lands his first rock cod;
He boasts his prowess, even says, "*By God*"
In his excitement. The proud father's frown
And firm rebuke can scarcely bring him down
To solid earth; but soon his uncle's line
Sags with a twenty pounder, and the shine
On the boy's face dims to see the two fish rub,
Flopping together in the bottom of the tub.
Then two haul stroke by stroke, and he who lands
The bigger of the two calls on all hands
To witness his superior fishing power.
Thus passes all too soon the slack tide hour
Before the fish ease off their ravenous zeal
And our own hunger wakens. We boys steal
A bite with one hand, fishing with the other,
Till apple pie comes out, at which we smother
Our passion for handlining, and attend
An earlier passion's keen-as-fishhook end.

Two sharpen knives and gut the fish, and two
Bend to the oars when over streaks of blue
The air about us is alive with white
And pale blue seagulls, as if morning light
Under that mackerel sky had found a dress
In which to body all its loveliness.
They give us wings; our arms no longer tire
Pulling the oars—we feel the living fire
Of beauty as they swoop and dip and flock
Around us; and no power on earth can lock
The door then opened in the mind of one
Who saw what wings were holding up the sun.

Portrait of an Artist

Letters from his father, his ex-wife and mistress make a photomontage, presenting fairly clearly the features of a skunk

by THOMPSON YOUNG

▪ FICTION ▪

Martindale, December 11

My Son,

It is with a conscious effort that I salute you as my son. My natural feelings move me to deny those words even as I write them. After reading your book, it is inconceivable to me that its author is a child of mine.

You can imagine with what joy your mother and I read your letter some months ago announcing the acceptance of your novel. We were very proud of you. Naturally we told others of your accomplishment, and many members of my congregation extended their congratulations and avowed their interest.

Yesterday I received a copy of *Easy To Take* which you sent. I read it. Unpleasant as the first part was, I thought that the horrible characters and situations were introduced for the laudable purpose of revealing the sinful folly of such lives and actions. As I read on, it was with increasing horror that I realized that the attitude of the author, where revealed, was as iconoclastic and immoral as that of any character, and that the author's approval seemed to rest upon the ugliest things presented. The conclusion of the book, with its vile implications and its unmitigated vulgarity, left me nauseated.

The realization that the thoughts and sentiments expressed in *Easy To Take* were yours, was very bitter. I tried to think that the book was written objectively—that it did not represent your intrinsic self. But I cannot thus delude myself. Your marriage to that strange woman, Marian, and your subsequent divorce from her—these coupled with what I know of you from past observation and what has been reported to me of your conduct, are evidence enough that your own life is not unlike that which you portray in your book.

Aside from the relevancy to you, it strains my credulity to believe that there are such women as Dagvar—and such men as the Stephen of your story. If such people do exist, they are certainly not fit subjects for literature. But it is not as much the revolting, lascivious, immoral characters and actions which disgust me as it is the sardonic, perverted tone of the whole book. *Easy To Take* is an unclean thing; it can be but an unclean influence upon those who read it.

But you do not care for my criticisms. I shall tell you, however, that after reading your book, I walked down cellar and threw it in the furnace. I felt better when I saw it consumed by fire, but somehow I was still prompted to wash my hands when I came upstairs.

I have not told your mother how bad the book was; I simply explained to her that it was too "modern" to make fit reading for such Victorians as we are. She accepted my decision, yet I know that she is hurt. It seems to me that you might have thought of her before allowing such a thing to appear, bearing your name. I suppose the fact that you did not so think, like *Easy To Take*, is very modern of you. If your book and your life are modern, then I am grateful to God that I am an antedated Victorian.

The Librarian here assured me some time ago that she would procure a copy of your book for the Library the moment it was off the press. Today, when I entered the Library, she was embarrassed. From that, I knew that she had read your book; I could see its gaudy binding on a chair beside her. She asked me whether I thought the book might not be a little too frank to be put on the shelves for general circulation, especially because of the young people. "No," I answered, "it is not frank; it is vile, indecent, totally unfit for reading by persons of any age. I will be glad to contribute the price of the book to the Library Fund if you will destroy the book." She said that she would return it to the publishers instead.

I must have failed utterly in my duty as a father. I do not know why I failed, or how. I tried always to see that you had the best of everything; I attempted to make the way easier for you. I did for you all that I could do within the humble range of my wisdom and power. Perhaps I did not leave enough to God, did not trust Him enough—certainly He has had no part in your life. Perhaps I was not sufficiently humble, and this is my punishment. I do not know. I only know that I have tried and failed.

I have nothing more to say to you except that you need not feel it necessary to pay us your annual perfunctory visit at Christmas. Your mother will suffer, but she is accustomed to that where you are concerned. The suffering which she underwent in giving you birth has been extended throughout her life because of your willful, perverse selfishness.

As for myself, I have long since ceased to expect you to have any consideration for me. It may amuse you to know that I shall feel obliged to resign my Pastorate if your book is read in this community. I should feel that any possible influence for good which I might exert would be nullified by the public knowledge that my son signs his name to such a monstrosity as *Easy To Take*.

I do not care to see you again, although, for your mother's sake, I shall not forbid you to come here. When I remember the little boy who delighted to hear me read Kipling's *Jungle Book*, and Hawthorne's tales, and then attempt to identify him with the author of *Easy To Take*—but it is no use.

It is with sorrow and shame and bitterness that I sign myself,

Your father,
Joseph Roberts.

Woodstock, December 12

Dear Rake,

They are giving me the laugh around the studios for having lost a best-seller husband. But I'm satisfied. If you were insufferable before, I can't imagine what you'll be now. Yes, I read the copy of *Easy To Take* which you so ironically and ambiguously inscribed to me. That's your cardinal virtue, isn't it—ambiguity?

Yes, you have done it. Your book is certainly rotten enough to go best-seller. Oh, you are undoubtedly a most remarkably clever fellow. So neat and smooth the smart artiness to panic the palates of the pseudo-liter-

Continued on page 132

Is the Wind Not Free?

Forecasting another era of sailing ships, made faster by principles of aeronautics, for commerce on the sea

by JOHN R. WATT

• ARTICLE •

DON'T be too sure the Age of Sail has passed. Sailing ships may come back. Engineers and research have developed them, theoretically at least, till they can push the steamer to the wall and make it holler for mercy—or a government subsidy. Sure, the sailboats were supplanted by the steamships—about the turn of the century it was—but considering how primitive those windships were, wonder it wasn't fifty years earlier. Even today, a score of the old windjammers are busy in the Australian grain trade, and a few in Pacific Coast lumber. Which shows the steamer's edge over the old-time sailing vessel can't be big—not even in good times. Well, to beat that margin we need to give the old sailer a whiff of oxygen, and let the breezes blow. And can we give her that whiff? Well, rather! Why a tyro yachtsman could improve an old windship's power plant nearly 50 per cent, and an aeronautical engineer, another 100 per cent. Altogether, the profits of an improved clipper-ship promise to be *five* times larger than ever before. Now by McGuffey type reasoning, if the outmoded old drifters can make money today in this age of steamships, it certainly ought to be worth someone's trouble to better old Betsy a paltry five-fold.

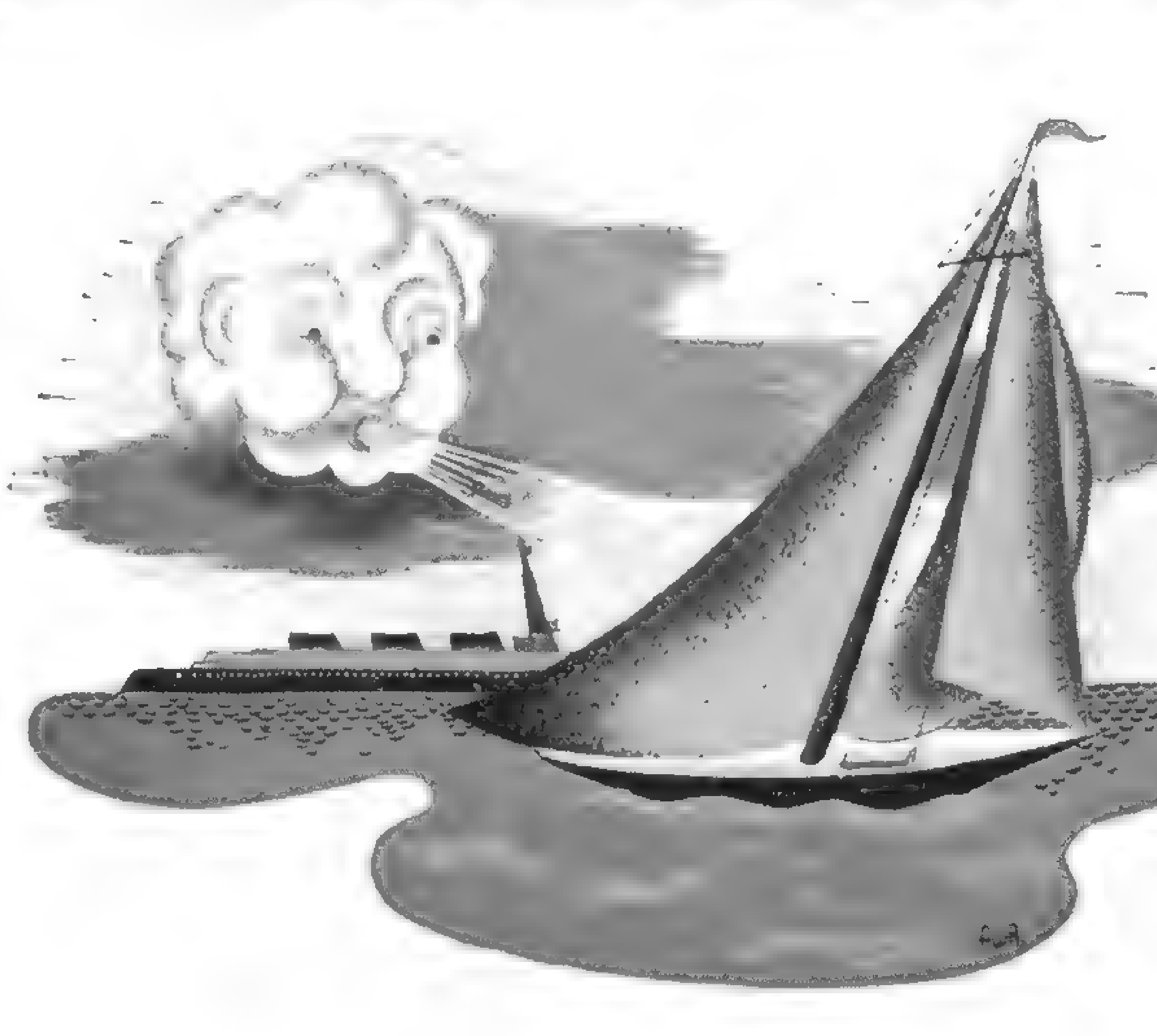
The wind is nature's biggest handout. Men used it for centuries without a clear knowledge of how it might best be utilized. When the steamship arrived, the ship owners lamented the death-knell of the windship, mourned loudly and long, and—bought steamships. The idea occurred to none, apparently, to apply new ideas to old Betsy. Instead, everyone stampeded away to the side of "progress," presumably to live happily ever after, playing with the new toy. When they said, "The battle between sail and steam is one between low costs and low efficiency and high costs and high efficiency, and the steamship is winning," they could not conceive the heights "high costs" would reach. Wages, fuel, and taxes all have taken toll of the powered vessel. Contrast the windjammer: (1) motive power without cost; (2) smaller minimum crew with fewer skilled men; and (3) a large net cargo, no space being occupied by engines and boilers, consuming in a steamer one-fourth to one-third the hull capacity. Possibly before long the ship owners will traipse back to old Betsy—for even the highly efficient motorship may succumb to mounting oil prices—lift her face, and teach her new tricks. The late Sir Thomas Lipton's persistent challenge and the subsequent defenses of the Lipton Cup by America have already taught her a trick or two, and the airplane industry backed by myriads of wind-tunnel experiments—what is a sail but a wing?—knows the rest.

Now, just why did Betsy lose out in the first place? To start with, she couldn't maintain a schedule; she might be 10 days en route from here to there, or she might be 30. This failing was blamed on the vagarity of the winds. Today we realize the wind was sufficient—old Betsy was at fault all the time; she could use only winds pushing from behind. Running with the wind, Betsy was a wonder. In 1854, the clipper *Lightning* set an all time record of 436 nautical miles in one day (18.16 knots). Another marvel of speed was *Sovereign of the Seas*, 5,391 nautical miles in 22 days (10.2 knots). But in order to keep before the wind, old Betsy wandered all over the ocean; where the breezes went, she had to follow. Reaching her destination was more or less a coincidence, and, if quickly, a miracle. If she needed to enter a narrow harbor or river mouth, she simply had to wait for the right puff to waft her in. Tugboats were necessary to nudge her into and away from dockings and to pull her through canals. A few sailers had clumsy steam or gas engines which helped but took up space and burned almost a cargo of fuel. Furthermore, the resistance of the propeller cut down the sailing speed. To summarize, the old-time sailing vessel could not arrive at any given place at any given time. Though capable of terrific speeds in miscellaneous directions, it could never apply that speed to a particular course between ports. If a paddle-wheel steamer could waddle to its destination and back with only reasonable regularity, it was still infinitely better than a sailing vessel.

The second big handicap of the windship was its material. Any steel ship would have supplanted the wooden sailing ship, no matter what its power; the steel ship was lighter by from 25 to 40 per cent, carrying correspondingly heavier cargoes. Owing to inherent weakness the wooden vessel was limited to about 250 feet in length (a size comparatively slow, as well as uneconomical in cost and operation), whereas a steel ship could be expanded to a more efficient length. Considering speed alone, if the 200-odd-foot *Lightning* had been 400 feet long—the size of a small steel freighter—on the eve of its record, the mark set would have been 50 per cent faster. Steel had other features; it was fireproof, wormproof, and rot-resistant. True, a few windjammers were made of steel, but even then they could not be built as large as the steamers; the big sails could never have been handled by the methods then used.

The third weakness of the old square-rigged vessel was its enormous crew, the ship's earning power being reduced by wages, food, and space for living quarters. A five-masted bark spread 41 separate sails, necessitating 40 or 50 seamen. When a big square sail was to be clewed down, 20 men had to mount the rigging, sometimes almost 200 feet above the deck, spread themselves at equal distances along a yard occasionally 125 feet long, and there, standing on a cable looped below the yard, haul in the flapping, swelling canvas hand over hand. Today such Pacific Coast schooners as *Vigilant* and *Commodore* carry auxiliary square sails which may be spread or furled without a man leaving the deck. The top edge of the sail is fastened to hoops sliding on the yard itself; to spread the sail, ropes pull the upper corners of the canvas out to the ends of the yard, the lower corners similarly. Furling the sail is done by pulling the top corners and the bottom corners in toward the mast. This "curtain" sail is just one of the improvements ship owners overlooked in the day of square sails. The schooners appearing in the last of the Age of Sail were a great advance over the square-rigger; needing less than half the crew, hundreds of schooners are profitable today, whereas only a score of the older type are still in service. Besides the small crew—less even than a powered vessel's, the schooner was easier to handle and could sail into the wind better. While the square-rigged ship might be revived by the "curtain" sails, the schooner alone merits development.

"Wind is the one thing that does not change in price," argued Mr. C. O. Liljegren in the *Pacific Marine Review* in 1920, as he presented plans for a scientific sailer, "and, unlike fuels, does not cost more to give more speed." Fifty per cent faster than the clipper ships and carrying twice as much cargo, this naval architect's vessel was proved—on paper at least—to be more profitable than the powered ships



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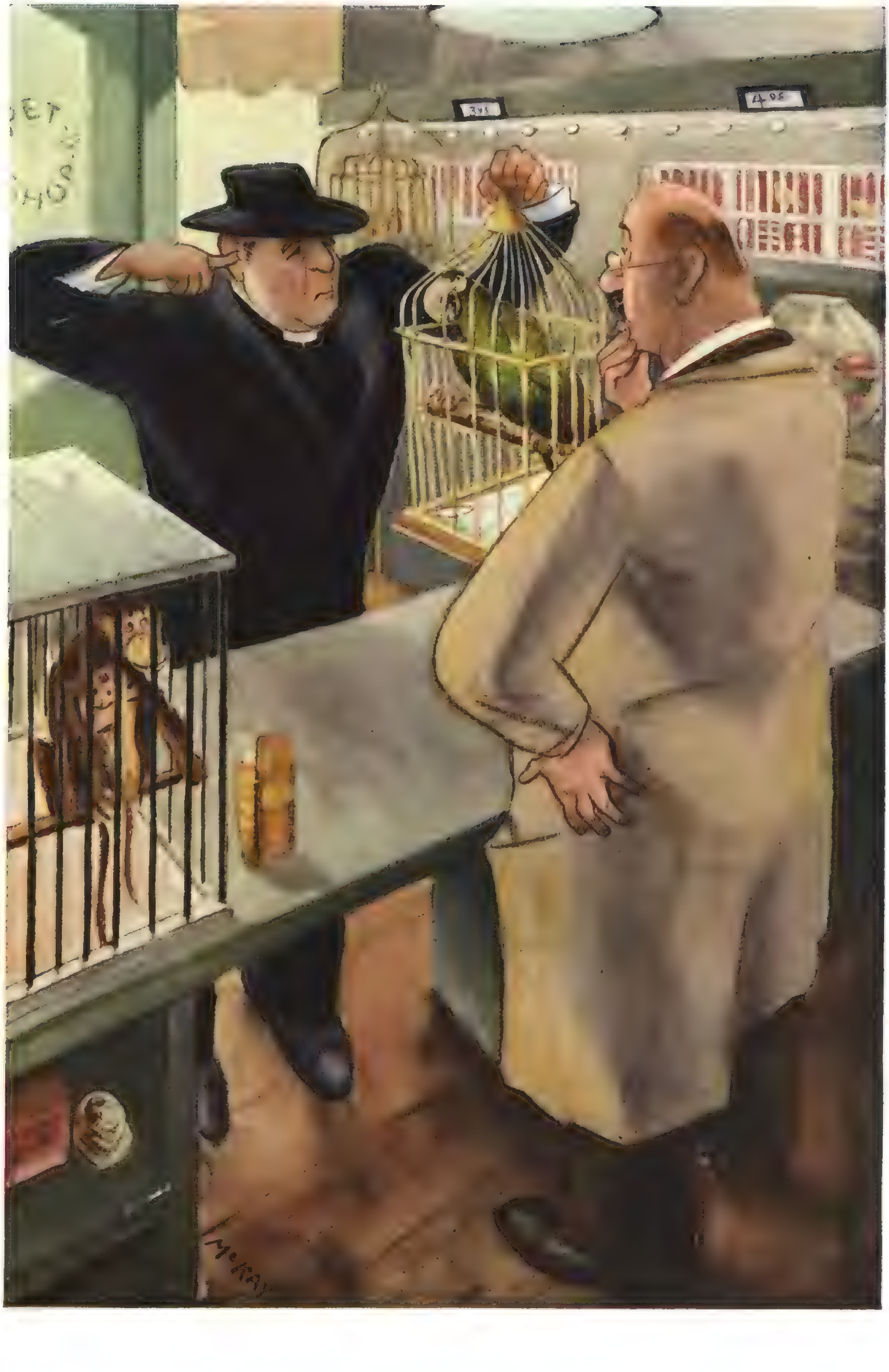
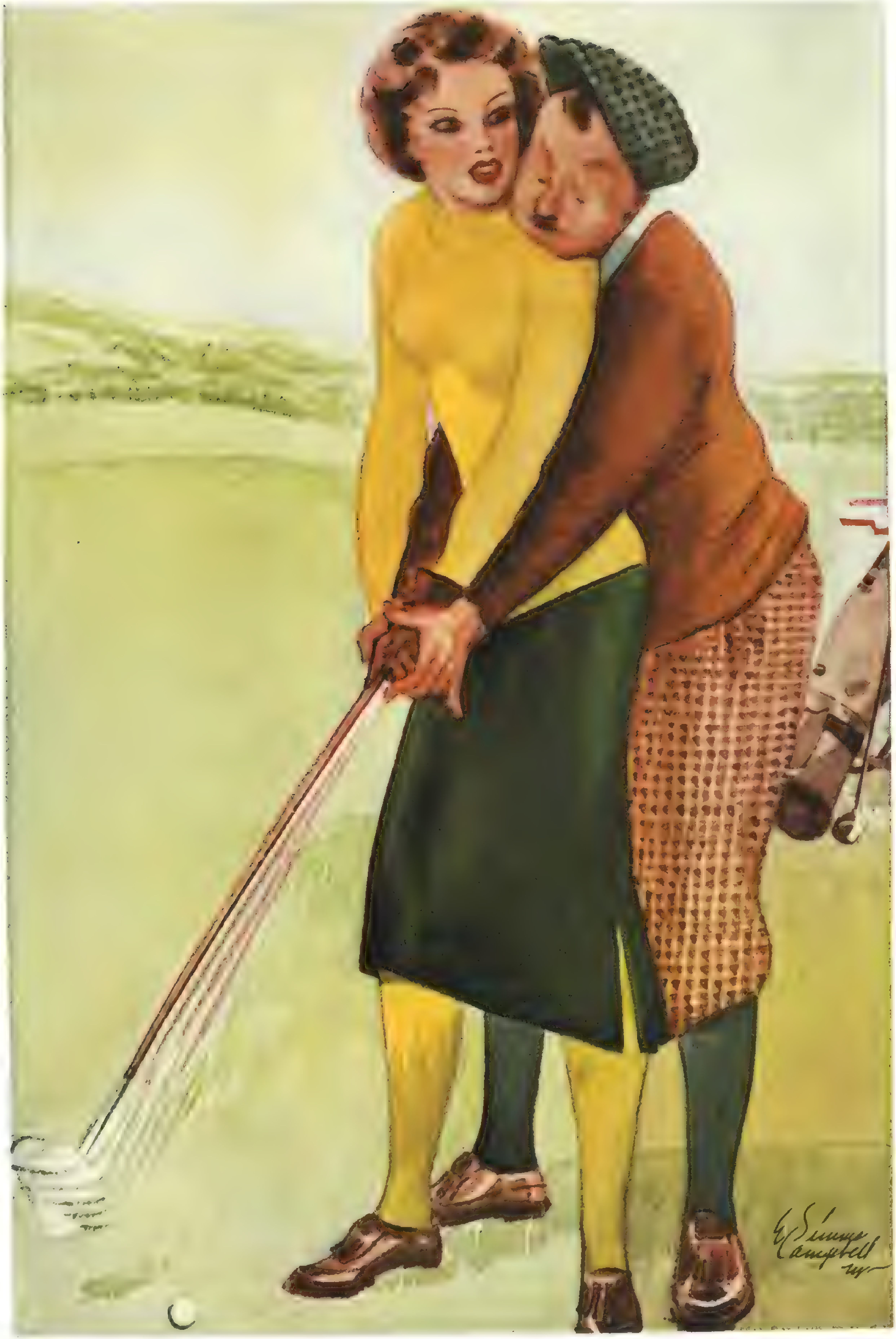


PET SHOP
3.95
4.95
McKAY

"That's the reason I sold him to you, Reverend—I thought you'd reform him"


E. Simms Campbell

"—but when do I hit the ball Mr. McGregor?"

Not So Soft Ball

Several Big League players have tried to show what a sap's game it is, with interesting results

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

Augie Galan, hard-hitting, brilliant-fielding member of the Chicago Cubs, is speaking:

"You can call it softball if you want to," he declares. "But I don't care for any more of it. I'll stick to baseball where I've got a chance. In the first place, I'm not taking any more chances of broken fingers and a cracked nose trying to catch those cannon ball drives that whiz past me. And at bat—well, you can't hit what you can't see!"

Augie had his first experience with softball last Fall at his home in California, where the game has taken hold in the same amazing manner in which it has spread throughout the nation. What happened to Galan has been repeated scores of times—in fact, wherever a major league ball player has volunteered to demonstrate what a "soft" game this softball might be.

Even the great Babe Ruth, appearing as an umpire at a championship softball game in New York not long ago, took five healthy whiffs at the atmosphere trying to connect with the underhand slants of a softball pitcher. Finally he gave up, took the ball from the catcher and walloped it into the stand just to show what would have happened had he hit it.

Just what is this game of softball which has taken the nation by storm? What is the attraction in this sport which has grown so popular that seventy teams from forty-one states gathered in Chicago to play in its last "world series?"

Technically, it is concentrated baseball, and therein lies its biggest appeal. It is played on a smaller diamond, with a larger ball, more restricted pitching and special rules to fit the game. Base-stealing is more or less barred because of the shorter base-lines—sixty feet as compared to baseball's ninety—and in most parts of the country, the batter is not permitted to bunt.

The pitcher must throw the ball underhand, but anyone who thinks that this handicap makes it a cinch for the batter should stand up à la Babe Ruth or Augie Galan and try to hit some of the good hurlers. The speed and curves they attain are almost unbelievable.

Forty feet is the distance from the pitching mound to the plate and the pitching stars of softball will make you think Walter Johnson was just a novice when it comes to propelling the ball with a bit of a zip on it.

The ball? Well, it's twelve inches in circumference. A baseball is a trifle over nine, and if you're good at mathematics you'll manipulate our old friend "pi" to find that a softball is only about a quarter-inch larger in radius than a baseball. And it's just as hard. Put a projectile like that in the hands of a tall lad with limber muscles, bring him twenty feet closer to the plate than a baseball pitcher—and prepare to swing. You will!

This doesn't mean, of course, that a softball can't be hit. It can be, but usually not by a baseball player, nor by anyone who isn't familiar with what he has to hit at. He'll never get familiar with what the pitcher is throwing because he won't see it. But he can borrow a look from the catcher now and then, and pretty soon he'll learn to quit swinging from the hip pocket in the baseball manner. By the time the bat has been brought around to where it might do some damage the umpire already has called a strike and the ball is on its way back to the pitcher.

There are plenty of good softball batters, though. Rochester, New York, in the big championship meet at Chicago two years ago, produced a lad named Kimball who made four homers in five games against the country's best pitching talent. Most local leagues have their sluggers who seem to be able to attune their eyes to the dazzling speed of the hurler and can hit with real consistency.

The history of the game is interesting. Some think it is an offspring of the old sport of indoor baseball, which had its birth one rainy afternoon in Chicago, about sixty years ago, when a group of youngsters started batting an old boxing glove around with a broomstick. Their instructor, George Hancock, worked out a set of rules known to this day as "Hancock's Rules." They provided for a diamond with 27-foot baselines, a mushy ball seventeen inches in circumference, and ten players on a side. The game enjoyed tremendous popularity until basketball came in. Being exclusively an indoor pastime, it lost out because it lost the places in which to play.

Softball, however, has borrowed nothing from the old indoor ball game except the ten players on a side. And even then, the extra man isn't placed close to the batter, as he used to be in that game, but somewhere between second base and center field. Otherwise there is scarcely any similarity.

Historians of the sport believe that it was in the Northwest that someone first thought of either moving indoor baseball outdoors or condensing baseball to fit a smaller field. At any rate, the first organized playing of the game was in Minneapolis and St. Paul about twenty-five years ago. At first it was called "kitten ball," a name by which it is still known in many localities.

It seems that in the early days all of the balls were made by hand by a fireman in St. Paul during spare moments. To identify his product, he used a picture of a kitten on the ball, hence the name. It would be nice to say that he made a fortune out of it, but he didn't. Pretty soon the game grew so popular that he couldn't keep up with the demand, and the sporting goods manufacturers began making the balls by machine, while the fireman went out of business. The name "kitten ball," however, survived, although in parts of the Northwest it was later succeeded by "diamond ball." Recreation workers from the Twin Cities went to other parts of the country and took the game with them.

Florida was bitten by the bug, then the Southwest, the Middle West, the Pacific Coast and finally the East, where it is now enjoying a belated, but a rapid growth.

Five years ago a national organization was formed by those interested in the game—an organization which today is the largest amateur sport body in the world, with members in every state and thousands of teams under its banner.

The formation of the body, the Amateur Softball Association of America, came about at the 1933 World's Fair. Those in charge of the sport program decided that there was enough interest in the softball game to warrant a national tournament of some kind. Accordingly, two Chicago newspapermen were asked to line up some teams. With only about three weeks in which to work, this looked like a herculean task, but it was made easier by the inducement of a book of passes to the Fair for each player on the competing teams.

A diamond and a grandstand were built under one of the sky-ride towers while the "rounding up" was going on, and when the day of the tournament arrived, eighteen teams were present, representing a dozen states. The only difficulty was that the

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Assistance Flight

It was a moot question which was in greater distress, the airplane sent for rescue, or the trawler

by JAMES SMITHSON

• ARTICLE •

My mission was to contact the trawler *Henley*, lying approximately 150 miles east of Cape Cod light, remove a sick member of her crew, and transport him to shore for hospitalization. The job itself was not an unusual one to Coast Guard aviation; I'd carried out similar missions innumerable times since my assignment to Salem Air Station. This time, however, the weather seemed intent on keeping airplanes on the ground. Snow, fog, and freezing temperatures formed a nasty combination to work against. Added to this was the uncertainty of the trawler's position—its two reports had varied by almost fifty miles in this respect. Use of the plane's direction finder in locating it was impossible, due to the fact that the trawler was equipped solely with phones, of a frequency that our sets could not work. Ordinary messages between us had to be relayed via the shore station. Still another factor, and by no means the least to be considered, was the danger that my flying instruments should become inoperative, due to the fact that they were run by venturi tubes located out in the open air stream where they had every chance of icing over. Instruments would be indispensable should fog set in, or the snow become so thick as to preclude visibility.

I ran the forty miles to Cape Cod light, then set a course for the last named position of the trawler, 150 miles at sea. A feeble attempt on the part of daybreak to penetrate the ghostly atmosphere to eastward was not reassuring. An already inadequate ceiling began to force me to lose altitude in order to retain a semblance of visibility. Unless we should strike a sudden clearing, I knew it would only be a matter of minutes until I would have to resort to blind flying. They weren't long in passing—less than a half hour after leaving the Cape I was in "soup" of the thickest variety. This meant that our chances of making good the course I had planned were remote, as I had no means of determining the wind direction to aid in dead reckoning.

A message from the trawler relayed to us via the shore station was not encouraging. It reported intermittent fog and snow with increasing winds. I had hoped from the vessel's earlier report that we might locate it during one of the clear intervals, but even in that lucky event, if the wind should get much stronger that it was at the time we left the station, the sea would become too rough for landing. The only course open to us, however, was to continue and hope for the best.

At about 125 miles from Cape Cod I decided to climb above the fog to see if a break could be found leading to the vicinity of our destination. The damnable stuff seemed to be interminable; at 8,000 feet it was as thick as it had been close to the water. It was not until we had gained an altitude of 12,000 feet that I noticed vague discolorations in the enveloping mist that told me we might be nearing the top. At 14,500 feet we broke through the uppermost layer into clear atmosphere. The cold was insufferable. It bit through our heavy flying clothes and set us shivering. The cylinder head temperatures of our two faithful engines dropped perilously close to the rupture point. The sun, just topping the horizon, scattered sparkling crystals over the surface of the cloud-sea below us. Had it not been for the seriousness of the problem on hand, I might have taken time to marvel at the beauty of the scene. We had arrived, however, in the vicinity of our destination and to all appearances, were little better off as far as the success of our mission was concerned, than we had been an hour and a half before.

I began an estimate of the situation. We had run our distance according to time, on the course that should lead to the last reported position of the trawler. If it were indeed in that position, and we had not been carried off our desired track by uncalculated winds, the vessel should be three miles directly beneath us. Now our problem lay in getting there. It entailed descending through thousands of feet of cloud-mass which might extend all the way to the surface of the water. Blind flying, under the most favorable conditions, is something which requires numerous precautionary measures. In our present situation, few of these could be applied. We were 15,000 feet above the water in sub-zero temperature. We had no means of accurately determining the height, if any, of the ceiling over the water's surface, because of the uncertainty that the vessel, which could give us this information, was actually in the position we assumed it to be. For the same reason we could not depend on it for the barometric pressure with which to correct our altimeter. Aside from this, there existed a real danger that our plane, having assumed the extreme temperature of the rarefied atmosphere, should ice over upon striking the relatively warmer cloud strata during our descent.

About this time, a message from the trawler, relayed to us via the base, scattered any misgivings I might have had concerning our predetermined course of action. It said in effect, ". . . SICK MAN IS GROWING VISIBLY WEAKER . . . VOMITING MUCH BLOOD . . . MUST BE TAKEN TO HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY."

In a return message I instructed the trawler to forward us the state of visibility, the direction of the wind and the barometric pressure at intervals of five minutes. The trawler's first report, which was not long in arriving, indicated a ceiling of approximately 1,000 feet. I eased the throttles and started down.

At the first contact with the cloud-bank our cabin windows frosted over. This, in itself, was of no consequence, but it confirmed my misgivings as to what might happen to the rest of the airplane. The hands of our altimeter unwound in keeping with our earthward spiral. I worked the heat control flapper valves to prevent their freezing in the closed position, and wished heartily for a de-icer system on my props and wings.

When the altimeter registered 2,000 feet I began to descend with caution. Errors inherent in the instrument, or a change in barometric pressure, could easily produce a misreading of a thousand feet or more. Holding the plane in level flight attitude, and with only sufficient power on the engines to keep the ship in control, I continued descent by the "power-stall" method—I had no desire suddenly to meet the water with one wing in the depressed position! Too many crack-ups have resulted from that. The mechanic wiped the ice from the outside of my window with a rag soaked in glycerine. At eight hundred feet I began to get worried. Instead of finding the ceiling reported by the trawler, the fog was as thick as it ever had been. We had descended another two hundred feet when the radio man touched me on the arm. I started.

"The trawler's just fixed his position with cross bearings, sir," he said. "She's 105 miles due east from Pollock Rip light vessel!"

One hundred five miles east of Pollock Rip light vessel! A good forty miles from the position the trawler had first thought itself to be. No wonder the present weather conditions didn't jibe with the report it had sent!

Immediately I climbed to a safe altitude and set a new course for the trawler. A half-hour later we broke through the fog and into a clearing. A discouraging spectacle greeted us. Great lines of whitecaps covered the sea like a mantle of lace. No airplane could land

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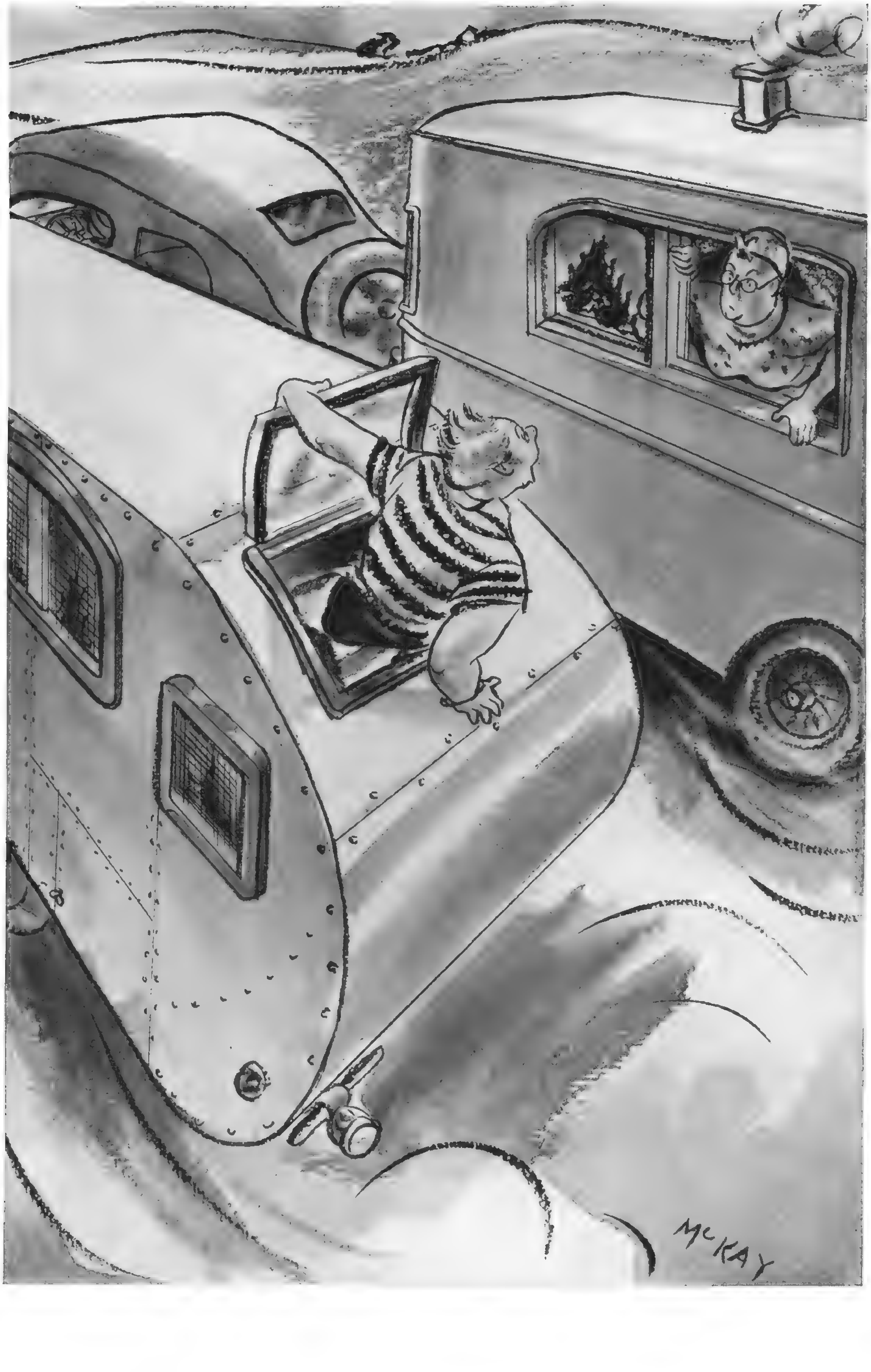


"Could I borrow a cup of sugar, Mrs. Hamilton?"

Color Rides the River

Before they put glamour into sweep racing, a smart little school could buy up its crew for a dime a dozen

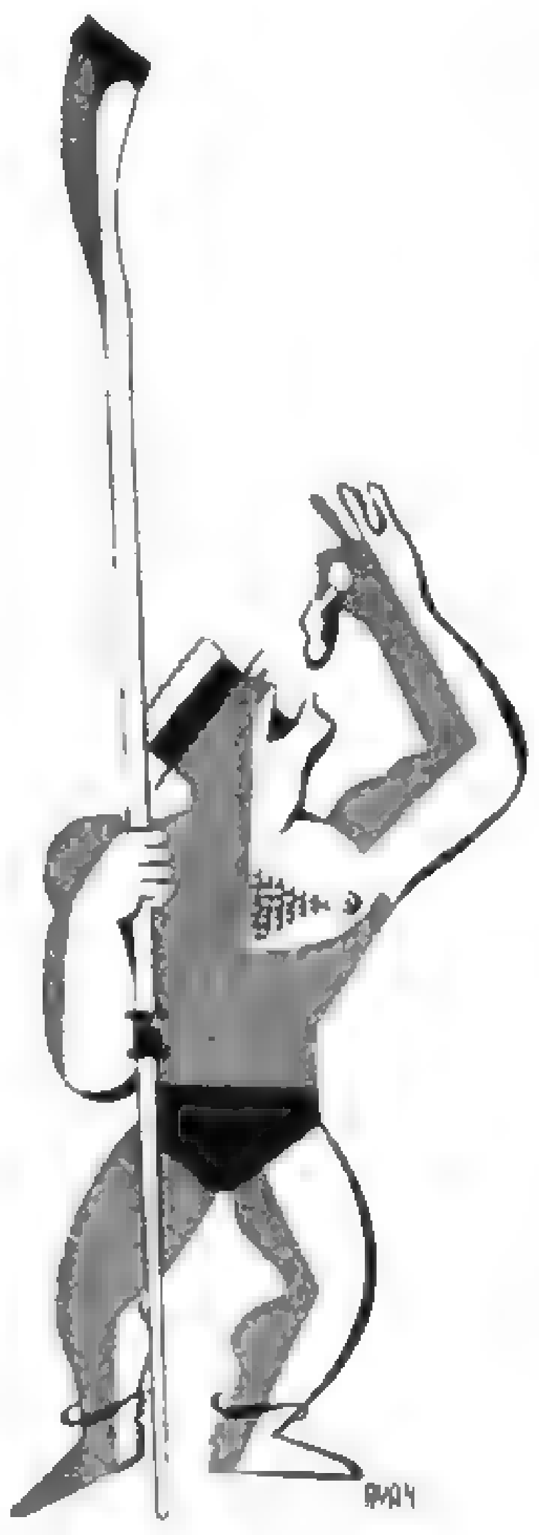
by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

It was Chesty Bill Furman who really put crew racing across with the American public. Of course people had been attending crew races for a number of years—quite a few of them at such events as the Poughkeepsie and the Harvard-Yale regattas—but crew didn't really loom large in the minds of the general sporting public. You never, for instance, heard of pools on crew races, or the influence of the gamblers being deplored, or All-American crews being picked by a committee of five hundred important experts and coaches as it is done in football. After the season was over, the experts would just give it as their opinion that Washington—or Cornell—or Yale had the best crew in the country, and let it go at that. It was very dull.

Very dull indeed, compared to the glamour of boxing and track and golf and football and baseball and all the other big-time sports until, as I said, Chesty Bill Furman came along, and rowed on the famous Weston crews of 1941-2-3. But first a little bit about Weston. It was a college up in the lake district of Northern Michigan whom nonobody had ever heard of until 1940. In the late thirties it did make one abortive attempt to produce a football team, but with its limited financial resources, it found that it simply couldn't afford to get really first-rate players. And so, strange as it may seem, it turned to crew racing as a means of putting itself on the map. It turned out to be a wise choice.

Weston purchased a shell and a Pacific Coast coach in 1940, and, by judicious shopping, assembled some likely looking material, the cost of crew men in those days being practically negligible. For the first year it merely practiced, but in the spring of the following year it managed to procure a race with the Harvard junior varsity. It was this race which made Chesty Furman who, up to that point, had seemed to be just like all other crew men from time immemorial. To get a line on their rivals, various members of the crew were reading Eastern papers. The gist of these articles apparently escaped Furman's fellow-oarsmen, but it didn't escape him. It was, as you of course know if you have read many articles about crews, that crew men remain anonymous. Crew racing is a team sport, and nobody ever hears of a star oarsman as one hears of football players, tennis stars, and track aces. And no crew men have color.



All this made an immediate impression on Chesty. "No color, eh?" he muttered. "We'll see about that." It should be stated that color in athletics had become increasingly resplendent in the late thirties and early forties. No athlete got to first base with the public unless he had an imposing string of eccentricities. The great baseball hero of the day, Muz Webster, insisted on eating ice-cream cones while he was playing second base. "Four-minute" Drake, the miler of the millenium, used to jump in the stands and wrestle with the spectators during the course of his races. Frank Loomis, the reigning tennis star, bit large chunks out of his racket handle every time he missed a shot, and then spit them at the referee. The public, naturally, ate all this up.

The Harvard-Weston race started inauspiciously. The Crimson jayvee boat went into an early lead, and had increased it to about two lengths at the halfway mark. Suddenly the spectators on the bank, many of whose attention had been wandering, heard a raucous whoop. Startled, they looked up to see the Number Six man in the Weston boat clad in an Indian warrior's headdress, and shouting warwhoops.

"Wah-hoo-wah!" he yelled. "Give 'em hell!" Pulling furiously at his oar, he kept up his shouting until the race was over.

It would be exciting to chronicle that Furman's spirit turned the day for Weston, but truth compels us to state that the Cambridge boat added to its margin, and won by some five lengths of open water. That, however, is a minor detail. Furman had made crew history. He had put color into sweep-racing. After the race, sports writers besieged him for interviews, and the Sunday papers were full of Furman and his exploits. To the untold delight of the sports writers, he turned out to be a wit.

"Too bad you lost," said one writer.

"Aw shucks," said Chesty—for so he was now officially dubbed by the papers. "It wasn't bad for beginners. Only one length."

"One length! What do you mean, one length?"

"Sure—a length of the *Queen Mary*."

This got a prominent box on practically every sports page in the country. It was also revealed that Chesty's greatest delight was to eat five dozen oysters at a sitting, that he wrote left-handed—and from right to left, that he hunted wolverines with a carving fork in the summer time, and that he was working his way through college as the town dog-catcher. Chesty was the best imaginable copy.

Not a whit discouraged by its defeat, the Weston crew resumed practice, and by the time another spring had rolled around, had improved phenomenally. The oarsmen had adopted scarlet as their official color, and were now dubbed by sports writers, The Scarlet Sharks, thereby earning the distinction of being the first American crew to get a soubriquet comparable in brilliance to those of numerous football teams.

This time it was the Harvard varsity that faced Weston, and it was conceded to be a pretty strong one. It was strong, but not strong enough. But the outcome of the race was a minor detail. The story was Chesty. When the Weston boat paddled out to the starting stakes, Chesty was missing. It had gone about a hundred yards when he appeared at the Weston float, plunged into the river, and finally overtook the shell. He climbed into it from the water—a feat rarely performed—and then called back to a group of reporters on the shore:

"Watch us go, mugs! I just wolfed a hamper of oysters!"

Weston indeed went. A few hundred yards from their finish, the result was a foregone conclusion. It was then that Furman electrified the throng by ripping out his oar from the lock, hurling it into the water at the rear, and standing up in the boat.

"Ride 'em, cowboys!" he yelled. "Ride 'em!" He then sat down on his slide, pulled out a ukelele, and sang: "Good-night, poor Harvard!" The crowd along the river banks went wild—even a fair portion of the Harvard rooters who were forced to admit that

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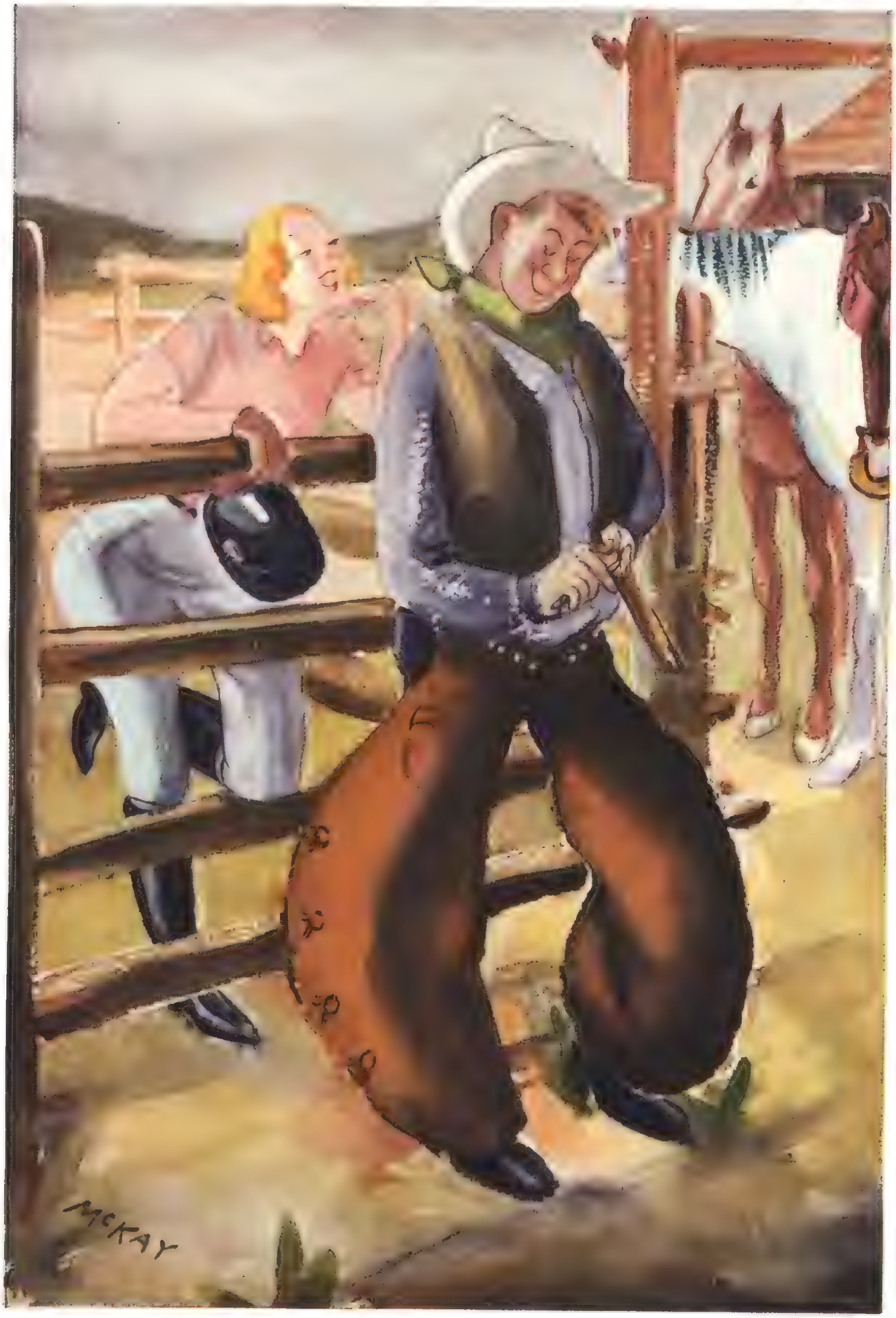
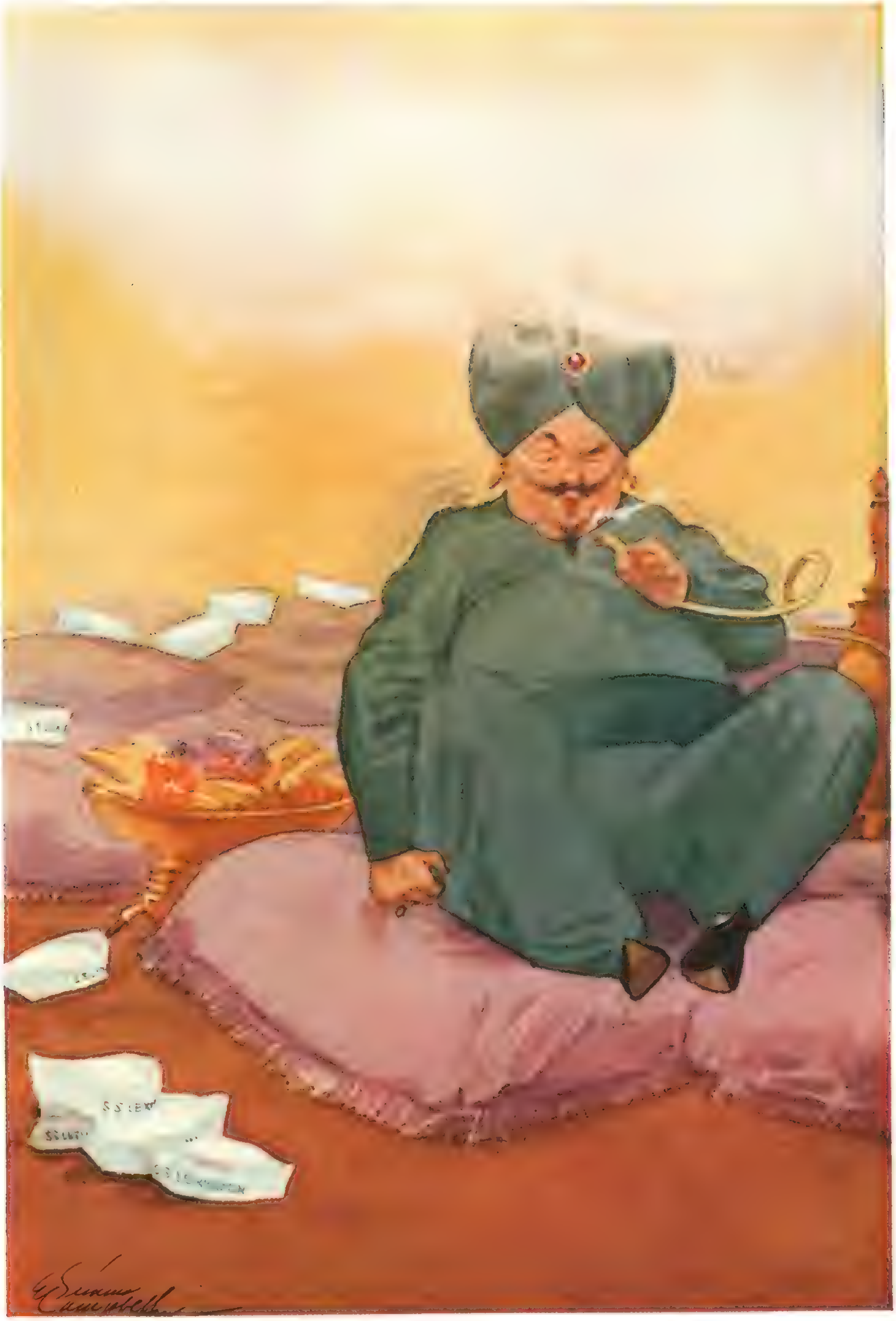


"Don't you ever want to go to a big city?"


S S LEX
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"Confound the S. S. Lexington!"

That Was Woollcott Speaking

Analysis of that precious type of mentality that withdraws delicately from anything so strong as a fact

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

It is quite impossible for me to make a critical estimate of Alexander Woollcott as a literary or dramatic critic, as an anthologist or as a writer generally. From time to time I have been in these professions myself. I have professional prejudices. I probably envy his success in certain ways and besides I don't think it is important. If I took one hundred critical estimates of plays, books, movies, popular songs, paintings and dance steps as expressed by Mr. Woollcott, I would find myself in enthusiastic agreement with twenty-five, dubious about twenty-five and violently in opposition to the other fifty and I think that the fifty on which I disagree would be the most important. Mr. Woollcott has praised *We Or They* by Hamilton Fish Armstrong and therefore I suppose must be forgiven for praising *Goodbye Mr. Chips*; and the fact that he seems to get most excited, and most persuasive over the trivial and the second-rate simply cannot be helped.

Mr. Woollcott has for many years also had another function which is telling stories. He selects remarkably fine ones and he tells them with great effect.

But Mr. Woollcott has recently branched out. He is on the air twice a week and he tries out various radio forms. So that he appears at times as a publicist, a commentator on questions of vital importance. He therefore affects me as a citizen. As a citizen I object violently.

This is the year in which we Americans celebrate our entrance into the World War. Mr. Woollcott chose to make his comment upon that war and the coming war in the form of a children's hour, an address to the boys of ten years or more who will do the fighting in the next war. He proposed to tell them how we got into the World War, what it was like and who was responsible, which is an ambitious program for fifteen minutes. And here, to the best of my memory, was his argument:

The steps by which we got into the World War were the steps by which Tom Sawyer and the New Boy got into their famous fight. Mr. Woollcott read the passage with a few slight emendations, bringing it up to date, and gave us to think that the dares and challenges and hesitations and defiances of the two boys were a direct parallel to the negotiations between Germany and America, and by inference, to the various pressures which operated on the Americans in 1917. He said there was another account of how we got into the War in one hundred and fifty volumes or so which he had not read.

During the middle section in which Mr. Woollcott was telling what the War was like, I am afraid my mind wandered. I did hear him say that many of those who were not fighting had a good time and that many of those who were fighting found the going not quite so agreeable. He said that when the next war came, he probably would say to the boys that he envied them and Heaven forgive him, he was afraid he might mean it. That is what elderly gentlemen said in 1917, he explained, and he had a very cute word signifying that these gentlemen were incapacitated for bearing arms—but I seem to have forgotten completely the cute word.

I was sharply recalled to reality when Mr. Woollcott came to his final problem: who was responsible for our getting into the War. Mr. Woollcott alluded to rumors that special interests had forced us in, but still addressing himself to the boys of ten, he told them that if they really wanted to see what a war maker looked like, they need do nothing more than look at their own fathers. Perhaps my emotions were unduly stirred because at that moment my son, who is just about ten, looked at me with such a sardonic expression of delight, such an indication that he had at last got me where he wanted me, that I began to be definitely resentful. I listened sharply. And I heard Mr. Woollcott say that the common, average man in 1917 was preparing for war by his jingo patriotism, by his bellicose attitude, by his suspicion of all foreigners, by his unreasonableness every time he crossed a national border. He said that the average man is comparatively tractable, comparatively reasonable so long as he stays within his own frontiers, but the moment he touches foreign soil, he creates a *casus belli.* And at that Mr. Woollcott left the problem of war guilt.

You understand that Mr. Woollcott, who was in the American Expeditionary Force, and saw something of war, was really making an address against war. I do not know whether he calls himself a pacifist, but obviously his intention was to discourage the military mind.

Now I have a stake in this business. That same youth whose eyes were bright with mockery when he heard Mr. Woollcott blame me for getting us into the War is scheduled to become a "foot soldier white," unless his mathematics improve and he can get into the artillery any time after 1944. I am therefore profoundly concerned that false ideas about responsibility for the War should not be circulated. I stick to the belief that we have to confront a series of facts with courage and without sentiment, or we will be jumped into a war again. And that is why it seems to me important to examine for a moment the mind of Mr. Woolcott.

Examine the first section. I don't suppose that anywhere in all literature could there be found the story of a fight which was so inappropriate to the subject in hand as the one Mr. Woollcott chose. The two boys, each determined to assert his own superiority, each feeling that the fight was inevitable, each wishing that it was not, each driven by some inner compulsion to provoke the totally unnecessary struggle, have not the faintest points of resemblance to Germany and the United States. The motives and the methods are totally different. As for the general effect of comparing our entrances into the World War with a scrap between two kids along the village road—it was to make the whole event cheerful and singularly unimportant.

And there is one more point. Mr. Woollcott spoke of the vast literature about our entrance into the War which he had not read; he was amusing about it—naturally no one would read one hundred and fifty volumes—but Mr. Woollcott did not mention the existence of a compact, extraordinarily impartial, brilliantly written book called *The Road to War* by Walter Millis. It is inconceivable that Mr. Woollcott should not have known of this book, but it is easy to understand why he did not mention it. The book has facts in it and from facts Mr. Woollcott's mind firmly, and I am afraid even a little proudly, retreats.

Did Mr. Woollcott then retreat from the blood and slaughter and gangrene and mutilation of actual warfare in the second portion of his analysis? Not exactly. Mr. Woollcott is really an intelligent person in many directions and he has a great awareness of what is going on. He knows that a little story he told on another broadcast about the Sergeant who found a litter of puppies in the midst of battle and sudden death is not as complete a picture of modern warfare as Mr. Hemingway's chapter on the retreat from Caparetto. Mr. Woollcott did mention the dead and with some emotion the living dead who still suffer in forgotten hospitals. His words were not too shocking,

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I Won't Do No Dive

Al would have fought the Marines for nine hundred dollars but that wasn't what the Magrid bunch asked him to do

by HARRY SYLVESTER

▪ FICTION ▪

Al lay flat on the bed, waiting for the phone to ring. It didn't ring and he tried to remember the last time it had rung and why. He didn't do this very long; he began to think of what might come in the mail. He called the desk clerk and was told that the afternoon mail wasn't in yet. When Al called again ten minutes later the clerk said there was no mail for him.

Al sat on the bed, his face in his hands. After all, he thought, who the hell would write to me? He hadn't answered his father's last letter, saying in a roundabout way that it might be a good idea if Al came back to the farm. He didn't want to go back there, Al thought again. It was an all right place but he didn't want to go back there like this, broke and kind of a has-been. He wanted to go back there a successful prizefighter, with a string of wins, a light grey suit and plenty of money to buy new farm equipment and to scatter around, careless-like. That was the way he wanted to go back.

He felt dull, sitting in the warm, poorly ventilated room, and his thoughts were like a weight in his head and he let himself fall back onto the pillow again.

Pete Krevitz came into the room. He was a little man who, like most managers of prizefighters, was always hoping that somewhere he would stumble over a young fighter who would be the next heavyweight champion. Coming into the room, Pete cursed and said that he'd expected Al would be out doing some road work.

"Why should I be doing any?" Al said. "You ain't got me no fights lately. Anyhow, I'm in shape, all right. I can take a day off."

"The least you could of done would be out taking a walk or something."

"Why should I take a walk? I ain't got no place to go and if I walk I'll get hungry. I only got thirty-five cents and I'm saving that for supper."

"Here's a buck," Pete Krevitz said. "I got a fight for you. How do you like that?"

"That's fine," Al said, sitting up. "That's great. Who with?"

"This big, new guy, what's his name—Waller. Eddie Waller."

"He's a bum," Al said. "You certainly got me a snap."

"We're getting nine hundred for it," Pete said. He kept looking at Al's face, without taking his hat off or the cigar out of his mouth or his finger tips from the foot of the bed.

Al whistled. "Nine C's. Say, for nine C's I'd fight the Marines."

"They don't want you to fight the Marines."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that that ain't what they want you to do."

"What do they want, then?"

Pete looked at Al for a few seconds. There was almost a glint in his small eyes. "You gotta take a dive," he said.

Al got up and stood, straddle-legged, one hand and a finger pointing at Pete. "I ain't taking no dive," he said. "Not for no one and leastways not for a bum like Waller."

"Don't be a damn fool," Pete said. He wasn't angry. That was what Al noticed and it made him uneasy.

"I got a rep," Al said.

"Ever try eating a rep?"

"I'll get by without doing no dives."

"You ain't been getting by."

"I'd of been all right the night I fought the boog if I wasn't sick. I'd of beat him and I'd be up there."

"Maybe you would," Pete said. "But Antrim beat you down in Indianapolis. Anyway, the idea is you ain't up there and we gotta eat."

"All right, we gotta eat, but I won't do no dive. You can always get dough."

"I can't get it now or we'd be eating more regular. Nine C's is nine C's. You never got no more than a grand before for anything."

"I won't do no dive," Al said. He turned and looked out the window, leaning on the sill.

"Tomorrow," Pete said, still without anger, "you'll feel different when that buck is gone." He took off his hat, sat down and read a tabloid.

After a while, Al said, without turning from the window: "What the hell does anyone want to build Waller up for? He's a bum and he'll always be a bum."

"It wouldn't be healthy to talk about it too much, so keep what I tell you under your bonnet. The Magrid bunch has got him. They're a bunch of mobsters that made so much dough shaking down laundries that they thought they'd buy themselves a boxfighter and now they're building him up."

"They sure bought themselves a daisy," Al said. "I should fool around with bastards like that bunch."

"When you ain't eating you'll do a lot of funny things," Pete said. "I don't like to play around with mobsters myself. But if we get this dough we can get to New York or out to the Coast or maybe pick up some change in Florida. It'll be nice down there for the winter."

"I won't take no dive," Al said.

"All right. All right. You're one holy son of a bitch, that's all I gotta say. I gotta tell these guys tomorrow so they'll give me an advance for us to eat. So you better make up your mind about it by then. And if you do, don't renege, or they'll fill you so full of slugs you could stand on your head without trying."

"I won't take no dive," Al said.

"All right, you bastard, you'll think different tomorrow." Pete slammed the door as he went out.

Al looked out the window a long time. Lights were coming on all over the city. Between him and the lake, a mile away, two lines of young poplars were blowing. Fingering in his pocket the quarter, the dime and the crumpled dollar bill, Al knew without much anger that he would take the dive.

* * *

When he was dressing the night of the bout, Al didn't feel nervous as he usually did before a fight. The fact that the ending was arranged and known, holding no mystery, was quieting. Al was alone in one of two small dressing rooms reserved for main-bout fighters. Pete was there and a handler they usually had, named Joe Moody. But it was as though these other two were not there.

Al sat on a bench, the bathrobe on and a towel over his throat and chest. Absently but carefully he wrapped gauze about his hand and thumb and knuckles. He looked up and was surprised to see Pete nearby and watching him.

"How are you?"

"I'm all right. When do I go on?"

"Pretty quick," Pete said. "You don't have to fix those bandages so good."

"I don't want to hurt my hands."

"You ain't gonna hit him hard enough to hurt them."

"No, but I might hit him accidental in the back of the head or the top."

"You know what to do, now?" Pete said in a lower voice. "The boog got you in the seventh and tonight they want you to dive any time before the seventh so's Waller'll look better than the boog."

"That boog would never of got me if I hadn't been sick."

"I know all about that." Pete was nervous. "The idea is you're supposed to go before the seventh tonight."

"All right, I know. I don't know how he'll ever hit me, though, he's such a bum. I'll just have to stand there and let him hit me."

"I don't care what you do," Pete said in a low, savage voice; "so long as you go down and stay down before the seventh."

"Okay. Did I say anything?" Al asked. His calmness surprised him. He felt very quiet. "You got all the dough?"

"I just got most of it."

Joe Moody answered a knock at the door and a fat man looked in and said it was time to go on. A minute later the three of them went through the doorway into a corridor. It was colder there and a wind blew. They went along the corridor and turned right up a runway into a place of warmth, dull yellow light and tobacco smoke. The sound of voices rose in intensity as they came along the aisle and with his handlers near him, his big shoulders swinging loose and easy, and the feel of the eyes looking at him, Al was keen and fine for a minute. Then they were in the ring and Waller was already there, across it, bigger than Al but square in the shoulders and no hitter.

"Go over and shake hands with him," Pete said.

"He should come over to me," Al said.

Pete cursed and Al went over. "Luck," he said. Waller smiled the forced, false grin of the unsure fighter. Al saw that Waller was a little scared even knowing he was going to win.

"Thanks, kid," Waller said, taking Al's hand in both his own. Waller's handlers looked at Al. They were smiling two ways, with the mouth and with the eyes

Back in the corner Pete whispered to Al: "There's the Magrid bunch near the ring."

Al saw some flashily-dressed men talking and smoking together. They didn't look much different from the other people near the ring, only a little better dressed. It wasn't a very big fight club they were all in that night.

Joe Moody held the six-ounce gloves and Al slipped his hands into them. These gloves always felt small after the big training gloves. Joe Moody was pale and quiet. Al had had him for a handler before and he was usually gabby. After all, Al thought, what the hell is there to talk about tonight.

When Al and then Waller were introduced, neither of them got a very big hand although Al got the bigger one and when Waller was introduced someone in the rear yelled: "Throw him out. He's a bum. He stinks."

Al glanced at the Magrid bunch near the ring. They didn't seem bothered much. Their heavy-lidded eyes blinked slowly and they seemed very satisfied with their cigars.

The first round was easy for Al. Waller was as bad as he had thought. Waller swung clumsily and didn't land a solid punch. Al shook him with short rights under the heart and made him look silly with straight lefts. The crowd gave Al a big hand when the round ended.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" Pete said.

"Why, isn't it all right for me to look pretty good for a while? I got to dive soon enough."

In the third and fourth rounds Al let Waller hit him, although he cushioned the punches pretty well with gloves and arms. When Waller swung his left hook it was wide and long, not quick and short and snapped as a hook should be. A couple of times Al just caught himself as he was going to let go with a straight right, which is always the answer to a wide left hook, since the right goes straight and inside the hook and you not only hit your opponent but the deltoid of your right arm cushions his blow. It was Al's best punch and he caught himself as he started to throw it a couple of times and just blocked Waller's hook, instead.

After the fourth round, Pete said he thought it was time Al took the dive. "You're making me nervous the way you got that right cocked. Every time he swings that round house left I think you're going to let go."

"I won't let it go," Al said. He felt tired. Not from fighting. It was a new kind of tiredness. "I'll dive now. I don't know how the hell you do it, but—"

"Just drop if he swings anywhere near you," Pete said.

"That's swell," Al said. "That'll look swell."

He'd do it early, Al thought. They were sparring near the center of the ring. Al purposely dropped his guard more than usual and Waller swung his long left. It hit Al with surprising force before he could even partly block it. Al shook his head to clear it. Eagerly, for the first time almost savagely, Waller came in for the kill. He swung his left again and Al's right moved inside it in a straight line, although Al didn't know it. All Al felt and knew at first was the shock of Waller's punch where it struck his deltoid. Then he saw Waller's face growing blank and dropping and twisting away in the same movement, the mouth falling into a startled roundness and the eyes growing empty, the face twisting down and to the left. It was a beautiful punch, perfectly timed and well delivered.

Al was standing over Waller who was out cold on the canvas. The referee was pushing and tugging at Al to get him into a neutral corner. The crowd was on its feet yelling as they hadn't yelled for Al in a long time and Al was stupidly looking at Waller, limp and on the floor and quite small.

Al was in a corner and the crowd was still yelling. Waller was counted out and Al turned to his own corner. He felt pretty good. Then he saw Pete Krevitz's face and it was different from any way it had ever been before. Al began to feel uneasy.

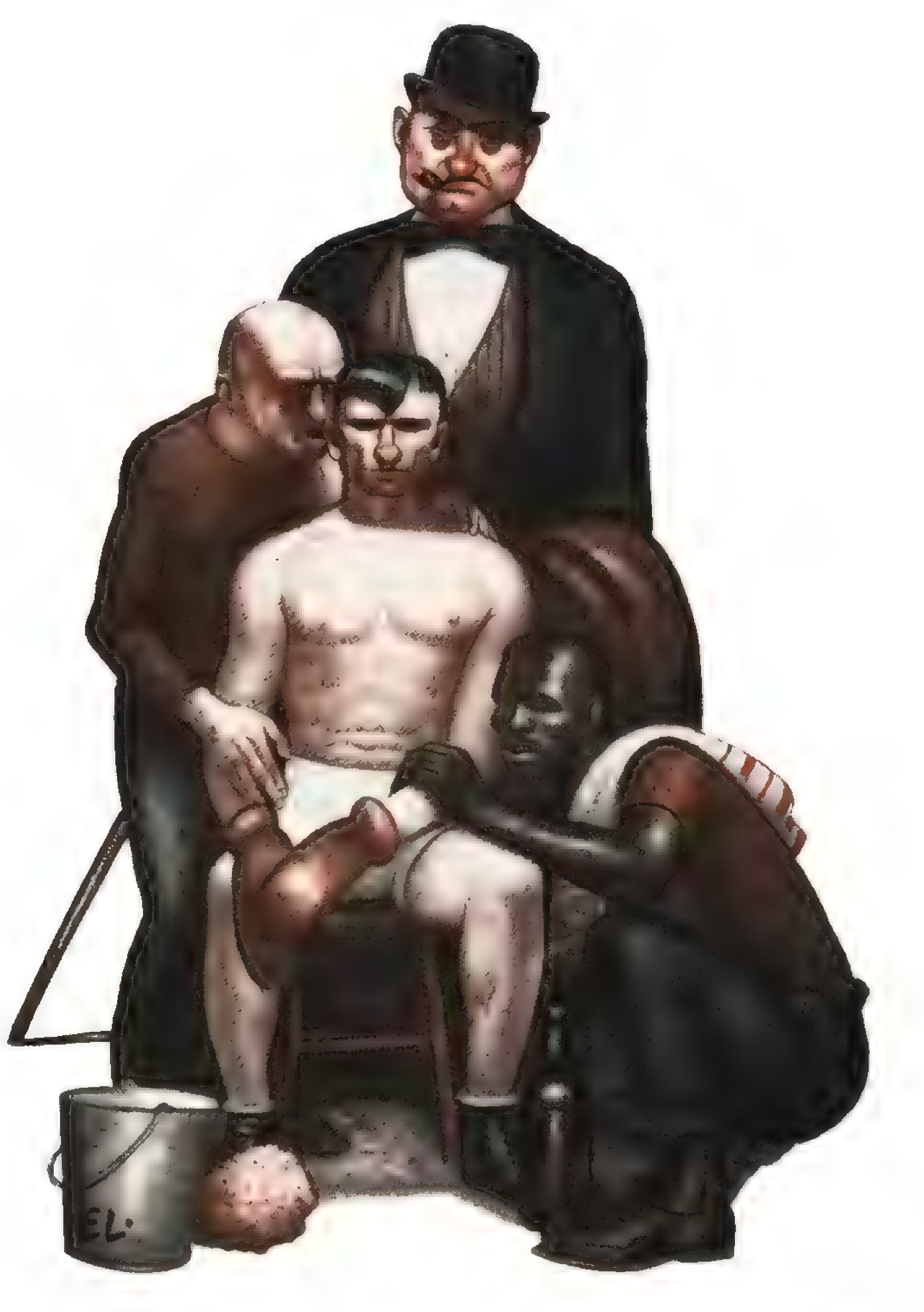
"I didn't mean it," Al said. "I don't know how it happened. Honest to Christ I didn't mean it. I didn't think. I—"

Pete stared at him as though Al had suddenly died. "Christ," Pete said, "Christ," and turned and went up the aisle alone. He almost ran. Joe Moody had disappeared.

Al threw the robe over his shoulders and raised his glove to the crowd which was yelling a little. Then he started up the aisle alone. The yelling rose some and men and boys and one woman reached out to pat his back or to touch and finger his robe. They liked a good, clean knockout. Al felt pretty good, hearing them. But in the dimness of the corridor and the wind blowing along it he felt no way at all, good or bad. No one was there. The crowd was going out another way. Cops would not let them down the runways leading into that corridor. Al opened the door of his dressing room and it was empty. He had thought Pete would be there.

He wondered why Pete wasn't there. It seemed funny to be undressing alone after a fight. He had always had someone near him to help if he was too tired to undress; to treat cuts and give him a rub after the shower. Al moved slowly. He didn't feel tired or hurt as after most fights. He really felt pretty good although the sweat was cold on him before he went into the shower. He stayed under the water longer than usual. His thought was slow and heavy and he figured it must have been a pretty good crack Waller had hit him. He must have stood wide open and waiting for it, because a square-shouldered guy like Waller had no

Continued on page 194



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Roulades and Cadenzas

A hopeful forecast for music on the air and incidental tales of radio officials' unconscious wit

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

THERE is considerable cause for shouting and beating of breasts. Astronomers in the musical skies are agreed that we may expect an immediate increase in the quality and quantity of harmonious stratospheric vibrations. The reason: the avowed mental age of the average radio listener has shifted from eleven to twelve years: his musical intelligence quotient has nearly doubled. He is now said to know that *Brünnhilde* is not a streetwalker, *Carmen* a virgin, or Stokowski a gigolo. He is no longer convinced that Toscanini stole the title of *maestro* from Ben Bernie and that chamber music was written for performance in a lavatory. Therefore, it is considered safe to expose him to increased doses of serious music.

In fact, as evidence of its awareness of his increasing susceptibilities, radio has just underwritten the greatest artistic venture in its history and is assembling an orchestra for the purpose of meeting the demands of the incomparable Arturo Toscanini, who a year ago departed from our shores, leaving behind the impression that he would not return.

By this gesture, the National Broadcasting Company furnished the year's outstanding item of musical news, adding immeasurably to its own prestige and to that of the industry itself. Until now, the ranking broadcast performances have all been picked up outside radio kennels, from Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, Symphony Hall in Boston, and elsewhere. At last there will be produced in a radio studio music of superlative quality that will be neither hurried nor retarded by stop watches and production men, nor marred by lack of rehearsals. Toscanini, "the fanatical, unslakable perfectionist who cares with so preposterous an intensity for the ideal of beauty and excellence which possesses him that saner minds, content with easier ways, can but shake their heads over his madness and wonder at the delusion of this great dreamer who would set his dream against the world," will have his way there as he would in the concert hall. And it bespeaks the wisdom of the radio executives who hired him that they had not only the good judgment to secure him, but also the foresight and energy to provide him with a first-class instrument and unlimited rehearsals.

Acute observers deemed it a likelihood seventeen years ago, when KDKA took its first commercial account, and a certainty a decade ago when the chain networks were formed, that the musical destiny of the country would be in radio's hands. The potential capacity for supplying entertainment simultaneously to the entire listening population was in itself a staggering fact. Added to this were comparatively unlimited resources and complete freedom to plan and present any type of entertainment. So, the greatest instrument of cultural good or evil yet devised was dumped into the lap of a half-dozen officials, to boss, influence, and tinker with as they saw fit.

For a time it looked as if the rich infant in swaddling clothes was going to push the old Muse in the nose and turn her out into a cold and indifferent world. Not one of the guardians understood, or wanted her. Sensitive and temperamental, she required careful handling and for a time became a pesky nuisance.

It was much simpler and more profitable to sell crooners and comedians. Overnight Kate Smith, Morton Downey, *et al.*, became national heroes. One cycle followed another in a mad scramble to attract listeners and increase profits.

When a celebrated artist was hired, it was only for his name. He was forced to sing a torch-song, something his sponsor's mistress liked, or a ditty that a crooner could push into a microphone much better. A comparatively intelligent method of choosing selections for them was to request a list of twenty numbers, look up which were recorded, send the office boy to mark them "fast," "slow," or "medium," and then mix them up. Some sponsors insisted on everything in English, so Italian prima donnas would find themselves singing Norwegian folk tunes in syllables they couldn't pronounce. Efrem Zimbalist nearly collapsed when he heard the *St. Louis Blues* crash down on the final strains of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, before he could finish it. Programs were a free-for-all.

The variety "talent" show is still in vogue. Flagstad, Melchior, Lehmann, Bampton, or Pinza are announced and you have to listen through five vaudeville "turns," two commercial announcements, and a miniature play to get four minutes of their singing.

The agency that finally put Madame Schumann-Heink on the air started out to find "the best built mother in the music business." They settled on her because she had more publicity as a mother than anyone else. Baby-food was the product. Later, when she had taught them the Brahms *Wiegenlied*, they hired Galli-Curci and, it being one of the few serious tunes they knew, they asked for it in the original language. When she declined, the yell went up, "What's the matter with her? We are paying $3000 for three songs. Ain't she as good as Schumann-Heink?"

Another prominent executive permitted a violin soloist to play an arrangement of the *Meistersinger Prize Song* because he understood from the title that it had recently won a competition. He was in the habit of having the distinguished soloist give one of the week's ten most played tunes.

One of the motor-sponsored symphonies cabled a pianist in Europe asking that he play a six minute piece with orchestra. When the word came back that the shortest movement of a concerto the pianist knew was twelve minutes, the sponsor allowed him ten, saying the music would have to be cut or speeded up, as ten minutes in one spot was the absolute maximum for any soloist.

Most of these programs are still hodge-podge, patch-work concoctions with hack conductors. Relying on "name" soloists to befuddle an indiscriminate public taste, a brilliant but third-rate cinema-theatre stickster is allowed to flash his way through insensitive performances of great music.

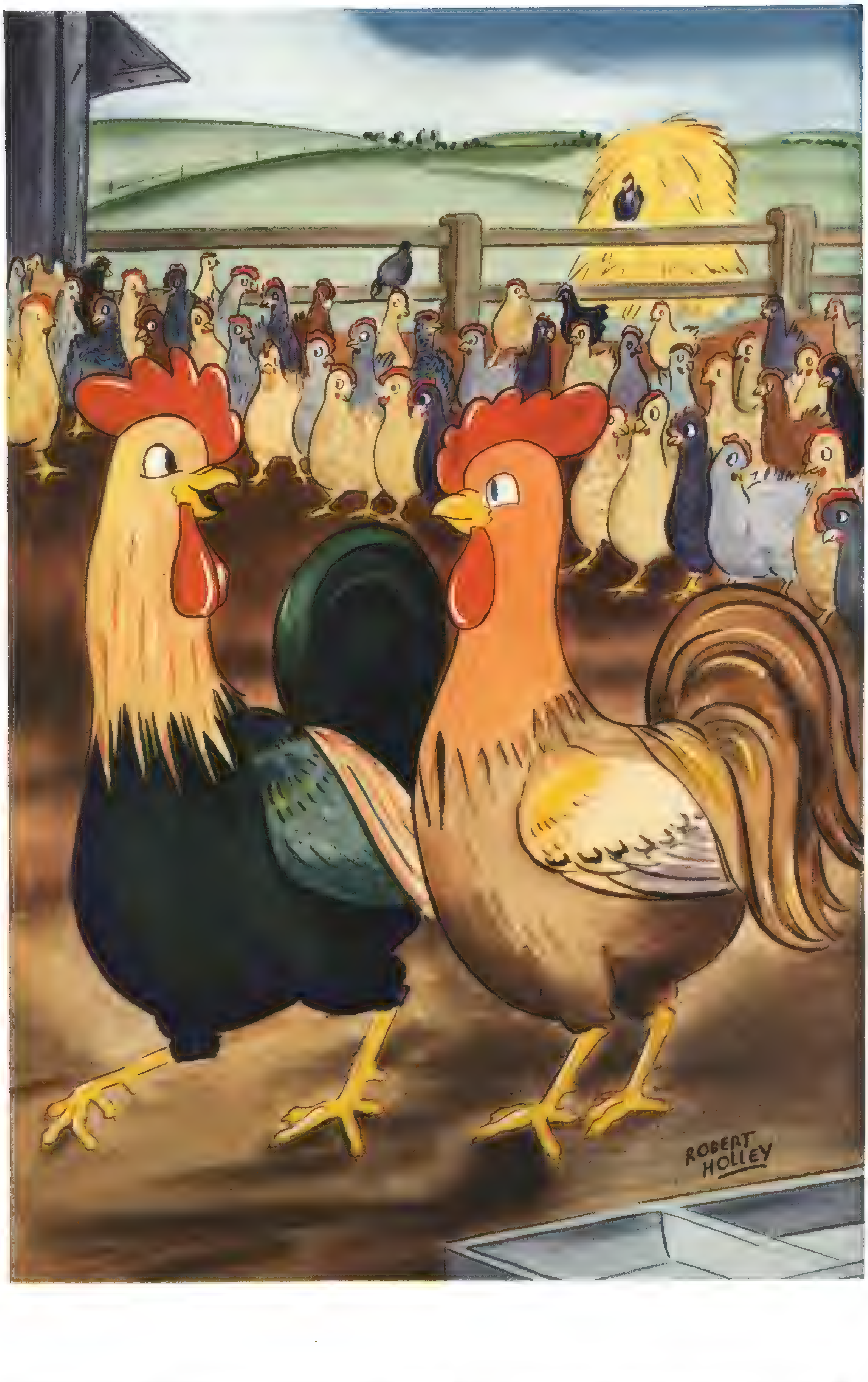
In the early days clients with canned milk booked up opera stars who were able, according to their billing, to sing "contented" music. Only this spring the nation's ice men chose Gladys Swarthout to hawk their wares because the title of her last picture was *Champagne Waltz*.

Tooth paste, mouth wash, and cosmetic manufacturers still hunt "name" singers, not for their musicianship, but because of their "draw." Right this minute a soap manufacturer is griping because he can't buy Nelson Eddy at any price. The baritone is signed up to sell coffee, and the soap guy is certain no singer without his sex-appeal can dispose of his product.

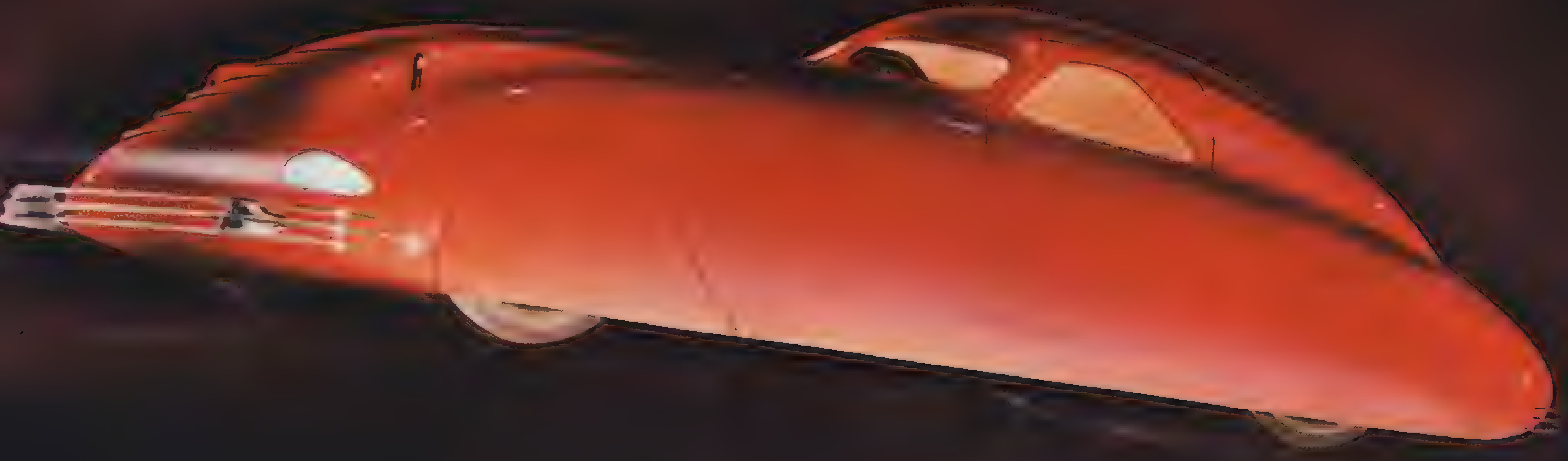
There was a winter when Stokowski conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra in a nightly series of fifteen minute "shots." In that day operas were tuned in on the middle of a high *A flat* and faded out six measures before the end of the act.

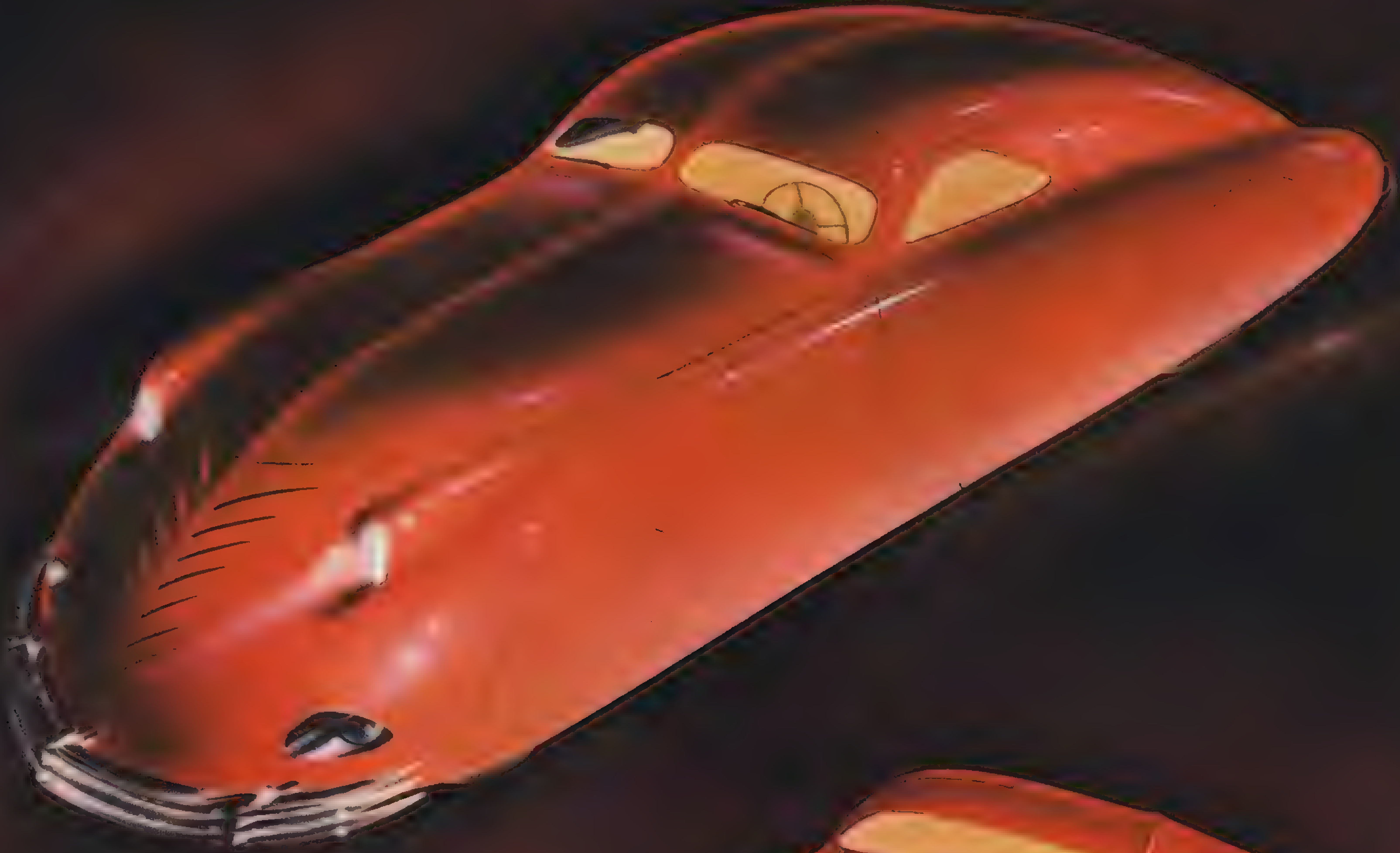
Now that radio has developed to the stage where officials' names can be lettered on the door instead of posted on typed copy

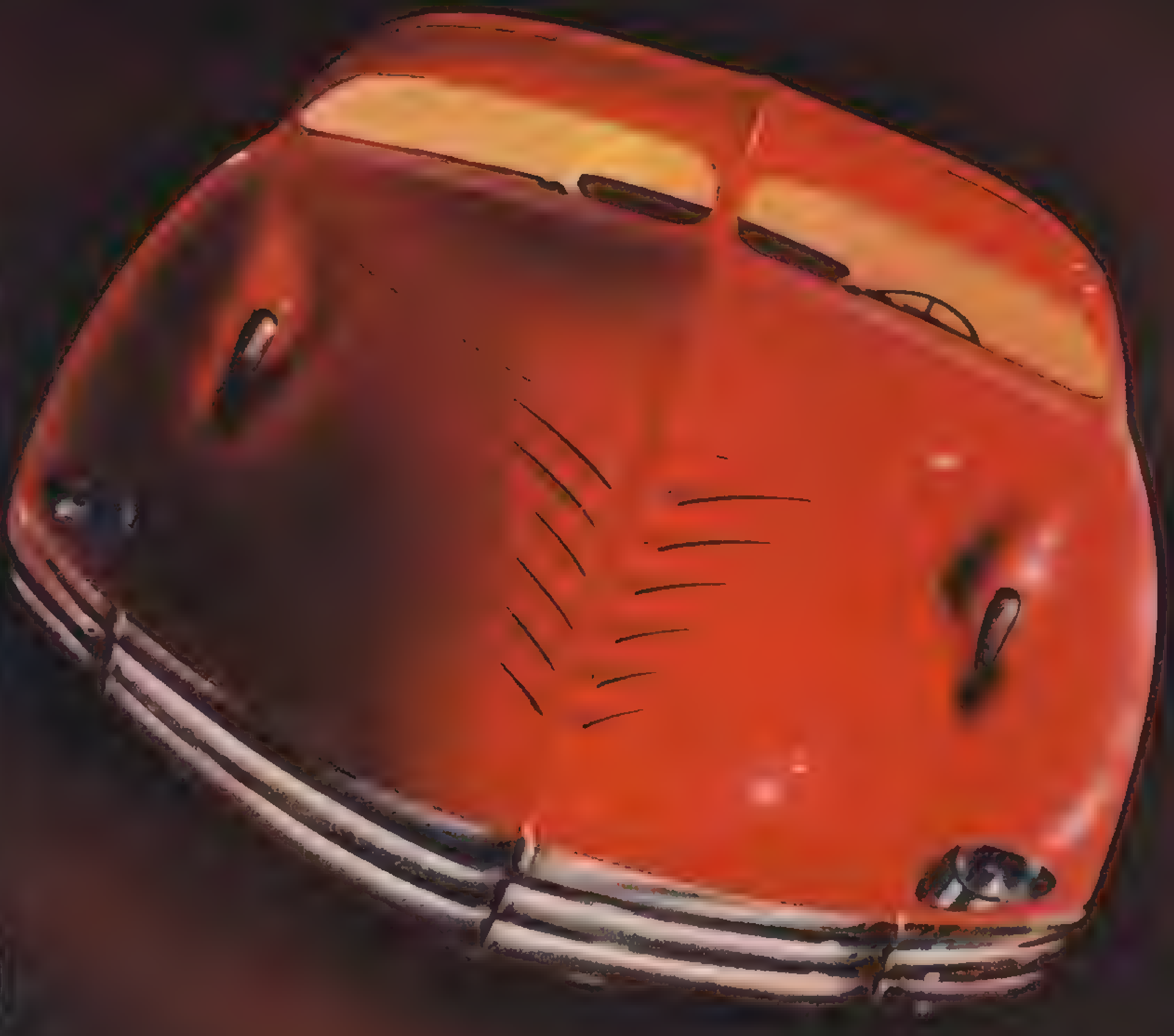
Continued in center of page 122


ROBERT HOLLEY

"Now, if you think you've got the hang of it, you can start in where I left off"







THE PHANTOM CORSAIR DESIGNED BY RUST HEINZ

A New Contribution to Automobile Design

This car is distinguished by its unusual provisions for safety and comfort at high speeds. Four passengers ride abreast in the front seat, two in the interior rumble seat. The safety interior is lined with rubber (slab) in all areas where injury might occur to riders during accidents.

The car is built with front wheel drive, electric gear shift, four forward speeds, develops a speed of 122 m.p.h. with small engine, wheels independently sprung, hydraulic double-action set-type shock absorbers adjustable at dash, and thermostatically controlled air conditioning producing heat or cold. The car has neither fenders nor running boards, the seats are molded of cast rubber without springs, the ceiling and interior side-walls lined with cork composition ¾ inch thick; there is a layer of sponge rubber under all upholstery, while steel crash board has 2-inch thick rubber covering—everything sound-and-shock-proofed.

All glass, bullet proof for safety, tinted green against glare, and slanted inward toward top, eliminating reflections; hidden all-wave radio with two speakers; roof doors open simultaneously and automatically with regular doors. For a note on the car's designer turn to page 22.

Your Hunting Rifle

A bullet from the Winchester .220 kills a billy goat so quickly, it's dead before it ever hits the ground

by CAPT. EDW. C. CROSSMAN

• SPORTS •

An army major of the Medical Corps, long experienced in the study of bullet effect on animals and on the human form, obtained permission not so very long ago to dispatch seven condemned Army mules, destined for various reasons, to the Mule Happy Grazing Ground.

As lethal instruments the Medico provided one heavy rifle, the .405 Winchester; one military rifle, the familiar and popular New Springfield, and one very small caliber, high velocity rifle, still a mystery as to its killing effects.

This latter is the Winchester .220 Swift, having the terrific muzzle velocity of 4,140 feet per second but using a bullet of only 48 grains, or only eight grains more than the humble .22 Long Rifle, and the same in diameter.

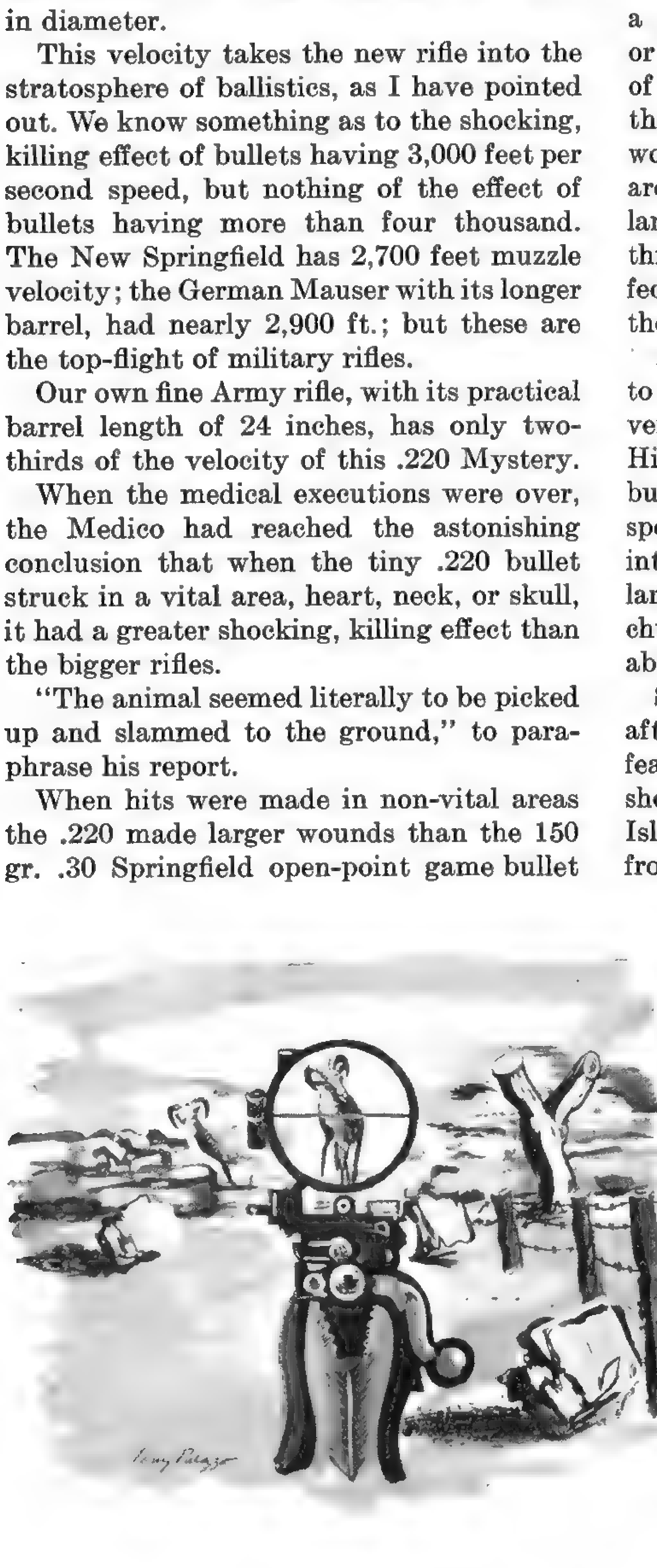
This velocity takes the new rifle into the stratosphere of ballistics, as I have pointed out. We know something as to the shocking, killing effect of bullets having 3,000 feet per second speed, but nothing of the effect of bullets having more than four thousand. The New Springfield has 2,700 feet muzzle velocity; the German Mauser with its longer barrel, had nearly 2,900 ft.; but these are the top-flight of military rifles.

Our own fine Army rifle, with its practical barrel length of 24 inches, has only two-thirds of the velocity of this .220 Mystery.

When the medical executions were over, the Medico had reached the astonishing conclusion that when the tiny .220 bullet struck in a vital area, heart, neck, or skull, it had a greater shocking, killing effect than the bigger rifles.

"The animal seemed literally to be picked up and slammed to the ground," to paraphrase his report.

When hits were made in non-vital areas the .220 made larger wounds than the 150 gr. .30 Springfield open-point game bullet and "seemed to shock the animal more at the instant of hitting."



Even though the .220 bullets were soft point, expanding in type, they penetrated at least six inches, "amply deep to reach any of the vital organs of any animal one would consider hunting with this cartridge."

So was confirmed the conclusion reached by the Ordnance Departments of various armies, experimenting since the war with ultra-high velocity bullets, and still carefully guarded military secrets in some instances.

When a bullet strikes an animal with more than a certain minimum velocity, which is probably about 2,400 feet per second, there results a terrific nervous shock that kills or anchors the game. Depth or size of wound does not seem to picture this effect; much more serious wounds in the matter of actual area, made by lower speed, heavier, larger caliber bullets, fail to give this disruptive, nerve-wrecking effect of extreme high velocity, in anchoring the game.

Some quarter century ago there was sent to me one of the first examples of a new, very high velocity, small bore rifle, the .22 HiPower Savage, having the very light bullet of only 70 grains, and the muzzle speed of about 2,800 feet per second. It was intended by its designers for use on the larger "varmints," coyotes, wolves, foxes, chucks, where a flat flight and high killing ability are needed.

So I baptized the little rifle "The Imp," after observing certain astonishing impish features it had, and sallied forth to try its shocking power on selected, tough Catalina Island billy goats, undoubtedly descended from tame progenitors but their family tree lost in obscurity. The old billies compare very favorably with deer in their ability to absorb punishment.

To my considerable astonishment, when these billies were hit squarely under 100 yards or so, they were "dead before they hit the ground." And so I had my first lesson in what ultra-high speed means in anchoring or instant killing power.

Later by a year or two I killed a number of heads of game with the .280 Ross, then unknown to the Yankee sportsman, and again marveled to watch animals of caribou size apparently "smacked off their feet" on the terrific impact of this 142 grain bullet with its muzzle speed of 3,100 feet per second.

Still another rifle of this class, the .250-3000 Savage, went with us in experimental form in 1914 and we saw seven deer turn upside down to the impact of its 87 grain bullet with its 3,000 feet muzzle speed.

At the time of the taking of Vera Cruz, a little incident not very creditable to our Government, our sailors and marines killed a number of Mexicans, members of a little volunteer force gathered to defend the city. Most of them were killed with our Springfield rifle.

Jack London, covering the fight as a special writer, commented on the terrific killing effect of our then new rifle and the terrible wounds it inflicted with its "merciful" nice, surgically shaped "spitzer" bullets.

Then appeared the Theodore Roosevelt book on his African hunting trip, on which his pet rifle was a slightly modified Army Springfield. He concluded that the full jacket, non-expanding, Army spitzer bullet was a more deadly bullet than the slower, heavier, special soft nose bullets he first tried on game.

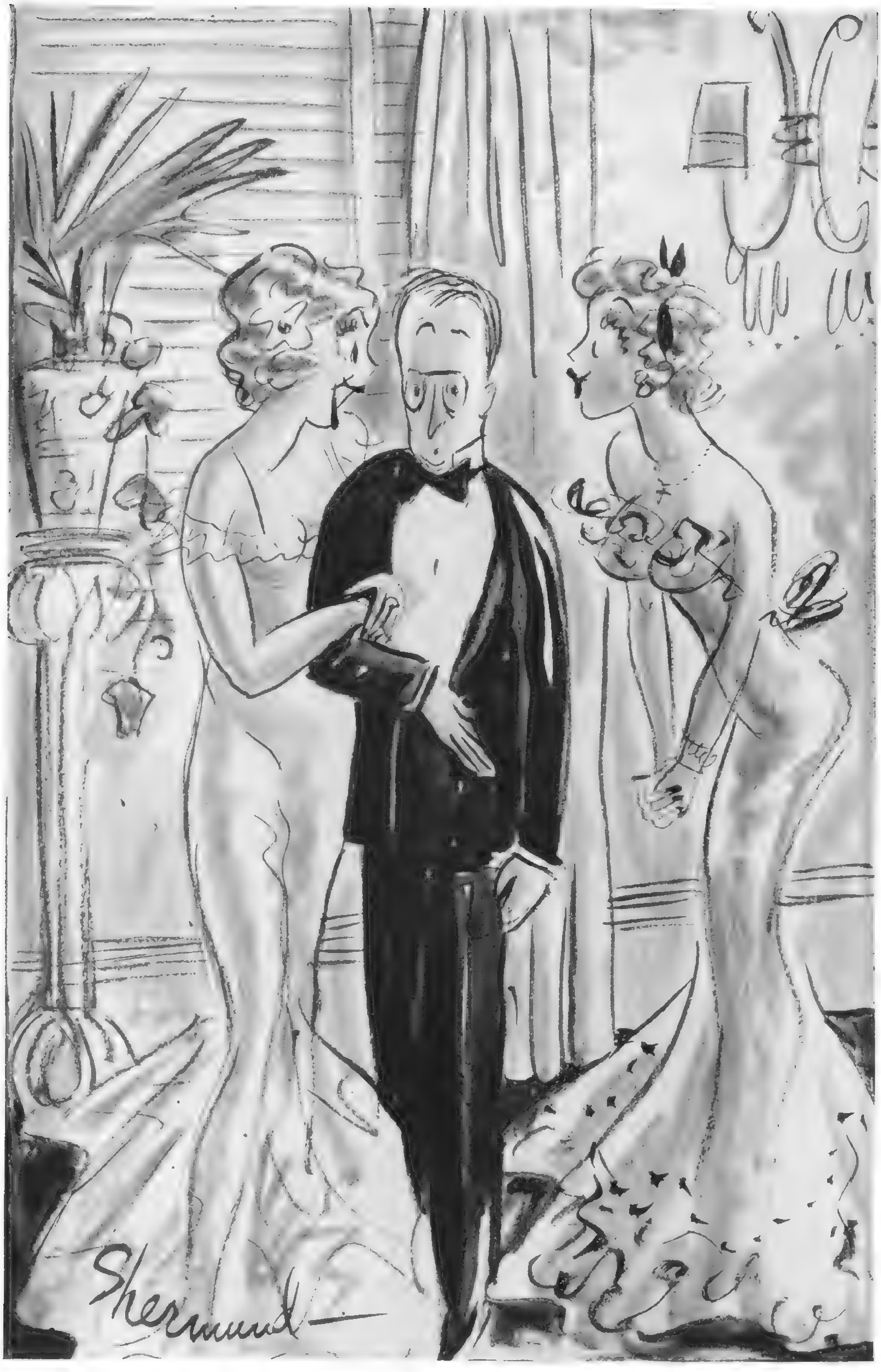
We amateur ballisticians assumed that the fault must be in the sharp point, and the diving, tearing tendency of the easily unbalanced bullet. Now we are commencing to wonder if this is all of the story.

An American-born German engineer, named Gerlich, designed the highest velocity rifle in the world, the .280 Halger; later a compound caliber bullet having a skirt or flange, starting as a larger bore and then entering a smaller portion of the barrel after getting well started. He was brought to this country from his German workshop by certain interests and demonstrated his remarkable rifles.

One of the queer phases of his ultra-high velocity bullet was its terrific blasting effect on mild steel or iron, and high penetration on the toughest, hardest, heat-treated armor steel, such as a field gun shield or tank armor. Testing the bullet against mild steel they found that it actually blasted pieces of the steel clear across the big building used for tests. There was no neat, round, drilling effect.

The ballistic gentlemen testing the .220 Winchester Swift, were enraged to find their special heat-treated, tough and hard chronograph plates, hitherto resistant to any of the sporting bullets they tested on this

Continued on page 126



"Mr. Timpkins has just written something with a genuine morocco cover, gold embossed"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Those guys who compile dictionaries and books of reference are human, it seems, and occasionally pull a boner

by BURTON RASCOE

BOOKS

EMERSON once wrote that he knew of no more fascinating reading than that to be found in a dictionary. Of course he did not have in mind one of the vest-pocket sort in which the words play hide-and-seek with the reader: you look up a word and its definition is given as another word which is longer and more unfamiliar than the word you looked up; then you look up that word and you get as a definition the word you started out with. Emerson meant the sort of dictionary that gives you the derivation and the uses of the word. Such a dictionary can cause me to kill as much time to advantage as any way I can think of.

My special oddity among quasi-literary predilections is the collection and skimming of dictionaries of slang; and, although I have such a meager number of items from Cotgrave to Partridge that any bibliophile would turn up his nose at my "collection," these books afford me as much diversion as a dime store counter does a thrifty housewife. My hobby started when Robert Burns Peattie, father of Donald Culross Peattie, gave me an interleaved edition of J. C. Hotten's *The Slang Dictionary* with the additions he and Eugene Field made to it in pen and ink over a period of twenty years and with newspaper clippings on slang he had collected during that period. For a while I used this dictionary as a guest book. Instead of asking my male guests to autograph an album I asked them to contribute some missing item of slang.

emu,
like bir with
neck
Tony Palazzo

Eric Partridge's *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (Macmillan, $12.50) is the latest addition to my library of non-literary lexicography and it is a treasure. It is a huge book of a thousand pages, on every one of which there are fascinating items of curious lore. Work of the sort engaged in by Mr. Partridge, of course, is never-ending and no dictionary of slang can be complete; for slang has a constantly changing vocabulary and thousands of words and phrases are used vocally which never get into print. Partridge had limited himself to the study of slang words and phrases, colloquialisms, vulgarisms, catch-phrases, solecisms, catachreses and underworld cant as spoken and written in the British Isles, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and other parts of the Empire and has included only such items of American slang as have become Anglicized and yet after he completed his painstaking research he had to add another twenty-five pages of supplementary words.

One of the words he includes in the supplement, for instance, is "hooligan." He had dealt with it in the main body of the dictionary where he had followed other authorities in ascribing the origin to an Irish family named Houlihan, resident in London during the 1890's. Later, Partridge came upon a book called *Hooligan Nights* by Clarence Rook, published in 1899. From this book it appears that this generic word was derived from a proper name, Patrick Hooligan. This Irishman was both an actual and a legendary figure in Lambeth. His vocation was that of a bouncer (or as the English say, a chucker-out) in Lambeth dives; he was an exuberant man of phenomenal strength, picturesque and forceful, a natural leader of men, but utterly lawless and unscrupulous. His strength and bravado caused Paul Bunyan-like legends to arise about him.

When the momentous court decision was rendered lifting the ban against the publication or distribution of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the way was made for the inclusion in any work of genuine literary merit that is not obviously pornographic most of the Anglo-Saxon and Middle-English words which have been shunned in polite letters and conversation since Shakespeare's day. Some of these words, spelled out in full and exhaustively treated, were courageously included by Sir James Murray in the monumental *Oxford English Dictionary* (not to be confused with the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, which is, for Americans, probably the least reliable and satisfactory of the smaller compilations). But even Sir James shrank from including one of the words Lady Chatterley's lover was so solemnly instructive about to Lady Chatterley. This omission, since Sir James admits the male complement to his learned work, provokes Partridge to inquire, "Why this further injustice to women?"

The very innate power and strength of these lasting, unchanging, four-letter words, says Partridge, has been the main objection to their use in print. They are familiar to everyone with eyes and ears but so sharp, concise, explosive are they in form and sound that they still come as a shock in literature and in ordinary conversation. It will be remembered, though, that all of these four-letter designations are language words. They are not slang, cant, colloquialisms or dialect. They are the fundamentals of the language. Their politer synonyms and euphemisms are the later accretions of culture, usually foreign-language imports and compounds. But they are barbaric words with barbaric sounds and in a refined language made liquid with vowels, these consonantal monosyllables will probably remain generally taboo despite the frequency with which they now appear in realistic novels.

Partridge's book tends to refute H. L. Mencken's contention in the latest edition of *The American Language* that BritishEnglish is desuete and in a non-regenerative state, for this compilation is filled with masterly conceits, imaginative and onomatopoetic; but it also tends to support and emphasize Mencken's contention concerning the breach between the two languages, English and American. In a great many instances exactly the same words and phrases are used in English and in American to express quite different things, wherefore British authors have lately taken to warning sophisticated young Englishwomen who are about to visit America not to use the common English slang expression for (as for instance) "I got tight last night and I'm all in today." The slang the English use for these ideas means in our slang, "I was guilty of sexual misconduct last night and as a result today I am with child."

A moment ago I disparaged the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, which one should not do without giving a reason reinforced by specific examples. My reason, principally, is that I have never looked up a word in it and found the word I was seeking. The first word I ever looked for in my copy of the

Continued on page 159

The Lone Black Ball

Brother Barrel wasn't prejudiced against Brother Krause, he just wanted a full report of expenses

by BERNARD KELLY

• SATIRE •

Time: *8:35, Tuesday Evening.*
Place: *Odd Fellows' Hall, Thanatopsis, Nebr.*
Occasion: *The weekly convocation of the Knights of St. Michael the Archangel. The lodge has been opened in form and business is being discussed.*

Brother Barrel:—like I said before, I'm not casting no reflections on the committee or the treasurer or nobody but as a member of Council 703 I want to know what become of the $2.35 that Brother Krause has entered in his report under "Miscellaneous Expense." It ought to be down in black and white. (he sits)

Brother Krause (Angrily): How do I know where it went? I suppose I should put it down every time I buy a two-bit book of stamps or a dime box of tacks? Let me tell you gentlemen, the committee put in a lot of time on this and they give the best dance the Knights of St. Mike ever put on in Thanatopsis or anywheres else and I, for one, am getting damn good and tired of being asked, "Where did you spend that nickel I give you last week?"

Brother Caples: Move the report be accepted and the committee discharged.

A Voice: Second.

Worthy Archangel McCorkle: It is regularly moved and seconded that the report of the dance committee be accepted and the committee discharged. Is—

Brother Barrel: Worthy!

W. A. McCorkle: Brother Barrel?

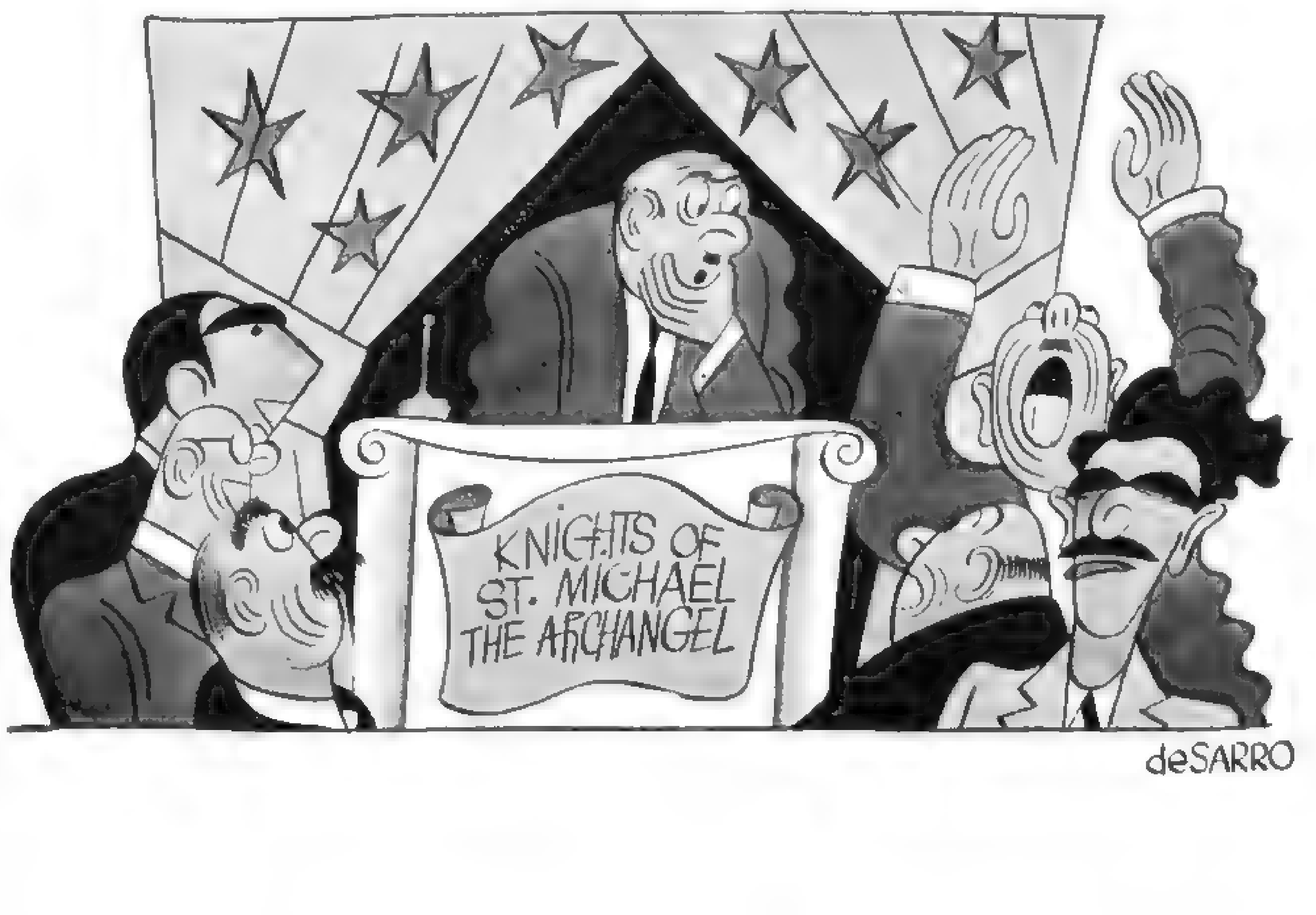
Brother Barrel: I don't see why the dance committee can't account for that $2.35. If I'd spent it I bet I could tell where I'd spent it. I don't think they ought to be discharged until they fix that report right.

Brother Krause (Springing to his feet): By God, I won't do it!

W. A. McCorkle (Reprovingly): Order, order, Brother Krause.

Brother Krause: Order, hell! (W. A. sits.) What I want to know, Brothers, is this: Is Council 703 going to stand by and let me be insulted by this Goddam, uh, Brother, uh, while I have to stand by and say nothing? I think it's all a piece of spite work because I got another plumber to put in the bath in my new house instead of Brother Barrel.

W. A. McCorkle: Now, Brother Krause, I'm sure Brother Barrel meant no offense and we're all sorry about this little unpleasantness. I suggest that we forget about it and—


KNIGHTS OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL
deSARRO

Brother Barrel: Worthy Archangel!

W. A. McCorkle: Brother Barrel.

Brother Barrel: Look here, Brothers, I don't know why Brother Krause don't want to tell what he done with that $2.35 unless he was careless with the funds of the Knights of St. Michael the Archangel, not that I want to accuse Brother Krause of evil practice or worry about such a small sum, although fortunes are built out of just such small sums, look at Henry Ford, BUT it's the principle of the thing. We let Brother Krause get by with that report and the next report'll be worse and so on. I ain't got a pick on anybody especially about business matters (although I notice Brother Krause admits he used McLeod and Callahan on that 2 x 4 job of his, not calling on a Brother Knight but using them and they're Goddam red-necks at that) BUT like I say, give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile.

Brother Krause: By God, I won't change that report.

W. A. McCorkle: Order, order Brother Krause—

Brother Krause: Order, hell! I demand an apology through the chair from Brother Barrel! And by the way, Brothers, McLeod and Callahan's figures on my bathroom were about 30% lower than Brother Barrel's. Ask him to itemize that extra 30%.

Brother Barrel: Wait'll the paint starts to rub off them bathroom fixtures you got from McLeod and Callahan and—

W. A. McCorkle: Order!

Brother Barrel:—then ask for an itemized account of that 30%. I make less profit on a job than any plumber in town! I put in real good fixtures when I do a job, not tin and glass.

W. A. McCorkle: I'm sure that both Brothers will forget about this misunderstanding and let's get on, we got a lot of business to get out of the way.

Brother Gelzer: I move the committee be discharged with a vote of thanks.

A Voice: Second.

W. A. McCorkle: It is moved and seconded that the committee be discharged with a vote of thanks—

Brother Dickerman: Worthy Archangel, I rise to a point of order. There's a motion before the house.

W. A. McCorkle: Well, the other one was the same except for the vote of thanks, so why not—

Brother Dickerman: Well, we ought to do things right. That motion is out of order and you ought to hold it so. If you want them to have a vote of thanks it ought to go in an amendment to the original motion.

W. A. McCorkle (Uncertainly): Well—

Brother Dickerman: It's the only way to do it. Do it right.

Brother Gelzer: All right, then, I move the committee be given a vote of thanks.

Brother Dickerman: No, you move an amendment to the previous motion to the effect that the committee be given a vote of thanks.

Brother Gelzer: Yeh, that's what I move.

A Voice: Second.

Brother Dickerman: *Now* state your question.

W. A. McCorkle: It is moved and seconded that the committee be discharged and given—

Brother Dickerman: No, you have to vote on your amendment first.

W. A. McCorkle: It is moved and seconded that the previous motion be amended so as to give the committee a vote of thanks. All in favor signify by the usual sign.

A Few: Aye.

W. A. McCorkle: Opposed?

Brother Barrel: No!

W. A. McCorkle: Motion carried.

Brother Dickerman: *Amendment* carried.

W. A. McCorkle: Amendment carried. It is moved and seconded that the committee be discharged. All in fa—

Brother Dickerman: *And* given a vote of thanks.

W. A. McCorkle: And given a vote of thanks. All in favor signify by the usual sign.

A Few: Aye.

W. A. McCorkle: Opposed?

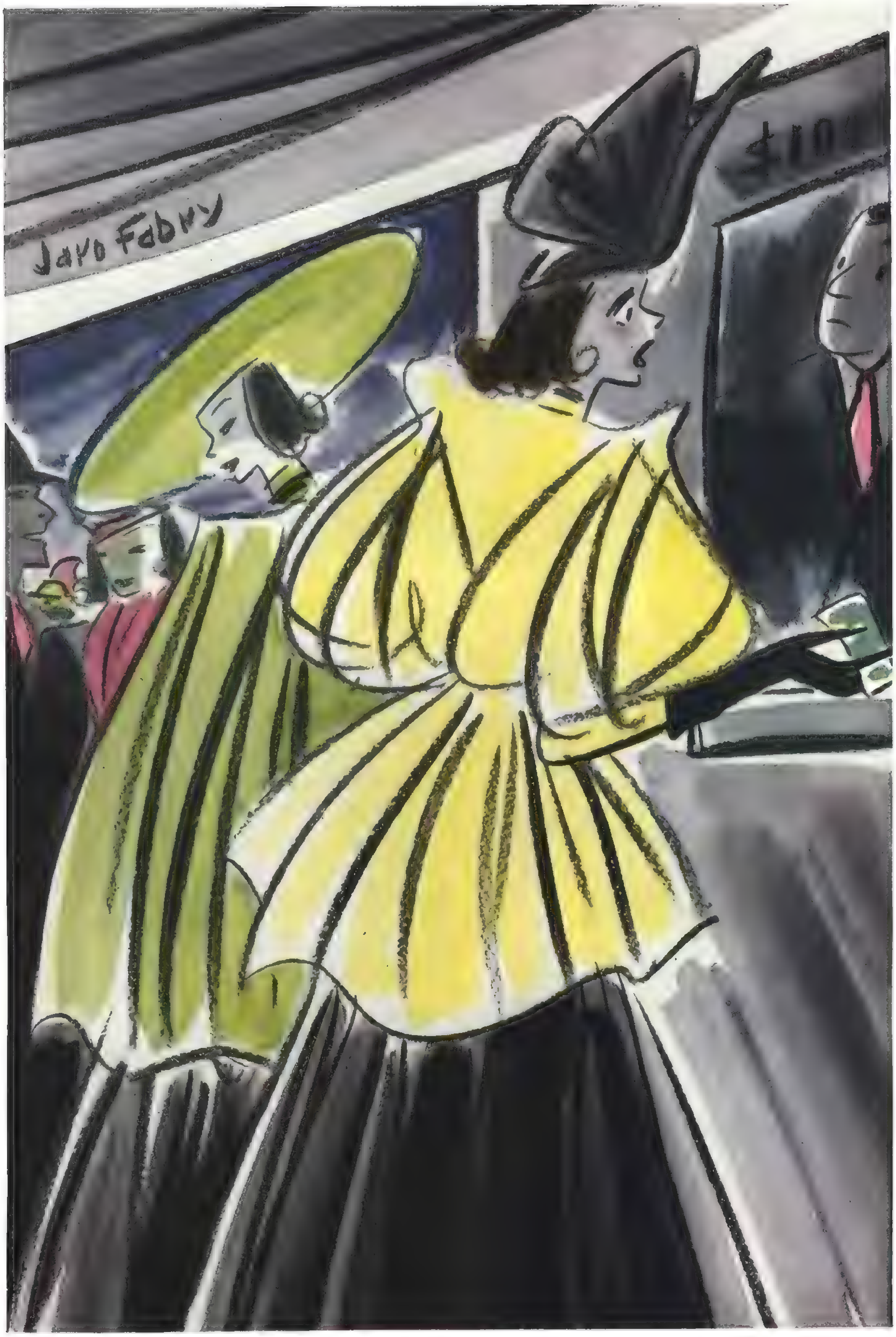
Brother Barrel: No!

W. A. McCorkle: Motion carried. Next we'll hear from the standing committees. Finance committee. Is Brother Gilpin here?

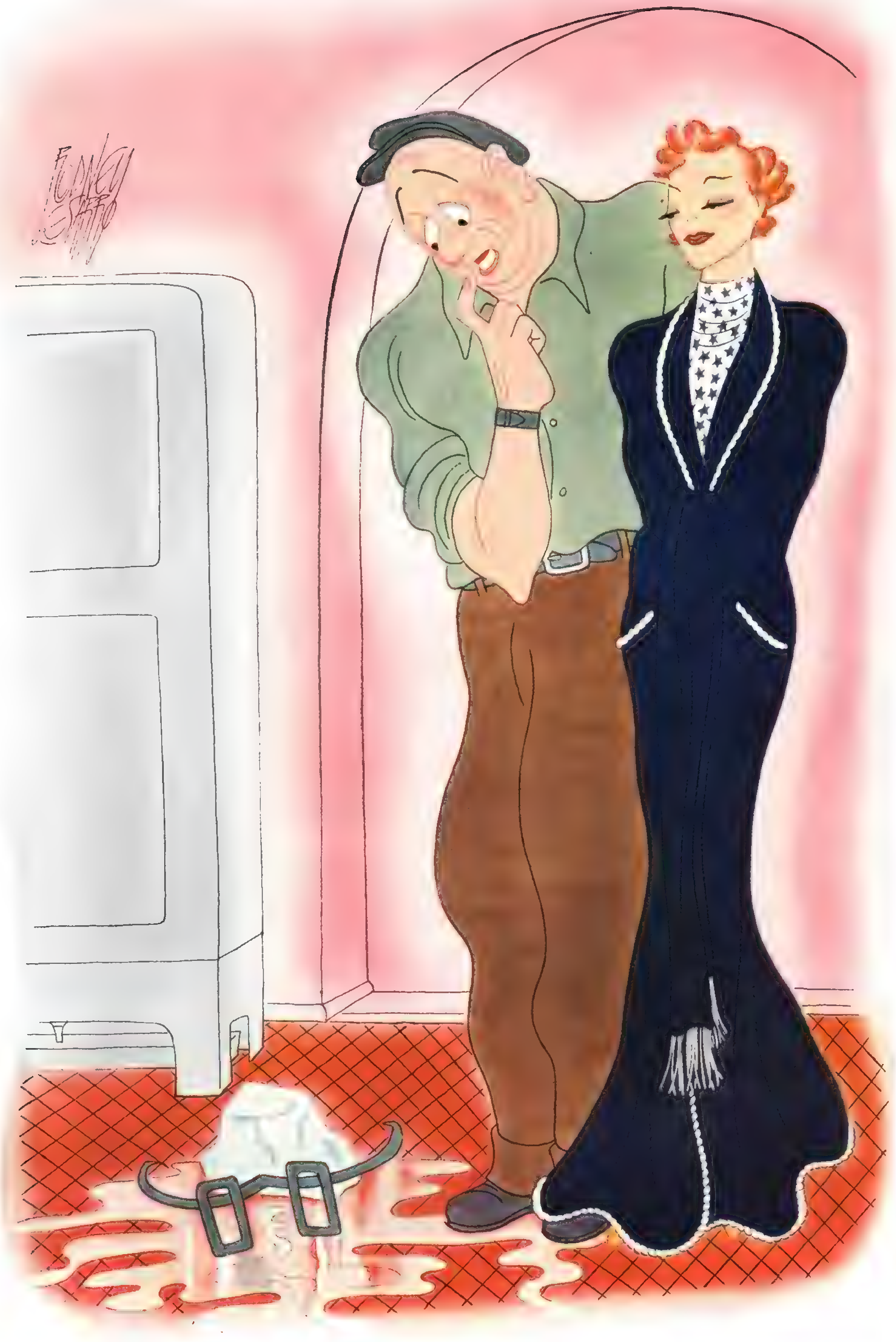
Brother Dickerman: No.

W. A. McCorkle: Is anybody on the committee here? (there is no response) The report of the

Continued on page 125


Jaro Fabry
$10

"I'd like to place a bet on the horse that's going to win"



"Next time I'll put the ice in the ice box first"

Keep the Camp Fires Burning

How to build a snack fire, a cooking fire, or a comfort fire, in order to realize the most benefit and pleasure

by CHARLES B. ROTH

• SPORTS •

We had been trailing along with a big pack outfit in the Idaho Sawtooths. Things were going fine. Weather perfect. Horses sleek and fat. No mishaps. All the fish any man wanted. Pleasant companionship. Oh, we were enjoying life, my companion and I.

An then it rained. It wasn't the customary timberline shower, but a steady downpour. Subsequently we learned that it was a three-day rain, but, of course, we didn't know that the day it started in. We pulled early into camp, and made ready for a wet night.

I suppose you have all had the experience, too, the experience of making camp in a deluge, when practically everything you own is soaked. That part of it isn't so bad. With a little co-operation from that great and good and great institution, fire, an outdoorsman can make his way, regardless of weather. Maybe you've also had the experience of trying to invoke that great and good institution, fire, in the midst of a downpour.

I have never seen any country outdoors as wet as Idaho was that afternoon. The trees dripped water. The wood was soaked. Apparently there wasn't a dry stick in the entire mountain country.

Well, that's just one of the situations which every man who goes afield must face, not occasionally, but upon practically every trip. I'd been through it many times. Also, I'd seen perfectly lovely friendships rent asunder, more than one trip completely spoiled, and all the fun and adventure go out of life, because wet came and fires refused to burn.

As it happened to us, however, there was no great hardship, nor anything more than another amusing incident to talk to each other about on the way back and to write to each other when we got to our respective homes. We knew what kind of fire to kindle in a wet world; we had a handy bit of equipment which I always carry, and inside of twenty minutes we were drying out, enjoying the lugubrious slither of the rain against our canvas shelter. It could have been so different, however, had we been less prepared for making fires under the most handicapping of circumstances.

There is no art which will bring more comfort and satisfaction to the outdoor man than the art of making the right kind of campfire. Yet how little it is understood! In the course of a year I look upon scores of campfires, hundreds maybe. Only now and then do I find one which is properly made. The rest? Well, they are positive menaces to fun out of doors. I wonder why? Learning how to make the proper campfire isn't intricate. Every outdoorsman can master it in an hour's time. The main thing it requires is care.

I once did a lot of traveling with an old time plains rider, a grizzly old chap of the buffalo ranges. He talked to me continually about horsemanship, tried to drill into my mind the fact that there is a close relationship between form in riding and skill in riding.

"You never seen a rider ride sloppy all over the hoss that could stick a bad one," he would say. "No, sir; and you never seen a sloppy rider who could bring a horse in fresh at the end of the day. In fact," he would ruminate, "you never seen a sloppy rider that could ride a hoss." Well, the same thing goes for campfires and their building too. You never saw a camper who built a sloppy, haphazard campfire whom you could call a first-rate camper. A careless camp means discomfort. A careless fire means inefficiency. It is a grievous error to build a careless fire.

Another error which many campers make is in using the same kind of fire under all conditions. The man who is so particular about the gun he uses that he takes a different one for each slightly changed set of conditions, will cook, keep warm and enjoy his campfire settin' with the same kind of fire —usually a thrown-together bonfire. The fact is that there are as many different kinds of campfires as there are needs for them. Only when you use the right fire at the right time do you get the most efficiency out of it, the most comfort, the most pleasure.

And fires vary according to locality, and also according to the fuel available. In the deep woods up north, for example, they use a different fire from the one the boys who trail the Mexican badlands call sufficient. In the forests of the East, you burn hardwood, finest fuel of all, but what are you going to do in the Rockies, where pine and fir and an occasional cedar are all you can find in the way of combustibles?

According to their function campfires can be classed into three kinds. First is the small midday or snack fire; the fire you build to heat the coffee pot, fry the morning's catch of fish; the fire you build alongside the trail at the temporary halt. Second comes the cooking fire, the fire you use when you want to prepare camp food as it should be prepared. And, third, comes the heating fire, the comfort fire, the warming fire.

Let's take them up in order.

One of the most useful of the light fires is the Indian or tepee fire. I suppose I have built as many campfires as most men have. The majority of them have been Indians. The true Indian was probably no great shakes as a camper and the fires he used were doubtless entirely different from the one I am going to describe. But there is a persistent legend that the Indian knew the advantage of a small, efficient fire. Remember the story: "White man builds big fire and stays away; Indian builds little fire and gets close." The Indian fire is a small fire, small but mighty efficient.

Directions for building: Start with small twigs, standing one up against the other until you have a miniature tepee, conical in shape and coming to a point in the center. Leaning against one another, the twigs or pieces of wood will stand up, leaving an open place in the center. Here you should place the igniting agent—piece of newspaper, dry pine needles, shavings or bark—and touch a match. Since the fire has plenty of draft, it catches readily. Inside of a few seconds you should have a roaring, if miniature, fire. Then the trick is to keep feeding it more wood, piling it up on the outside and keeping the tepee in its original shape.

Maintained in this way, the Indian makes a fine small comfort fire. It blazes cheerily, throws off warmth, requires but little attention. If you like, you can neglect it even more, let it burn down until it falls, and becomes a circular-shaped ground fire, the butt ends of the sticks describing a circle on the ground. In the center the fiery ends will be burning. Well, let them burn. As quickly as they burn themselves out, begin to show signs of retiring, shove the butt ends of the sticks toward the center. When they come into juxtaposition with one another, they will start burning again, and you will have a few moments of repose. They will burn themselves out, though, and you will have to shove the butts once more.

Used in this way, the Indian fire is the lazy man's best recourse. He can enjoy many minutes of campfire loafing with no more effort than occasionally shoving the

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A Doctor's Story

Usually it works out fine, with married people wanting to adopt all of the illegitimate babies

by GROSVENOR M. CROSS

• FICTION •

We doctors see a lot of queer things and a lot of queer people. Lots of girls have come to me with stories that would simply wring your heart. What some of them go through! I don't know what makes them do it. I suppose I don't understand it because I'm a man. But I'm sorry for those girls, and I tell you I take my hat off to them, they've got what it takes. I've seen more courage in some of these unmarried mothers—just little girls, you know, some of them only seventeen or eighteen years old—more courage in them than most men show in all their lives. You get that way about them, when you've seen as many as I have. Of course all of them aren't like that, some of them are yellow, but not as many as you'd think, and I tell you the majority of them are simply great. For sheer guts, I hand it to them.

You see I practice a special kind of charity all my own. I'm a pediatrician, a baby doctor, professionally, but my fun is finding homes for those babies that the mothers can't keep, or think they can't keep. I've done it for thirty years, and everybody in the city knows about me. Just ask anybody where to get a baby for adoption, and they'll tell you "See Dr. Bronson." I can usually find one for them pretty quick, too; not as quick now as I used to be able to, because now, thank God, the girls know more and are more cautious, and there aren't as many illegitimate children—but there are still plenty of them. It's often seemed queer to me, considering what people call morals, that the number of these babies is just about sufficient to take care of the married folks who can't have any of their own. There's providence in that, it seems to me. It's a good thing these boys and girls aren't as good as they're supposed to be, that's all, or a whole lot of people wouldn't be as happy as they are. I've placed between three and four hundred of them in my time. Somebody said once it would be fun, when I get old, to give me a dinner and have all these grown-up babies come to it. It would be a big dinner, all right. It would be kind of amusing, you know, to see them all together.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Of course there are two sides to this business. You've got to know where to get the babies. I'm well-known for that, too. When a girl gets in trouble and asks her doctor, or maybe a nurse, or someone she knows, who's been through the mill, what to do, they're pretty apt to tell her the same thing: "See Dr. Bronson." They all know I'll keep my mouth shut and arrange everything for them so nobody'll know unless it's necessary, and they know the obstetrician will be a first-class man and they'll be as safe as if they had a proper husband with half a million dollars. Then when it's over I take care of the baby. Usually I can place it before it can leave the hospital, though once in a while I have to arrange for someone to keep it outside until I can find the proper kind of parents for it. It all takes a lot of time, of course, but I like it better than just giving money to some charity, and the more I see of these girls the better I like them and the more I like to do something for them.

The oddest set of coincidences I ever ran into started when a girl called Margaret came to see me. She was as sweet as they know how to grow them, and twenty-one years old. It was her first slip, if you want to call it that. She came from somewhere out West, and had gone to school here and then stayed on, living in the college town in the suburbs and working in the city. She had a little money of her own, either inherited or saved; she was lucky in that respect at least. Her pregnancy was about five months along when she came to me, and she was worried sick; most of them are, poor kids, when I first see them; pretty near crazy, you know, afraid of everything and everybody—it's a crime, you know, just a plain crime, to run things so they feel that way about it. Anyway I cheered her up and arranged things for her. Of course I got her to tell me all about it. I always do; it helps them, to get it off their minds. Once you can break through and convince them you won't talk and they tell you the whole story you've won half the battle

It seems she had this friend who was a stenographer for this man that I'll call Clayton Smith. Smith was about forty, a lawyer. You'd know his real name if I told you, everybody does. Well, this friend of Margaret's went away for a month's vacation, and Margaret went in to Smith's office to pinch-hit for her. She was sorry for Smith; he seemed all broken up about something, and he was a pretty nice sort of chap, too, I guess. Maybe he had a way with the women, I don't know; but I think it was a pretty honest sort of a business. Anyway she was sorry for him, I gathered, tried to comfort him, comforted him a bit too much, and they got pretty chummy, and so here she was coming to me with a baby five months along.

"Well," I said, "how about telling Smith of it?" But nothing doing.

"He's got troubles enough of his own," she said.

"Business troubles?"

"Oh, no. His own."

"He can stand a few more troubles. He's made you enough."

"I made them as much as he did. I don't want him to know."

"You don't think he'd stand back of you?"

"Of course he would, but I don't want to bother him. I can do it myself. Please let me."

Well, there you have it. I've seen it hundreds of times. People have an idea that the first thing these girls do is drag in their boy-friends, but it isn't true. It's one of the things I don't quite understand about the business. Of course in a good many cases—I haven't counted them, but I think off-hand in the majority of cases—the men are older than the girls, and a lot of them are married, probably unhappily married you know, and so it would just raise hell to drag them in. The girls are usually still in love with them, too, in a kind of special way; they don't want to see them any more, but they're guarding a sort of special picture of them in their hearts, and I think they know pretty well that the men won't live up to the picture when they find the girls have done what nature intended them to do about it. So they save their picture, and suffer by themselves. I'd like to see any man do that, if a man could have a baby.

That's the majority of cases, I should guess; but pretty often the boy-friend is the same age as the girl, and even then, often enough, she won't tell him. There'll be another excuse then—he'll be too poor to help, or it would break him up too much, or he'd want to marry her, or he's got too much family—always some reason. The nicer the girl is the more apt she is to do it. Well,

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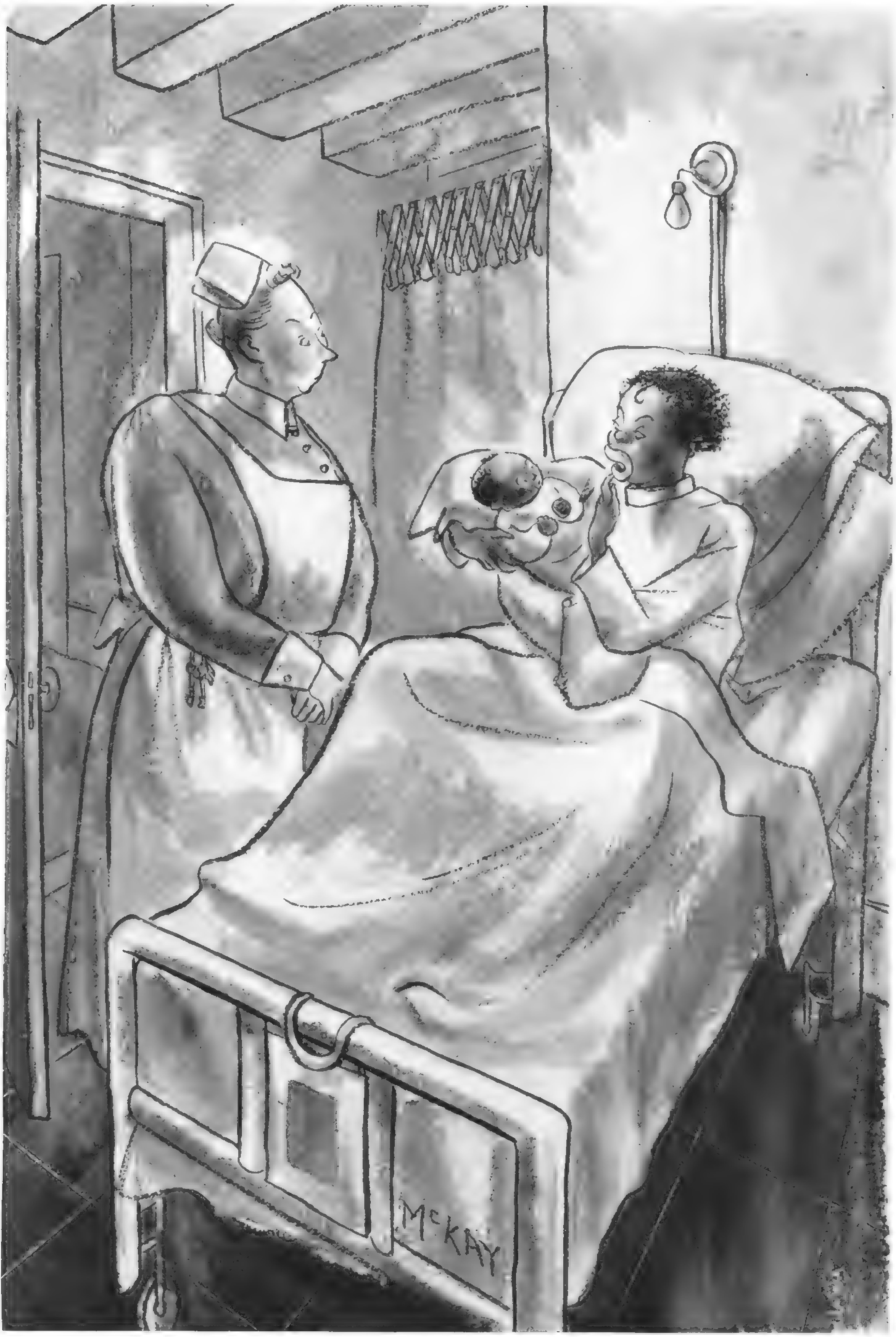


"He resembles his father—if ah remembers right"

The Flying Codonas

Lalo swings through the air while Alfredo stands below, still going through every vault and pirouette

by LOUIS ZARA

• ARTICLE •

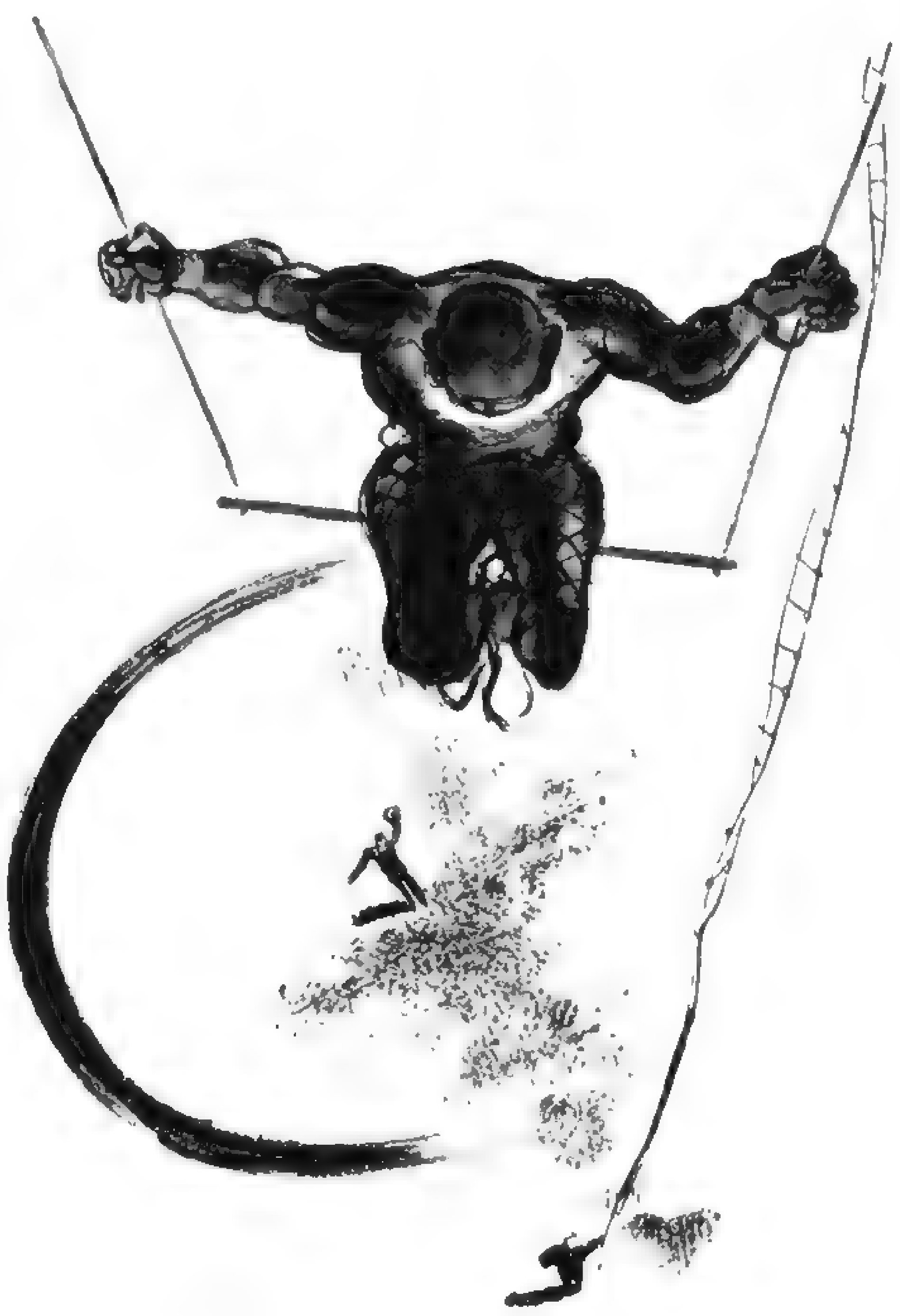
It is suffocatingly hot in the big top. For hours the sun has been beating down on the canvas roof. A vast heat is rising from the thousands of persons in the circus audience. The huge tent has been darkened and a dozen high-powered beams are playing fierce light and more heat on the two performers waiting their cue. This is a three-ring circus, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, but for the aerial trapeze work of the internationally famous Codonas, *die Fliegenden Menschen*, all rings have been cleared. Even the blasé candy-butchers and the clowns are silent: watch it, everybody, this is something! A swift look passes between the two up high in the rigging, two lithe bodies in tights. Ready? With his eyes Alfredo Codona, the *Flieger*, or flyer, shoots the question across the thirty-odd feet to his brother Lalo, the *Fanger*, or catcher. The silent answer is: Ready.

The house is hushed. The circus band swings into rhythmic brass music—Alfredo and Lalo poise a moment on their trapezes, which hang perpendicularly now. Suddenly both start swinging. Alfredo, the *Flieger*, hangs from the bar of his trapeze by his hands. But Lalo, the *Fanger*, is suspended from the bar of his trapeze by his knees—so that his hands will be free to catch his brother. Both performers synchronize their swings for so much depends here on split-second timing, but the swings are not of the same length. Long years of practice have taught the brothers to sense the moment when the swings are shooting through the air in precisely the relation necessary for the successful completion of the act. Alfredo is at the top of his swing, high near the roof of the tent—when he lets go the trapeze.

He hurtles up—turns a somersault in the air—shoots up still higher and turns a second somersault—

Here Lalo, swinging by his knees, has reached the top of his swing, and is beginning to drop. But the act is not over. Alfredo, still fifty feet from the ground, tosses his body over for a *third* somersault and falls doubled up but with his arms straightening out, toward the strong hands of Lalo, tensed to receive him! A breath-taking moment and Lalo's hands have closed over Alfredo's wrists. Applause breaks out from an astounded and delighted audience. *Der Dreifacher Salto*, the triple somersault in mid-air, has been successfully accomplished. Smiling, the brothers take their bows. No envy, no jealousy between these two; if Alfredo is the star in the public's eye, Lalo is the star in his, for performance after performance he trusts his life to Lalo's sure timing sense and powerful hands. Good work, Lalo. Good work, Alfredo.

This year the Codonas are on tour again. Half the civilized world will see and applaud them. But Alfredo will not be in the rigging. The triple somersault may be offered, for he has trained another to take his place. Alfredo himself, however, will never again do trapeze work. Falls and spills, broken bones and bruises could not keep him from his place in the big top, but a badly wrenched shoulder has retired him permanently from active participation in the Flying Codonas act. The mishap occurred some two years ago. At first the usual therapies were attempted. Then special cures were tried. All failed. Now Alfredo knows his aerial days are over. Nevertheless, if he has given up the throne there is no one in the circus world today to take his place as king of aerial gymnasts.



For death is always lurking in the big top. Truly the work on the trapeze is death-defying. But circus folk do not "laugh" at death. He is the sinister spectator who cannot be fooled; for each mistake he demands the penalty. Alfredo Codona would be the last to laugh at him: Death comes too close to an aerial gymnast. In 1931 it took Lillian Leitzel, the great Leitzel, acknowledged queen of the circus, beloved of hundreds of thousands in the Americas and in Europe. Alfredo had wooed her and their romance had been international news-copy for months. They married and were an ideal couple, happy in their work and in each other. But Leitzel—so he refers to her, rarely by her first name—performed a solo act of her own that was a source of thrills to circus audiences. From a position on a rubber mat on the floor she pulled herself up a long rope to the top of the tent, not climbing but hoisting herself. That was the difficult part of the act but it was the picturesque sequence that excited the spectators. For now Leitzel, while still hanging to her ring by one arm, commenced to throw her body over and over in the air. The circus drums rolled, the audience counted breathlessly. How many turns could she do in mid-air? She began with a few but when she realized how seriously people came to the performances to count she entered into the spirit herself and at the time of her death had accomplished as many as three hundred and thirty-odd complete turns at one performance.

Leitzel was in Copenhagen alone for a solo appearance. The Codonas, Alfredo, and Lalo, and Vera Bruce, who was introduced to the brothers' act by Leitzel and later took a place alongside her in Alfredo's heart, were in Berlin. When Leitzel fell, the steel of her ring having suddenly crystallized because of rapid changes in its temperature, there was a distance of thirty feet to the rubber mat below—and no net: first, because the net is not as safe as circus audiences believe; second, because the net hampered her in her work. When the shocking news came Alfredo flew to Copenhagen. But Leitzel was apparently much improved. She begged him to return to his act. The audiences at the Winter Garden had always been among the most appreciative they encountered, and the Codonas must not disappoint them. Alfredo went back. A half-hour later Leitzel was dead. Alfredo was heartbroken. Lucrative engagements waited to be filled in many countries. But he could not go on without her and for the first time a Codona could not hide his true feelings and go out smiling. He left Europe at once.

In the Long Beach cemetery where he has laid her to rest in the Codona family plot he has erected to her memory a statue of white Italian marble that gives one an inkling of the deep feeling that Alfredo bore her. The statue consists of a winged angel receiving the figure of a girl trapezist.

When his grief was partly assuaged Al-

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JEAN PARKER
Hurrell Photograph

CLAIRE DODD
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

It's Boys' Month in pictures, with the Mauch twins, Bartholomew, and a Hindu lad, Sabu, all winning honors

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS: At once the most virile and the tenderest of recent Hollywood photoplays; should rank high on any list of best pictures of all time. Spencer Tracy's performance as a Portuguese fisherman, who teaches a rich man's pampered brat (Freddie Bartholomew) that there are other values besides the dollar, is nothing short of noble. Simply as a documentary film on life in the sail-powered cod-fishing fleet out of Gloucester, this is complete, robust, and often as beautiful as a Robert Flaherty epic. But Marc Connelly has written a pitiless portrait of a nasty, bribe-minded kid out of Kipling's story, and Victor Fleming has done a flawless piece of direction. The entire cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, plays with a group spirit new to pictures.

ELEPHANT BOY: A twelve year old Hindu child, named Sabu, was found by Robert Flaherty to play the title role in this Kipling tale; and the film that resulted is more than anything else, a study in living sculpture. The child has the poise and gravity and rhythmic movement found only in temple images and in such dances as have been brought to the western world by ShanKar. If the Mauch twins were sextuplets they still could not add up, in winning beauty, to the child Sabu. Maybe it is the genius of Flaherty, who made *Nanook of the North*, and *Man of Aron*, that brought out this pure quality, but one feels that the whole culture of his race has found expression in the body of this child. The film is unfortunately similar to the African animal-hunt films in theme and in major sequences; this makes some of it seem like old stuff. But Flaherty has really done an entirely different kind of animal picture here. His handling of the dignified mahouts, his presentation of the deep craft-tradition among these elephant-drivers, brings the film into the social-documentary field. And as in all Flaherty films, the camera becomes so intimate as to reveal the very soul of the subject. If elephants have souls, they're in that film.

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE: Built around the Maxwell case, this is the story of a mountain girl, educated outside, who killed her viciously narrow-minded father. Notable for several realistic scenes of brutality, and for the convincing portrait of a mountaineer family. Josephine Hutchinson does the best work of her career as the heroine. The open-air trial scene, with the town turned into a hill-billy version of Coney Island, is an addition to Hollywood's gallery of real American social portraiture. It belongs with the lynch sequence of *Fury*.

NIGHT MUST FALL: Surprise masterpiece performance by Robert Montgomery in a psychological chiller. Rosalind Russell also strong. Film similar but in every way superior to *Love From A Stranger*. Montgomery does a boyish Peter Lorre, a solid, trickless job of character acting.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER: Perfectly timed for the Coronation, with a long, detailed, and vitally interesting duplication of the ceremony, far better than the newsreels are likely to get. Billy and Bobby Mauch, the twins who play the double-rôle, are a nice pair of kids, appealing, and rather talented, but the main attraction is that they are twins. Neither, by himself, would be credited with enough screen personality or precocious ability to rate stardom. As a team they have the fascination of novelty. Mark Twain's ironic tale is well enough handled; the giant spoof at the whole idea of royalty doesn't really get across until the last sequences, but then it gets across with a vengeance. The kids are surrounded with a terrific cast, including Claude Rains, Errol Flynn, Barton MacLane; direction is rather on the flat side.

GO ALONG TO SEE

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY: Cockeyed jumble of gangster and hospital picture ideas, with one swell saloon scene by Stanley Ridges, and a couple of impromptu operations by Joel McCrea. Stanwyck is the gal.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER: British made, with Basil Rathbone in another of his psychologically creepy characterizations. He's a modern bluebeard. The climax, in which he and Ann Harding take turns at topping each other, is well worth waiting for.

THE WOMAN I LOVE: Splendidly mounted, splendidly cast, but doesn't quite come off. Old story of war-buddies in love with the same woman. Miriam Hopkins comes up a few notches; Paul Muni turns in the usual tense job. Introduces Director Anatole Litvak to these parts, without very definite results.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

KING OF THE GAMBLERS: Expose of the slot-machine racket, with Akim Tamiroff dropping folks down elevator shafts.

WASTE

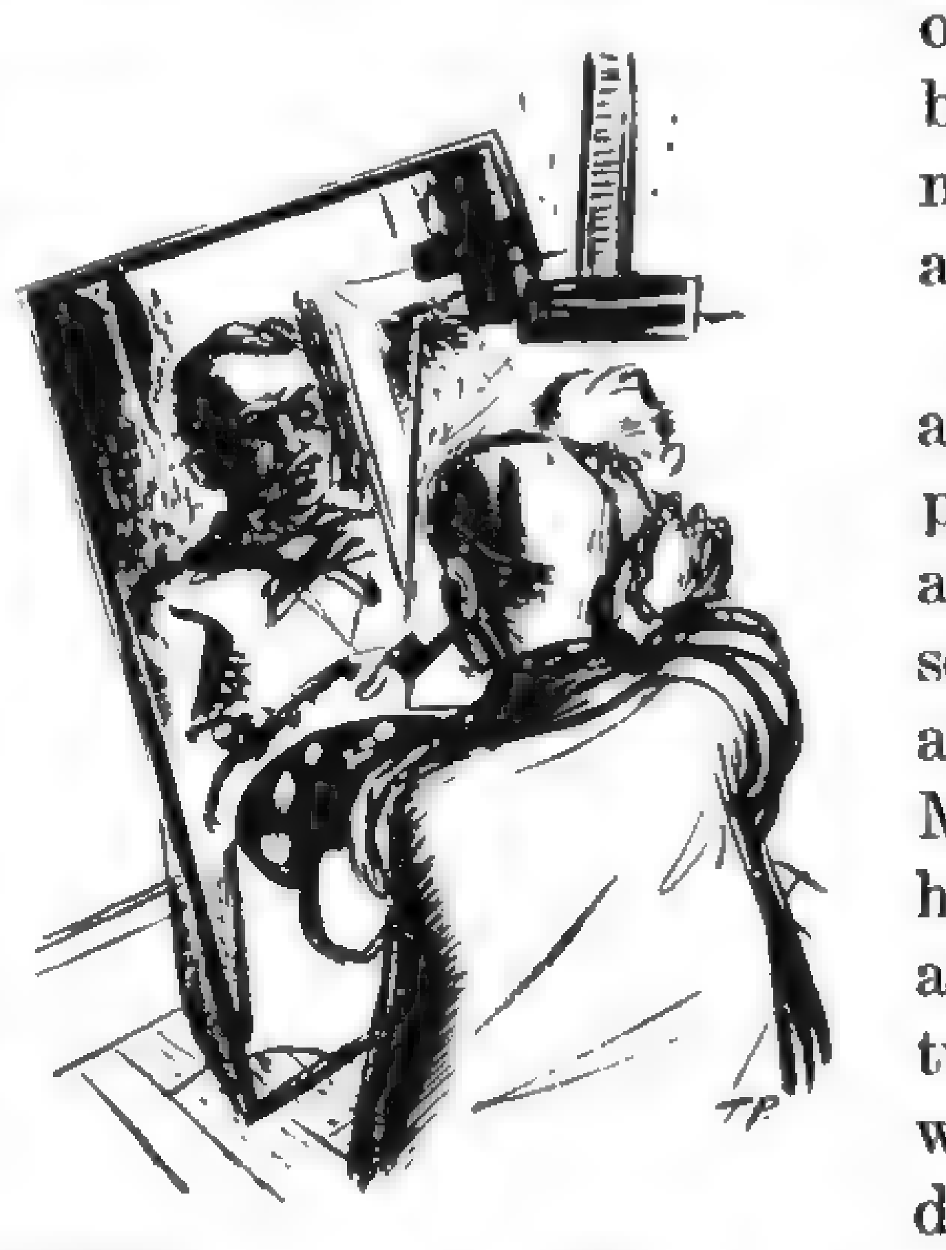
THE GOOD OLD SOAK: Wallace Beery stumbling around, and everyone else walking through.

OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT: Not very hearty attempt at a classic.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

THERE is little middle ground in art about art. Books about writers, plays about playwrights, and movies about movie-makers either touch the utmost depths of banality, or achieve reality through simple candor. Writers and actors most often yield to the universal superstition that there is something romantically glamorous about their work, and pander to that superstition by presenting characters idiotically labeled as writers, actors, artists. They capitalize on this troubadour glamor, even while knowing their own insecure beggary. Noel Coward has done this both as playwright and actor, on a fancy plane, it is true, but nevertheless on a false plane; Somerset Maugham has used the glamor-paint at times, and tried atonement in one notable portrait of a true writer; Kaufman, whose plays are full of tinfoil playwrights, tried to do a Maugham in *Merrily We Roll Along;* but the magazines and novel-shops and theatres and screens are crowded with characters labeled writer, actor, artist, because that is an automatic way to indicate depth of soul, eccentricity of behavior, and to evade reality.

Painters, perhaps because they are so relentlessly faced with their mirrors while at work, are most likely to be utterly honest when attempting to record themselves. "Portrait of the Artist by Himself" is, after the cases of Rembrandt, Cézanne, Van Gogh, practically a synonym for masterpiece. Self-portraiture can reflect the very essence of a medium; as in painting it most often reflects a searching honesty; and in writing it most often reflects a crying in the beer; so in motion pictures it most often reflects human inadequacy in the face of riches.



And while the tinfoil stories and movies about artists are plentiful and popular, there is almost a taboo against the serious type of self-portrait in any except the painting arts. Magazine editors, for instance, hate to read short stories about authors; and the motion picture industry regards Hollywood as no subject for heavy drama.

Perhaps painters are able to get away with so much self-portraiture for the reason that the beholder is not likely to identify himself with a portrait, while he is likely to identify himself with the hero in a story or film. If a painter wants to show his sour puss and his grieving soul, okay with the masses; but a story-character's bitter outlook upon his environment is, according to magazine editors and picture producers, unsavory.

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Punch and Duty

Recipe for a punch to be served with care unless your guests are prepared to remain all week end

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

If the Farm Resettlement Administration would like a tip on how to make their work easy, let them write me and I'll solve the whole project. I have a scheme for decentralizing the population and pushing it back from the cities and suburbs, way back into the backwoods. The idea came to me when I decided I'd make one of my pleasant (to me) week-end visits to friends who had a little place in Connecticut. I had gas in the car, had it cranked up and persuaded to run, a clean shirt in my bag and a nice, clean five-day thirst. Then I learned that my friends had moved—moved, chattels, cats and cellar, to Buck County, Pennsylvania. You couldn't drive there in a day, even if you knew the roads, and they'd never tell you. That would make it too easy.

The plan, briefly, is to furnish every family living in the city in the summer, with one railroad or bus ticket to their nearest friend who has a country place. In no time at all Buck County will be settled, the natives can move into the cities, and the abandoned farms from Vermont to the Ozarks can be restocked with artists, writers and advertising men who know how to wrest a quart of beans from any soil for as little as ten dollars a quart. The country realtors will also be benefited.

If it is too late for you to move this year and the McGlucks are coming up for the week end, you might as well call a family truce and decide what you can do, to pass the two days without mayhem or murder. The fact that old Fred doesn't play golf and that Anne has a figure not exactly cut out for nude bathing in the moonlight, complicates matters a little. But if you remember aright, both Fred and Anne like to drink. Or was that Bill and Hazel that thought your Scotch punch was just an ordinary drink and took enough the first night to allow them to sleep peacefully through the whole week end. No, Fred has never tried that punch; he will not be forewarned and you can at least try it on him.

The Scotch punch should be in any country household. It can be put down in the spring, say a gallon every week, and set to rest in the cellar, properly labeled. It is an all-purpose drink and thus can be brought into play on those unfortunate exigencies when the liquor supply runs out and the local stores are closed. I first tried it when the James Sweeneys gave a farewell party to the editors of *Transition*. The party had been planned for Thanksgiving, postponed to Christmas, and postponed several more times this spring. The Scotch punch had been ready all this time. Perhaps it waited too long. Five guests, who had never seen the Sweeneys before, remained several days. So I know I was not merely the weak vessel the punch was aimed at. Never before or since has your correspondent experienced anything as exhilaratingly potent. But if you go beyond the third cup, don't say that I didn't warn you.

The recipe was given me by Howard MacAdams, who got it from his grandpappy in Scotland. It goes like this:

2 quarts of Scotch whiskey
1 pint of good brandy
1 cup of green tea
Rind of six lemons
1 teaspoon of cloves
1 tablespoon of allspice
30 lumps of sugar.

Seal this in a glass jug and allow to stand at least *six* weeks before serving. Served with ice, either cracked in the glass, or a chunk in the punch bowl, the single potion is modified.

Following the ethics of the medical profession, it is not amiss to give an antidote along with the recipe for the Scotch punch. It might be a good plan to paste this on the jug when you set it on the shelf, high up out of the little children's reach. If any of your guests are up after midnight, this is one of the best things we know for sweet dreams and a pleasant good morning. It is also a good major dish to serve with a salad and light dessert for a Sunday supper. Stayer-uppers in Paris have known for years of the curative properties of onion soup and have trundled themselves down to the markets for a bowl alongside the truckmen. This is not the Paris onion soup but comes from Burgundy, and is made according to the old Tisseyre formula.

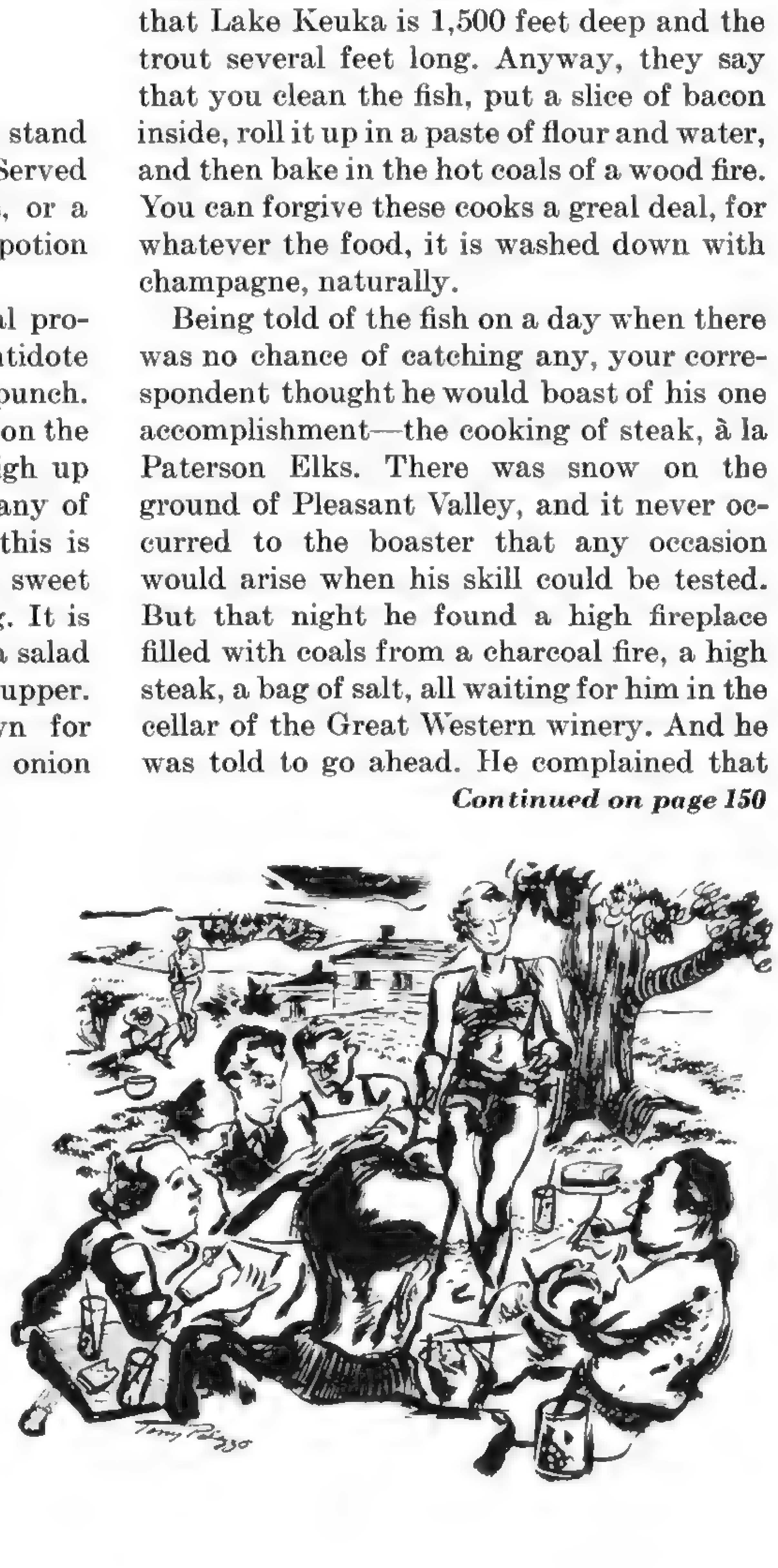
For six persons take about five pounds of onions, cut them thin, put in an iron pot or French cooking dish. Add six bouillon cubes (or better yet, a cup of soup stock or a can of beef broth), then take a loaf of French or Italian bread, break into small pieces and put in the pot. Cover this with enough water to submerge the ingredients. Put a lid on the pot, let it come almost to a boil, and then push to the back of the stove to simmer all day. (Peasant households sometimes allow this to simmer for several days.) Just before you are ready to serve, add one pint of thick cream. The bread by this time is dissolved, and the soup the consistency of a purée.

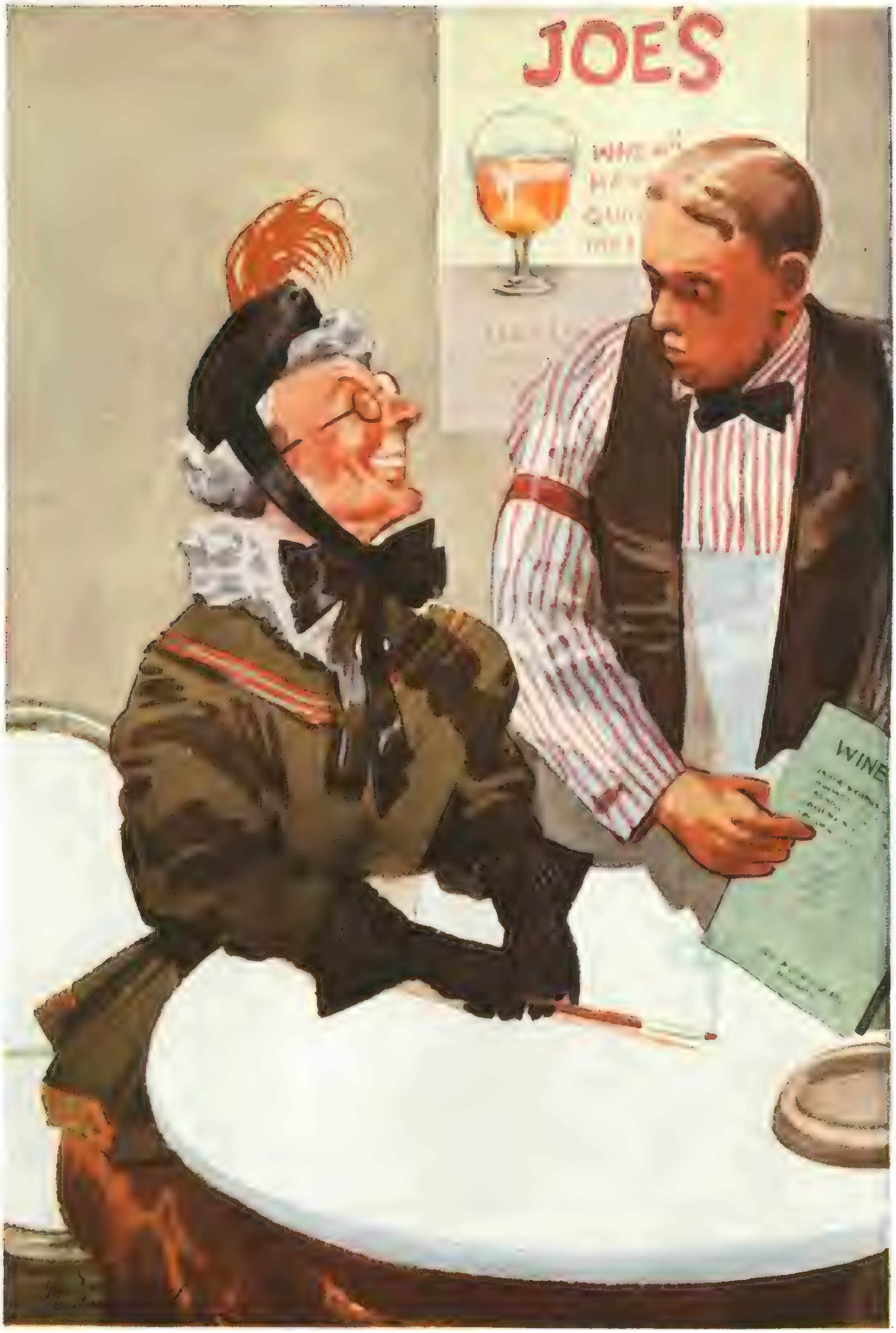
If there is any Boy Scout blood in the family, the men folk will want to put on high rubber boots and wade in the brook back of the house. By this time all the trout that the state has put there earlier in the season have been caught by small boys with flies from the local 5 & 10, and poles cut from the woods, so be sure to slip a couple of fine trout (or anything from the local butcher will do), into the old man's creel. Also insert several pints of rye and Scotch. This is very good for wet feet.

There is a fishermen's style of cooking fish on the scene of the catch. Your correspondent hasn't tried it since he was a boy but up in the Finger Lake district the boys who make champagne claim that it is the only way to prepare fish. The local nimrods also claim that Lake Keuka is 1,500 feet deep and the trout several feet long. Anyway, they say that you clean the fish, put a slice of bacon inside, roll it up in a paste of flour and water, and then bake in the hot coals of a wood fire. You can forgive these cooks a greal deal, for whatever the food, it is washed down with champagne, naturally.

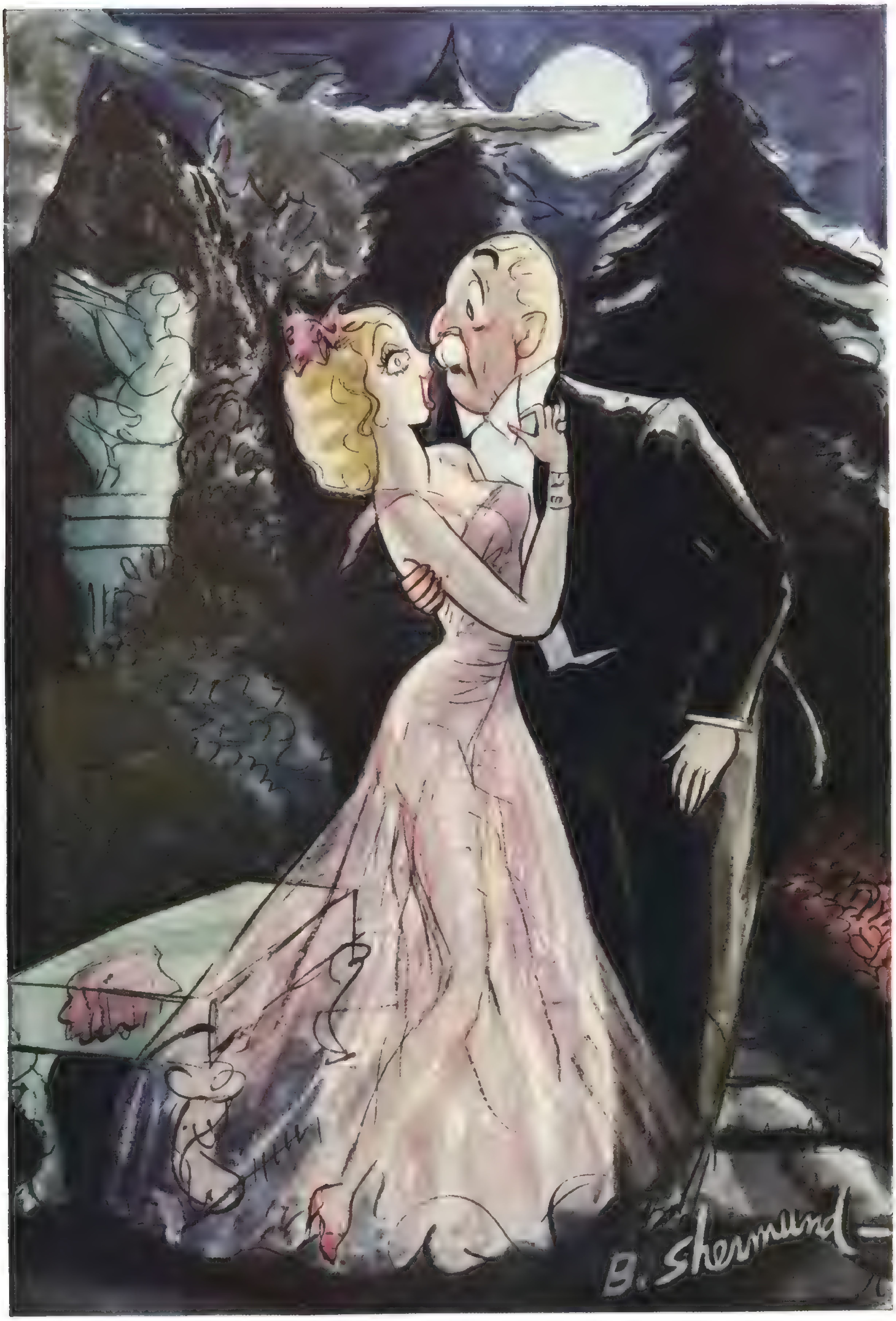
Being told of the fish on a day when there was no chance of catching any, your correspondent thought he would boast of his one accomplishment—the cooking of steak, à la Paterson Elks. There was snow on the ground of Pleasant Valley, and it never occurred to the boaster that any occasion would arise when his skill could be tested. But that night he found a high fireplace filled with coals from a charcoal fire, a high steak, a bag of salt, all waiting for him in the cellar of the Great Western winery. And he was told to go ahead. He complained that

Continued on page 150





"Bet you haven't got anything that will knock *__this__* *hat off!"*



"Of course I love you—but there's such a difference in our ages—we ought to wait a few years"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Asserting that critics' intolerance of lousy plays is inspired by the purest of passions for the theatre

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

When critics look back on a theatrical season and declare, as is sometimes their wont, that it was disappointing, it is a common custom to regard them as cynics whom nothing can please and without whom the world in general and the theatre in particular would be a lot better off. Common custom, however, is often a dubious matter, no less in respect to criticism than in the case of such things as battling a hangover with oyster stews or a belief in the immortality of the soul of, say, Andrew W. Mellon. For far from being cynics on such occasions, the critics reveal themselves as creatures of the finest faith and hope. The mere fact of their disappointment implies their golden trust in the purpose and future of the theatre, together with the high standards they impose upon it and their proud discontent with anything but the best. Their disappointment stems from the karat of their rightful expectation, and in it lies ever their fond faith for the greater theatre of tomorrow.

This last has been just such a disappointing season, although compared with the incontrovertibly disappointing year in musical composition, painting, sculpture, international relations, human decency and Moselle wines, it takes on the aspect of something of a triumph. Whatever its many shortcomings, it has not been without its few merits. And these few merits, I allow myself the precarious audacity to think, have proceeded directly out of the struggles, efforts and achievements of those vituperated fowl, the critical boys themselves. It is they and they alone who, after years of steady and relentless fighting, have largely killed off audiences for the old truck and have gradually built up audiences for the better drama, when, as and if it appears. It is they who are slowly ridiculing out of the theatre the producing posturers and pretenders, the playwriting hacks and other such smelly fish, and who have at least done everything in their power to encourage those braver spirits who wish to extend themselves toward the elevation of the stage. They have gone about it in different ways, it is true, and some of them have come perilously near to seeming jackasses in the technique which they have adopted, but with minor and quickly recognizable exception they have worked together in the common cause. Our best dramatists, our best producers and, miraculous as it may seem, even several of our best actors are no longer backward in admitting it. It has come to the surprising point, indeed, where so far as today's theatre is concerned the critics are disliked only by such persons as that theatre itself dislikes and has no use for. And that, with the possible exception of the governmental policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the improvement in razor blades which permits them to be picked up from the bathroom floor without the combined use of a carpenter's chisel, a surgeon's curet and a pair of dentist's pincers, is certainly the greatest change that has occurred in America in the last fifteen years.

To those who are a bit reluctant in allowing that critics serve any desirable purpose other than shouting at numskulls who light matches to read their programs and sticking out their feet to trip up late-comers, it may be pointed out that in the season just ended they succeeded in very promptly shooing off the New York stage not less than a full three-quarters of the tripe that misguided producers had seen fit to dump onto it. A glance at the plays presented since late August of last year will quickly reveal the extent of the healthy slaughter, and it will coincidentally reveal the fact that, in the main, only those worthier plays that actually deserved to survive were encouraged by the critics to survive.

It is true, alas, that one or two plays—*Stage Door* for one example and *Brother Rat* for another—which were quite without quality were treated to an inscrutable politesse by the otherwise tough-minded barbecuers and that they accordingly enjoyed a prosperity which they did not in any way merit. But I suppose that nothing in this world is perfect, except of course myself and maybe Château Lafite '64, and one can't expect everything. Nevertheless, the critical record in general remains pretty tasty. Garbage has almost uniformly been peremptorily dispatched to the Cain can and the stage has been preserved for plays which, whatever their air pockets, have at least aimed at something considerably higher than the mark chalked up by the great majority of our critics of a decade and more ago. In point of fact, even the critics of that period who are still in active practice indicate that they have learned much with the passing of the years, and their standards have lifted enormously with that learning.

There is small chance any longer in the American theatre for the species of junk that was helped to success by the critics of other days. If there still exist producers who believe the opposite, I suggest that they disguise themselves as waiters, horn themselves into the private conclaves of the Drama Critics' Circle, and get an earful of that camorra's animadversions on the subject. On second thought, it might be better if they disguised themselves as bartenders. Then they'd get two earsful. But in either case they would quickly become privy to the fact that if they think they can get away with the contemptible kind of drip that once and in a more ignorant and lackadaisical critical day they managed to get away with, they are blood-brothers to as many aphroniac goats.

Actual critical performance during the last season, should these gentlemen not deign to transform themselves into the waiters and bartenders recommended, must convince them of what is here said. Despite their elemental personal and professional variety and difference—and that variety and difference can't be matched this side of the Aquarium—the critics' voting choices as to the meritorious plays of the year at their Circle's end-season congress included only such plays as represented the theatre's better intentions: *High Tor, Johnny Johnson, Daughters of Atreus, You Can't Take It With You, The Masque of Kings, Marching Song, Having Wonderful Time, The Wingless Victory,* and *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. Personal opinions of the intrinsic merit of some of these plays may vary, but no follower of the year's stage can well deny that, whatever their quality, they represented something higher than any of the other plays shown up to the time of election. Not one of the eighteen critics balloting on the season's award, it is important for the skeptical producers to remember, even faintly suggested as a candidate any of the other sixty-five or so inferior exhibits that those producers had shoveled upon the public. And, as I have noted, the personal and cultural dissimilarity of the eighteen is, significantly notwithstanding, akin to that of a like number of theatrical producers or Munich brews.

What is even more significant is the final

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Wholesale Poisoner

Continued from page 58

"What else does he buy?" asked a detective.

"Drugs," was the startling answer. "Drugs. Chloroform. I have sold him a great deal of chloroform."

The two detectives glanced at each other, then hastened back to the Home. They rushed to Mors's room. It was not large, the furniture was simple. A large trunk stood against the wall. When it was opened they made an astonishing discovery. Not only did they find a large quantity of chloroform, but far more suspicious things. There was vaseline, which is used to prevent burning one who is given chloroform. There was cotton, also a spraying apparatus which could be used for giving either ether or chloroform. Laudanum, arsenic, and many other poisons were found. There was enough poison to kill every inmate in the Home.

Though they had no evidence at all that the man was guilty of murder, they decided to arrest him. There were three facts the police were acting upon. Mors's trunk was filled with poisons. The deaths had started after his arrival at the Home. He had made a threat regarding one of the inmates. He said that if she bothered him by coming to his office he would have to kill her.

They arrested him. He was dressed in a white uniform at the time they told him he must come and talk to the District Attorney. He made no protest, simply smiled. As the detectives walked down the path with their prisoner, the windows of the Home opened. Then a weird thing happened. The old people started to cheer. Their terror was leaving them.

At the District Attorney's office the detectives found themselves facing a problem. They had no real evidence that any death at the Home was unnatural. There were the stories of the inmates, that Mors was present shortly before most of these people had died. There was his trunk filled with drugs and poisons, odd things for a porter to have. There was his peculiar position in the Home. Though only a porter he seemed to be in complete charge. All were afraid of him.

However, he spared them any trouble. The confession he made was as unexpected as it was horrible. As if in a drawing room, he bowed to the District Attorney, asking permission to smoke a cigar. As no one had the expensive one he desired, he refused to speak until it was secured. They sent to the Astor House and paid fifty cents for the cigar. When he received it, he dropped down in a chair, lighted the cigar and in a calm, even voice said he would answer any questions they might ask.

He refused to give his real name. He did admit he had started to study medicine in Europe, and had passed some time in a hospital. Though the police tried to persuade him to give the name of the University in which he had studied, he refused to do so. But this was not all which they wished to know. They asked the important question:

"What about all those deaths in the Home?"

The young man took the cigar from his lips. Watched the smoke drift over to a window. Then in a bored voice as if the matter were of no importance, he said, "Oh, those. Why, I killed them."

The tone was unemotional. The officials could not believe what they heard. They asked the question again. The answer was the same. It was delivered in the weary voice of a man not at all interested in what he was saying.

"How many did you kill?"

The calm, distinguished looking young man was silent a moment. Evidently he was thinking. Then, as mentioning something of no importance, he replied:

"Eight, I think. There would, of course, have been a great many more. You interrupted me." (It is thought by the police there WERE a great many more.)

The officials could only stare at him. He was unconcerned. In fact, he acted a little bored. His eyes searched each face. A little amused smile passed over his face.

"For heaven's sake why did you kill those old people?"

He smiled, yawned. Smoke drifted from his lips to the window. "Oh they bothered me. They always wanted something. After all they are better off dead than alive. They were no use to anyone. One man always wanted a drink of water. I got tired of giving it to him. Told him one day—'No more water for you.' I gave him arsenic in beer. That was a mistake. He took too long to die. After that I found a more simple way of killing them. One must be intelligent. And it was not intelligent to use something which took several days to kill."

He became confidential. His voice grew grave. Seven of his murders had been by chloroform. He told why he used it.

"It is a painless way to die. True, I had to think of some manner by which I could avoid having the fumes of chloroform in the room. I found it. I would go into their rooms after the Home was asleep. Upon a bit of cotton I would pour a little chloroform. Holding it under the nostrils of the old person I would free his soul from suffering. They were far better off dead than alive. Besides, they were always bothering me."

"Always bothering me." The phrase kept recurring in everything he said. Interested, the officials managed to discover what he meant. The inmates were all nuisances, he said. One kept ringing the bell in his office. Another kept coming in and asking him questions. Others wished more blankets at night, or complained about the food. They were always "bothering" him. So he killed them in order to be free from their complaints.

The recital lasted for hours. To this day, the detectives on the case say that never have they seen such an unconcerned murderer. Several times before his story was finished he insisted they go out and buy him some cigars. Once he refused to continue until they bought him a bottle of wine. And it had to be the correct temperature before he would drink it. For his victims he had no feeling. They were far better dead. From that viewpoint he never wavered.

When his confession was over, the detectives were in a quandary. They decided in the end to send him to Bellevue for observation. The psychopatic ward seemed the only place for him. While he was there he made one statement which is still remembered.

The room in which he was examined overlooked the yard where the inmates of the hospital took their recreation. Mors looked out of the window, saw the broken bodies of the inmates—cripples, the halt, the lame, the deformed. For a long while he looked. Then he turned to the doctor who was examining him:

"I would like a job in this place," he said. "Give me free rein, and I could clean up that yard for you very quickly."

And while the doctors were examining him the New York police were busy. They discovered many things. His name was not Mors. He was Frederick Menarik. He had lived in Vienna, and as a youth had been in trouble with the police. His father was not an aristocrat. But he had studied medicine, though the college in Vienna had thrown him out because he could not master the course. Then he had come to America. The police discovered that until he entered the Home he had not committed a crime.

Bellevue decided that he was insane. No other verdict could be reached. He was committed to Mattewan, the same institution in which Harry Thaw was confined. He became a model inmate. Unless you had known his story you would have wondered why he was there. He discussed medicine with the doctors, read all the latest books and always talked about what he called his "hobby," that old people should be removed from this world, and in quantity.

There was, however, another incident connected with the Home in which he had been. When it was announced that he had been sent to Mattewan, the inmates of the Home gave a party. They invited the police, a band played, there were songs, every one was happy. The sinister fear which had been hanging over them so long had been removed. Now they could laugh. Later, much later the laughter died away. There came the news one day that Mors had escaped from the asylum. It was true.

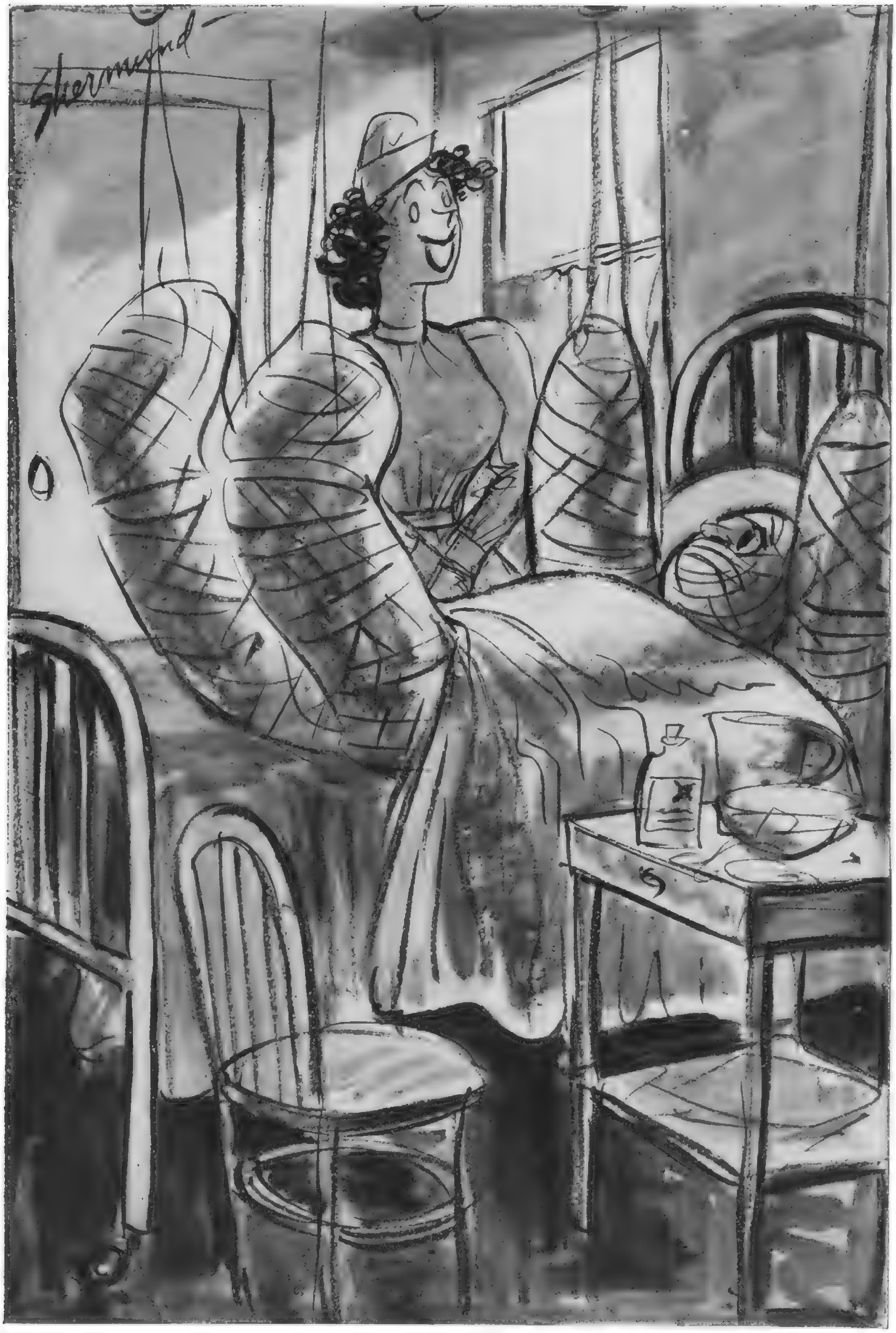
He had been a model prisoner. Again and again he had urged that he be allowed to nurse the inmates of the institution, yet his aid had been refused. One day he vanished. Unlike the case of Thaw no one aided his escape. He just walked out into the world. And from that day to this no one has heard anything about him. It is this fact which makes the police shudder when his name is mentioned.

They hope, much hope, that he is dead. They know that he is a wholesale poisoner. Insane, with but one idea in his mind. This man walked out into the world and vanished. But the police know, that wherever he went, there would follow in his steps, sudden and mysterious deaths. They would be old people, never children.

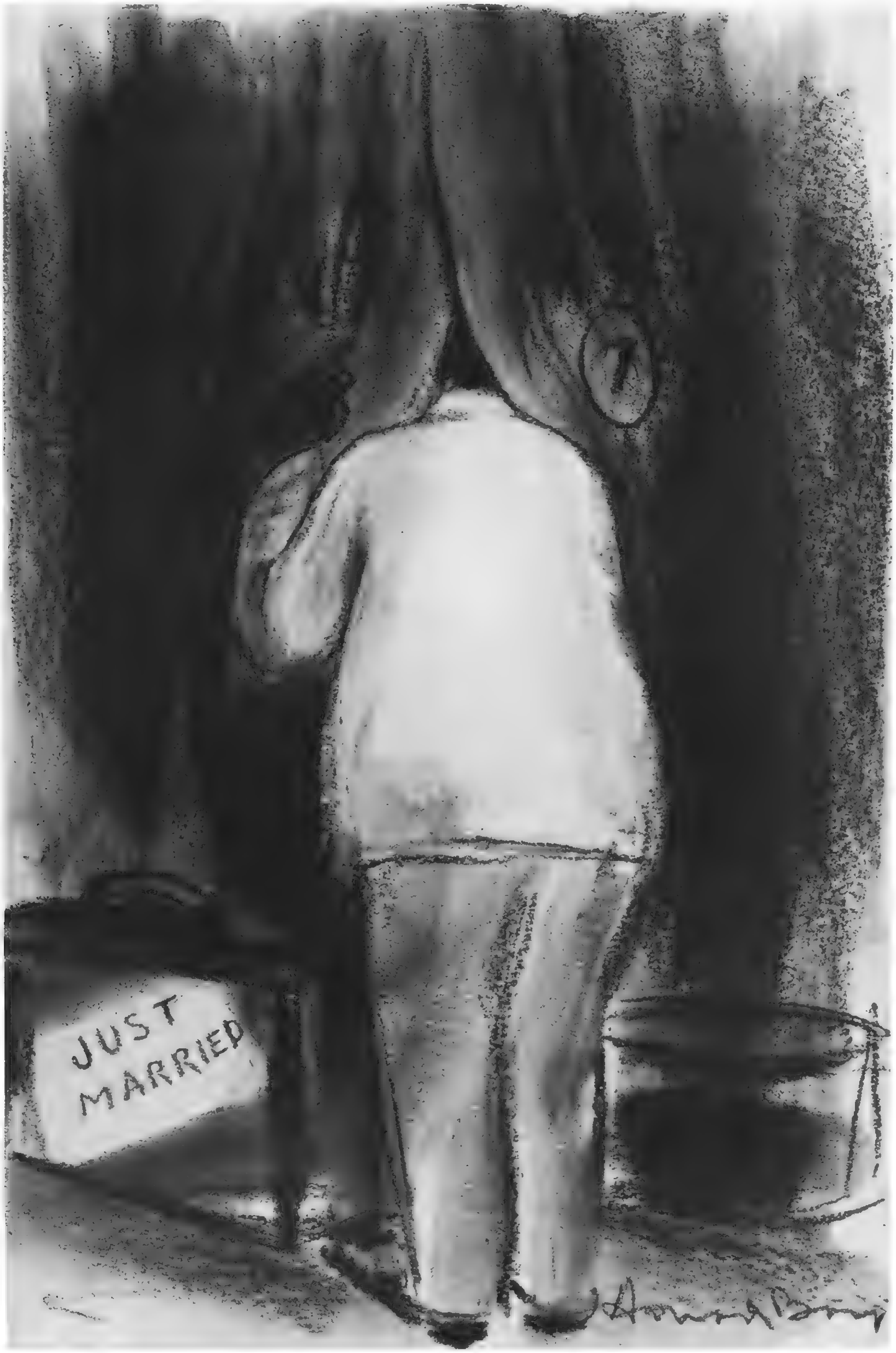
For the first few years after he vanished the police quietly searched the staffs of public institutions all over the country. It was there they expected to find him, but they never did.

If Mors, to give him the name he once used, is alive today, he would be about forty-five. Psychologists say that his complexes would increase. He might be found in some public institution. He might even have wide renown as a physician. He would be distinguished, his beard well-cared for, his dress immaculate. But, wherever he is, one thing is true. The man is a murderer. An insane murderer. With but one thought in his mind—that old people should be assisted out of this world—by chloroform.

He may be the man next door. The orderly in the hospital. But wherever he is—he has but one idea. That old people should be removed from the world. The Townsend Plan would not interest Mors. He has a plan of his own. #



"My, my, you're looking wonderful this morning, Mr. Halleran"


JUST MARRIED
Howard Baer

"Good Lawd—suh! We done passed Niagara Falls the day befoah yestiday!"

Paul Cadmus: *Enfant Terrible*

He won recognition when a retired U. S. N. Admiral proclaimed *The Fleet's In* was sordid and depraved

by HARRY SALPETER

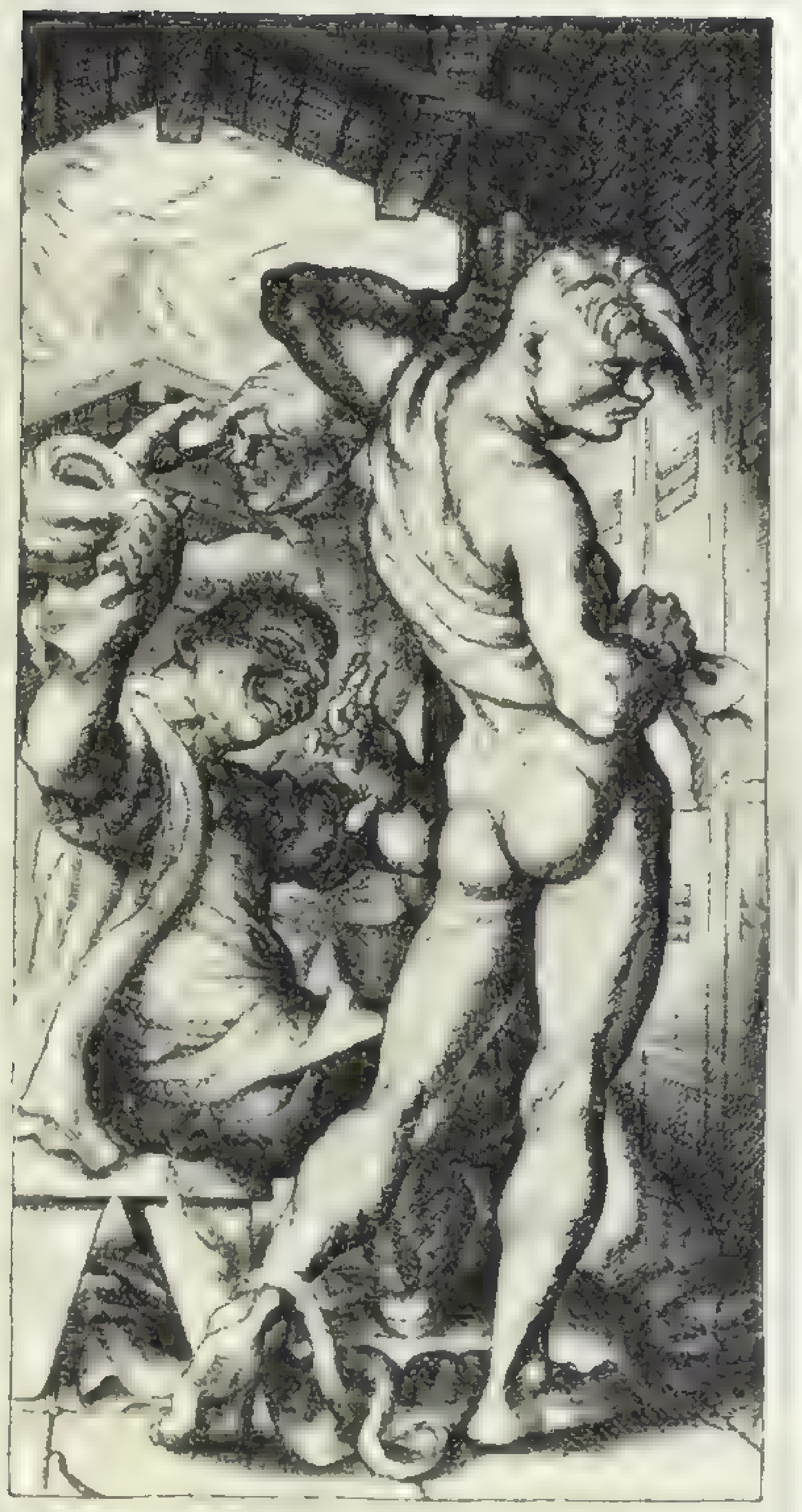
ARTICLE

Except for his large teeth there is nothing about Paul Cadmus, the American painter, to remind us of the Cadmus of legend, the Phoenician prince who slew the dragon and sowed its teeth, from which sprouted fully-armed soldiers who fought each other with such effect that there remained only five with whose help Cadmus was enabled to found the city of Thebes. The first bearer of the name was supposed also to have given the Greeks their alphabet, for which he is remembered, at least by Byron. At school Paul's teeth were large enough to remind classmates of the original Cadmus but there was simply nothing that could be done about it.

Paul Cadmus may not be able to trace his ancestry back to Phoenicia, but he can trace it back to the Netherlands, for it was from Leyden, Rembrandt's town, that the Cadmuses came. They were entrenched in American soil before the Revolution. On his mother's side he is Basque but on both he is an artist, for his parents met as students at the National Academy of Design. His mother illustrated for newspapers and magazines under her maiden name, Maria Latasa, while his father, Egbert Cadmus, was chiefly a water-colorist. When they became parents to Paul, it was taken for granted that he, too, would become an artist. His early predilection for the policeman's uniform and the life of a sailor was ignored and soon enough the dormant artist within him was betrayed. He had begun making marks on paper when he was but two and a half. Born in 1905, his *oeuvre* dates from 1908. Only thirty-two years old now, we capture him at the approximate beginning of his career, with a slender body of work, slowly wrought, in which the progressions of his technique may be easily observed.

He has come by what reputation he has achieved earlier than most painters as the result of a fortunate, accidental, unintended sowing of the dragon's teeth of controversy. Unlike the earlier Cadmus, he founded, not a city, but his reputation as a painter, and may attribute his earlier start to gentry who would have preferred to bury him in obscurity.

Before the W.P.A. there was the P.W.A. and before the P.W.A. there was the C.W.A. Of this there was a division devoted to the sustenance of deserving artists by means of what were called easel projects. Paul Cadmus was asked to paint pictures for the government and he did so, gladly. He painted two pictures. One of these was selected to be exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, in a national cross-section display of what American artists had done and could do. It was from this exhibition that President and Mrs. Roosevelt selected some thirty-odd paintings for the White House. It was this exhibition that helped start on their careers such painters as Paul Sample and Millard Sheets, as well as Cadmus. The public saw their work but not Cadmus'. In advance of the exhibition a newspaper published a photograph of his entry, *The Fleet's In*. Then the fun began.



HORSE PLAY

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N., retired, saw the photograph. He wrote a letter to Secretary of the Navy Swanson. He described the picture. "It represents a most disgraceful, sordid, disreputable, drunken brawl wherein apparently a number of enlisted men are consorting with a party of street walkers and denizens of the redlight district." He went on to say that the painting originated "in the sordid, depraved imagination of someone who has no conception of actual conditions in our service."

The Secretary of the Navy waded in. He called *The Fleet's In* a work of art but false. The painter responded that it was not a work of art, but true. Painted in the artist's earlier manner, it is primarily a drawing with pallid color added as an afterthought, in the manner of *Greenwich Village Cafeteria*, done at the same time. *The Fleet's In* was never exhibited. Its summary destruction was demanded. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, won a reprieve from the death sentence and took *The Fleet's In* home with him. He had expressed admiration for it and it was hoped he would be able to hold off the Klansmen. If *The Fleet's In* has ever been seen since, no one has told.

On the assumption that it had been, or was to be, destroyed, an indignation meeting, to which Cadmus was not invited, was held and a vague plan announced of a suit against the government for the destruction of a work of art. John Sloan entered the fray and expressed himself in no uncertain terms, as usual. Thomas Hart Benton wrote Cadmus offering his help. Not since Mr. Rockefeller destroyed Diego Rivera's Radio City mural had an art controversy and an artist's photograph appeared on so many front pages. There were dozens of syndicated feature articles about Cadmus and the general behavior of the Navy. *The Fleet's In* was reproduced hundreds of times, in newspapers and magazines. For every individual who might have seen the original at the Corcoran, at least one thousand saw it in black and white reproduction. Editorial writers, cartoonists, paragraphers took sides. The *affaire* Cadmus was interpreted, by indirection, as an argument against the New Deal. The painter was challenged, he was defended. He spent more time being photographed and interviewed than he was permitted to spare for other functions. He was deluged with mail, fan and fanatic. He was threatened over the telephone. The magazine, *Our Navy*, made Cadmus its leading issue for several months. Its editor publicly dared Cadmus to accompany him any hour, day or night, on a tour of Riverside Drive while the fleet was in and it would be proved to him that his painting of the Navy was untrue, unjust and an insult to those who wear the uniform. The editor crowed over the painter's refusal to accept the challenge. Threats of physical violence compelled him to seek temporary shelter away from home. This tempest occurred during April and May of 1934 and it will take a little time before people will think of Paul Cadmus as anything but the man who painted a picture which offended the admirals.

The affair is recapitulated at this length to show upon what circumstances extraneous to his art the painter is dependent for public

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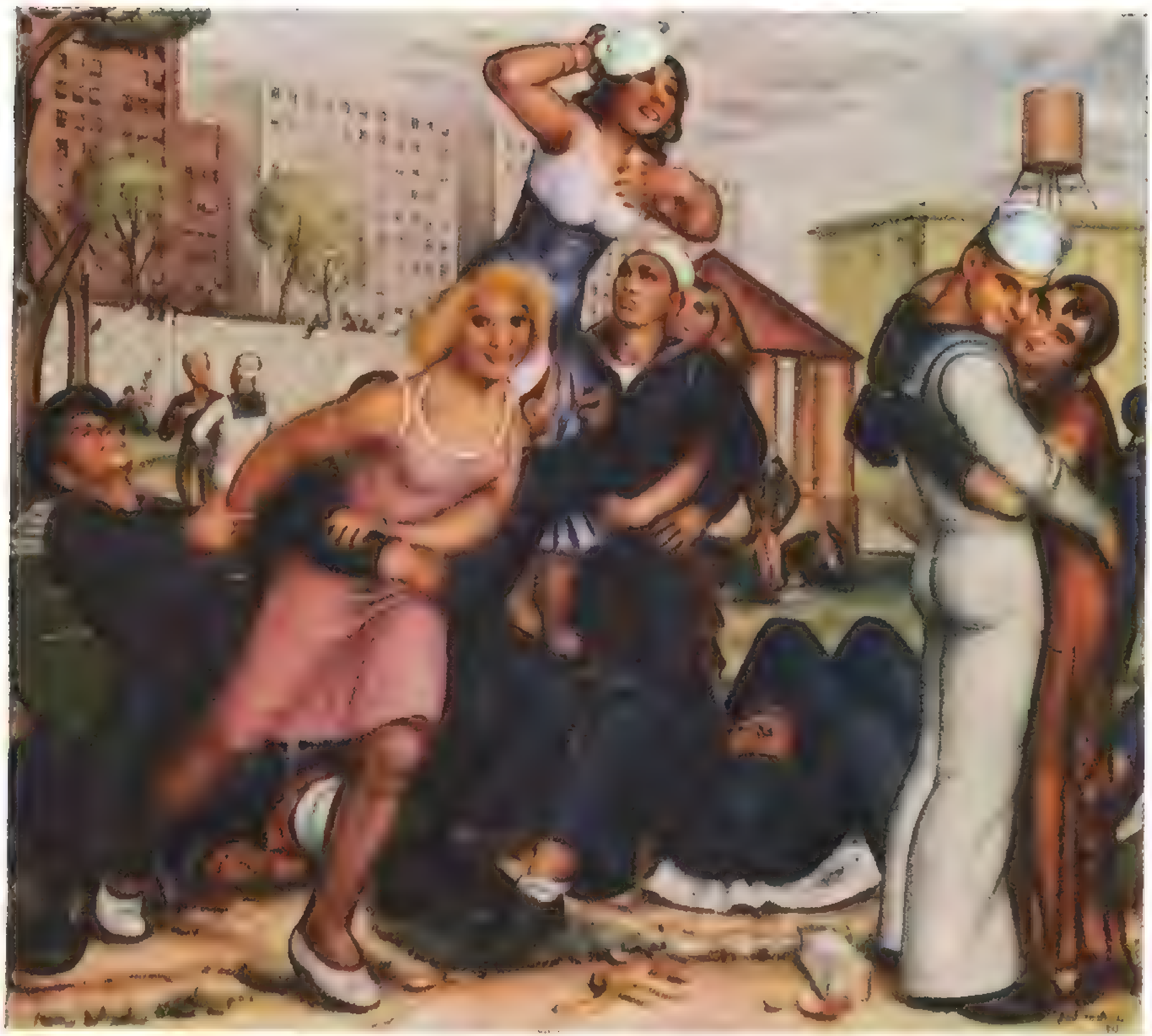
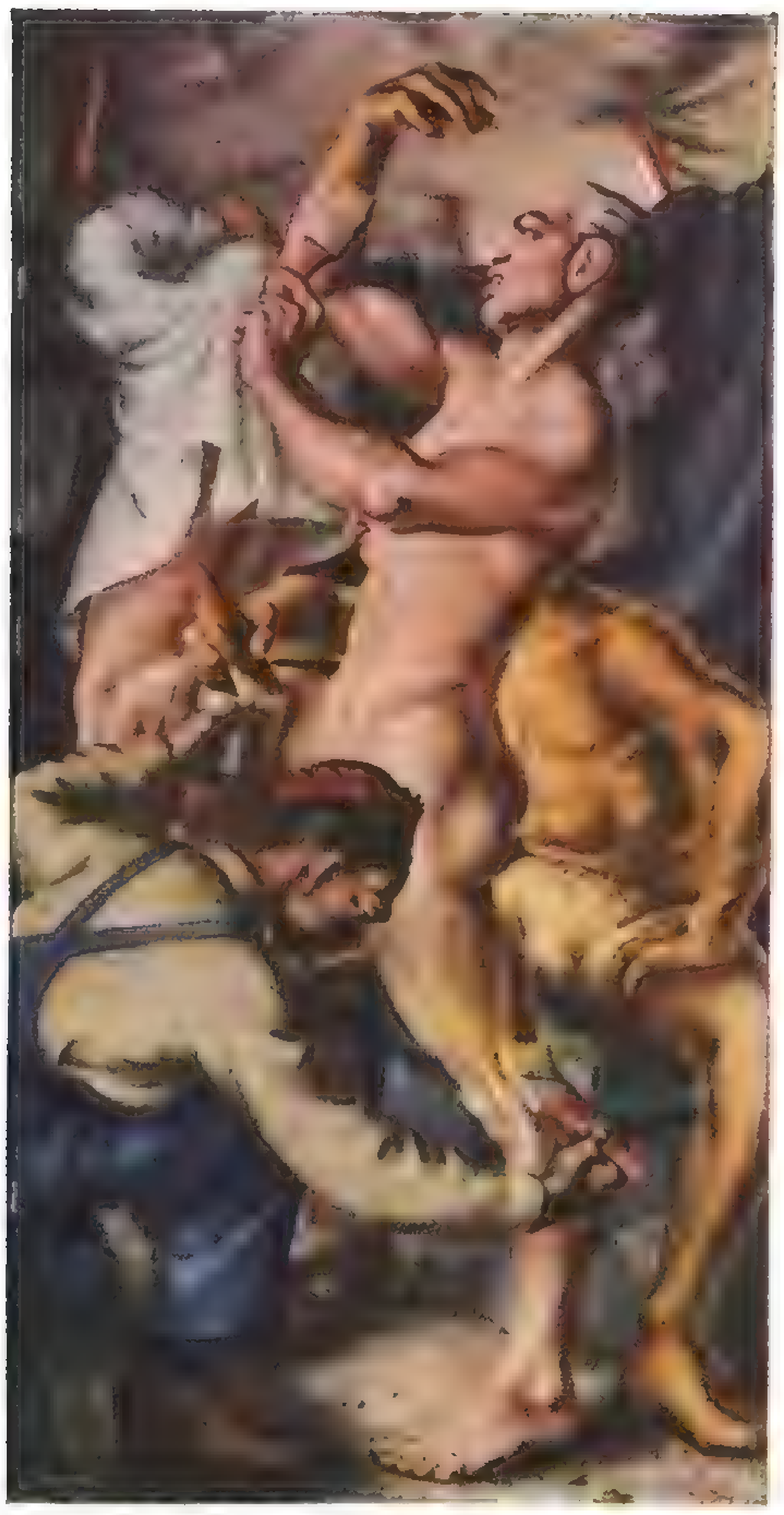
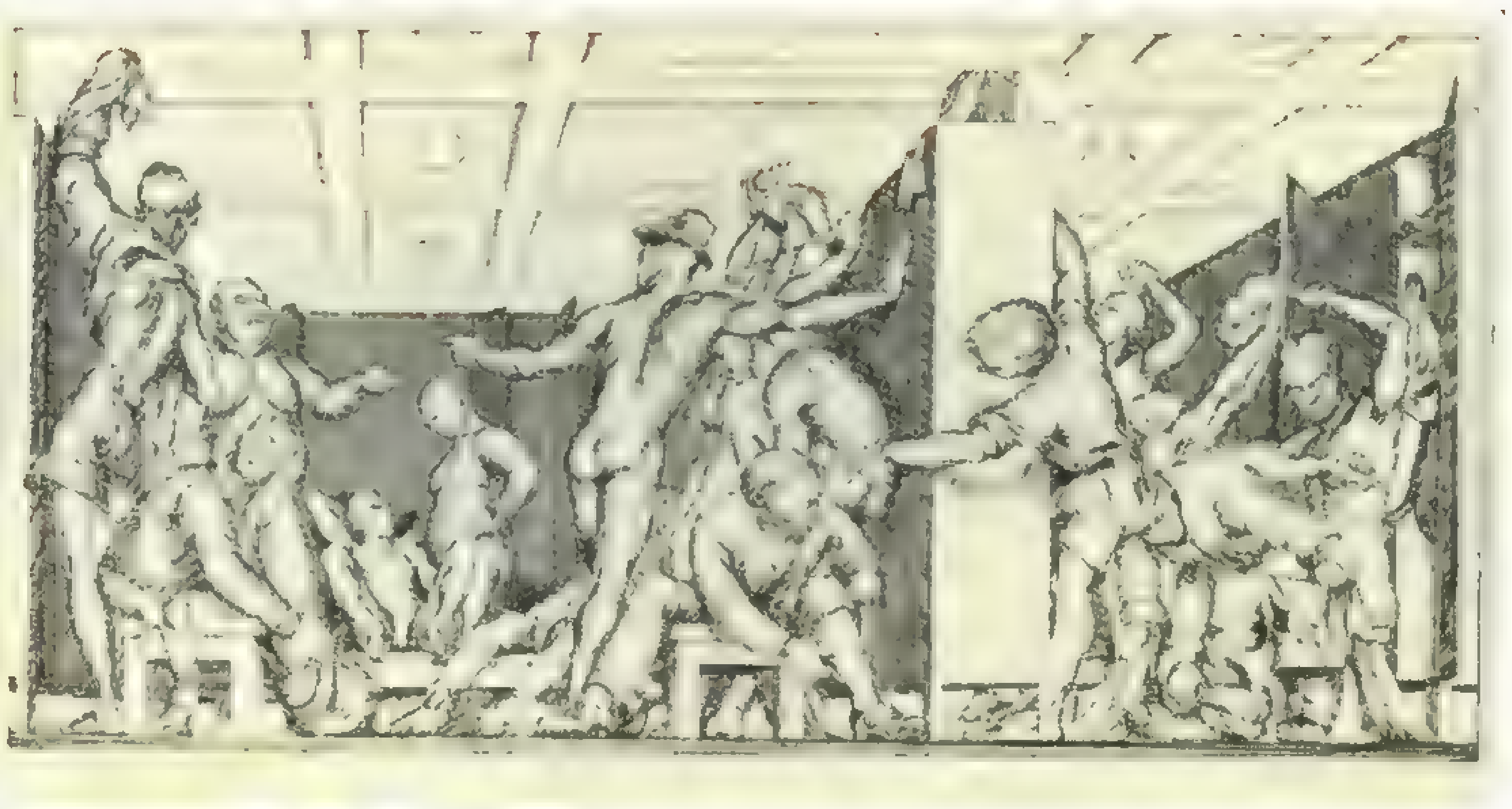


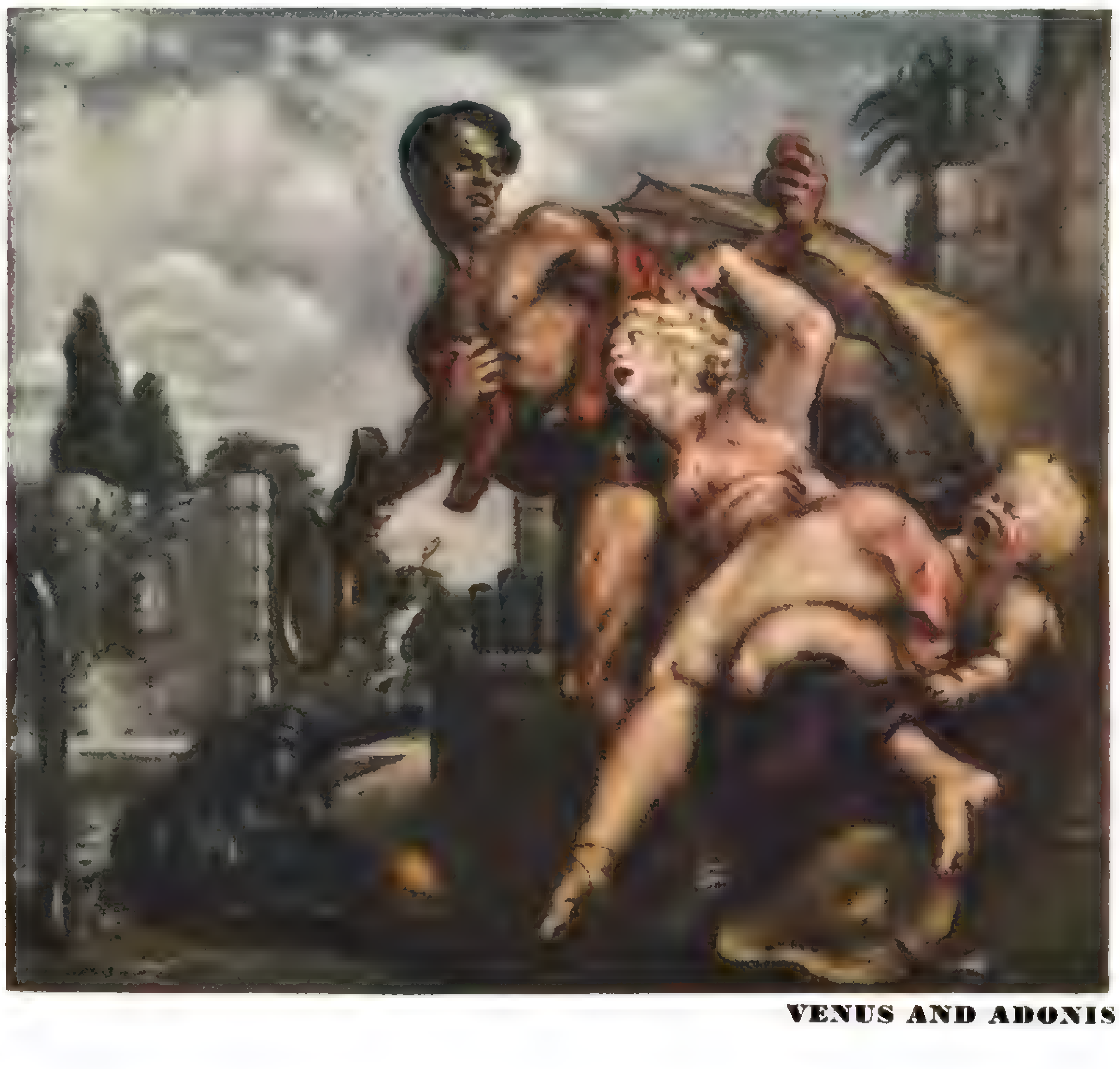
SHORE LEAVE



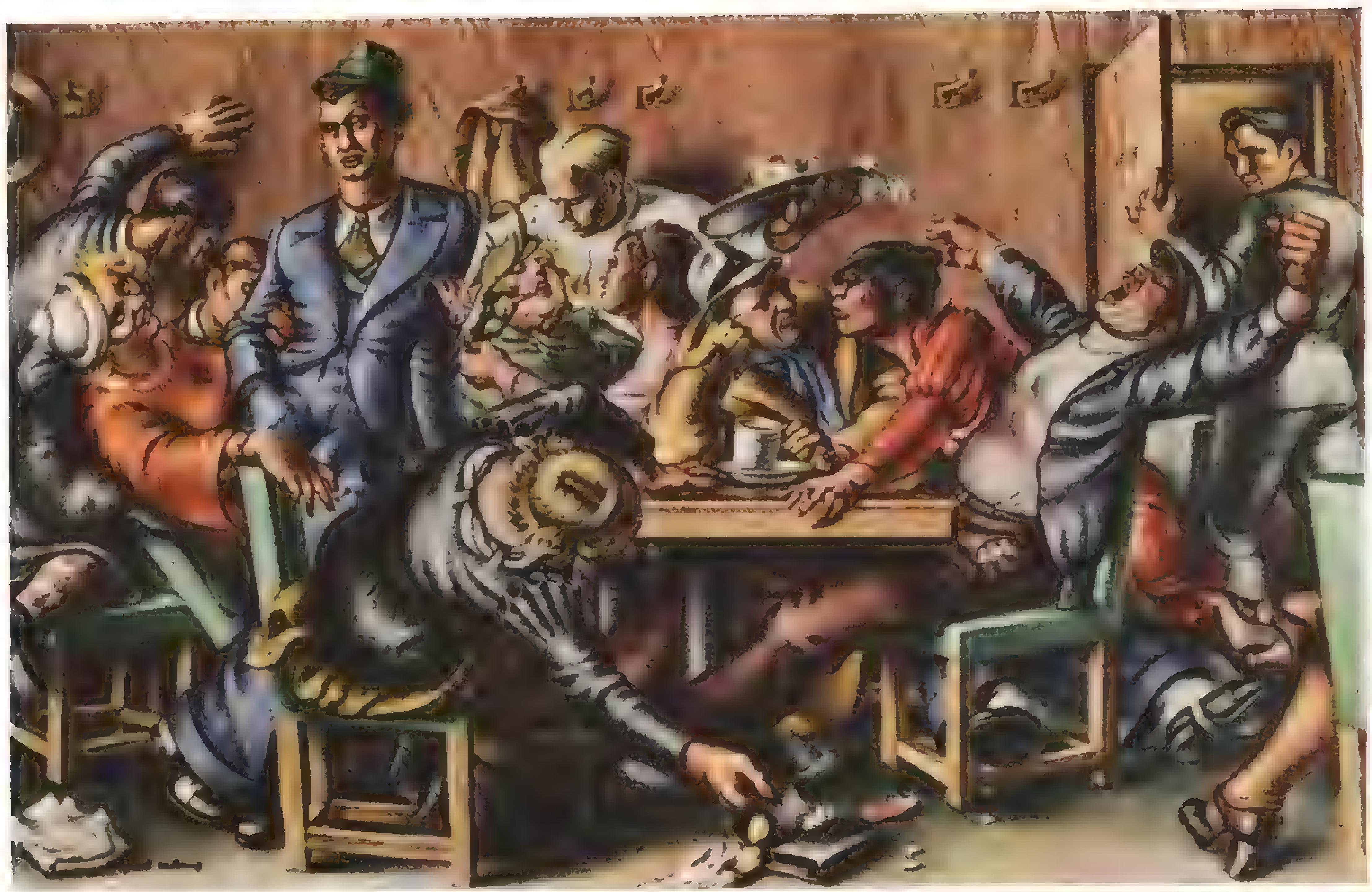
GILDING THE ACROBATS



Y. M. C. A. LOCKER ROOM

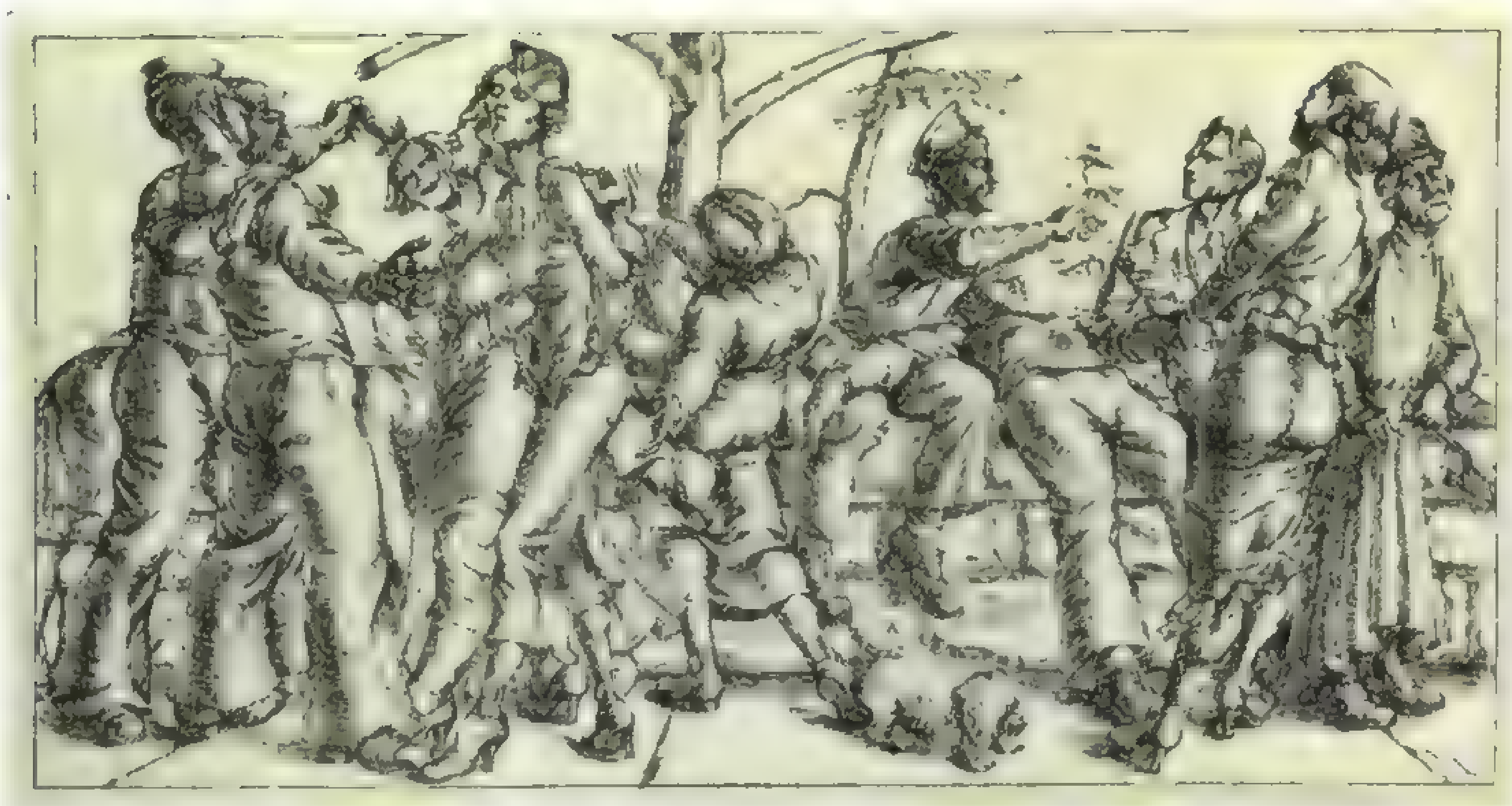


VENUS AND ADONIS

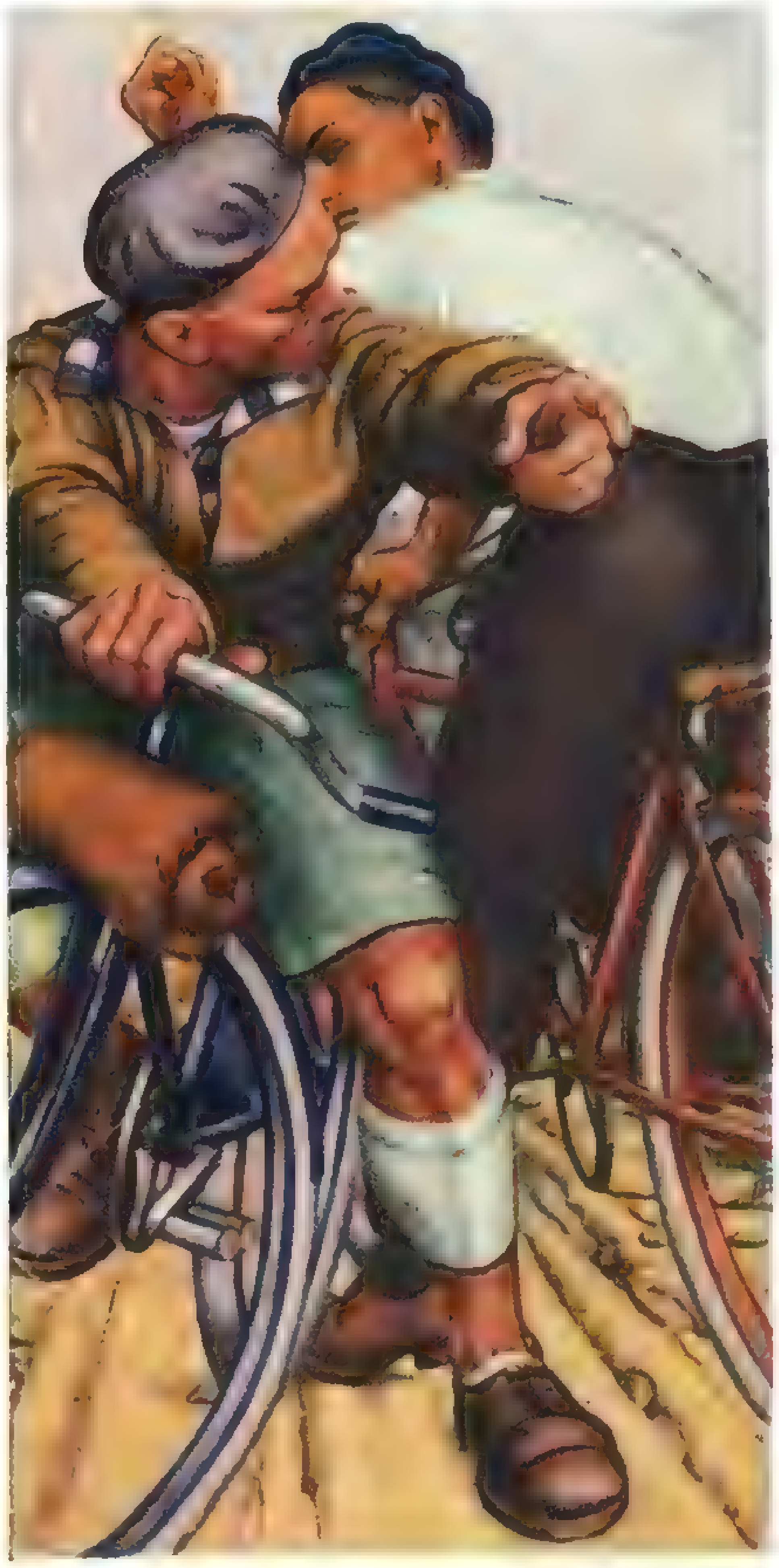


GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFETERIA

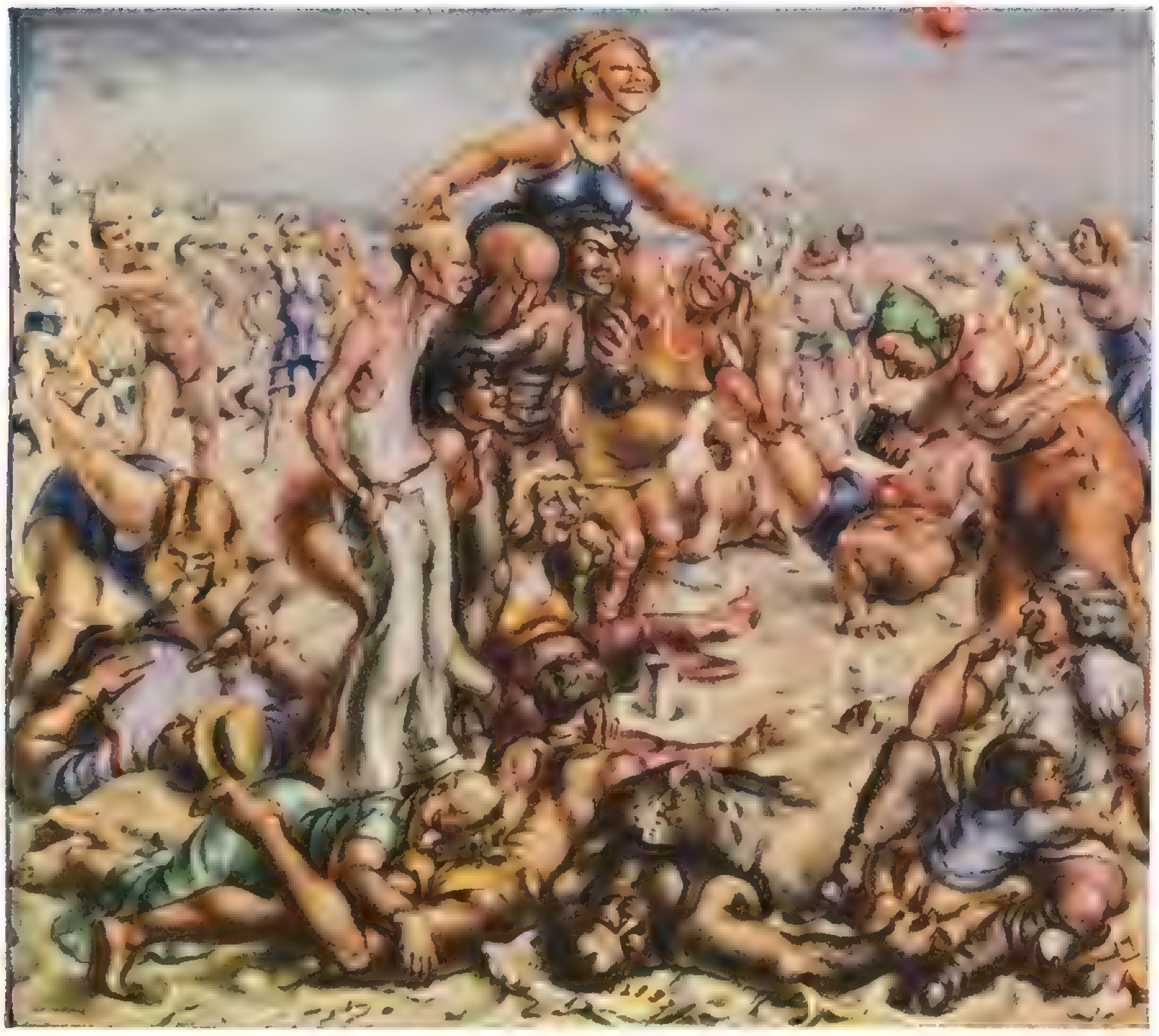
COLLECTION PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT



THE FLEET'S IN

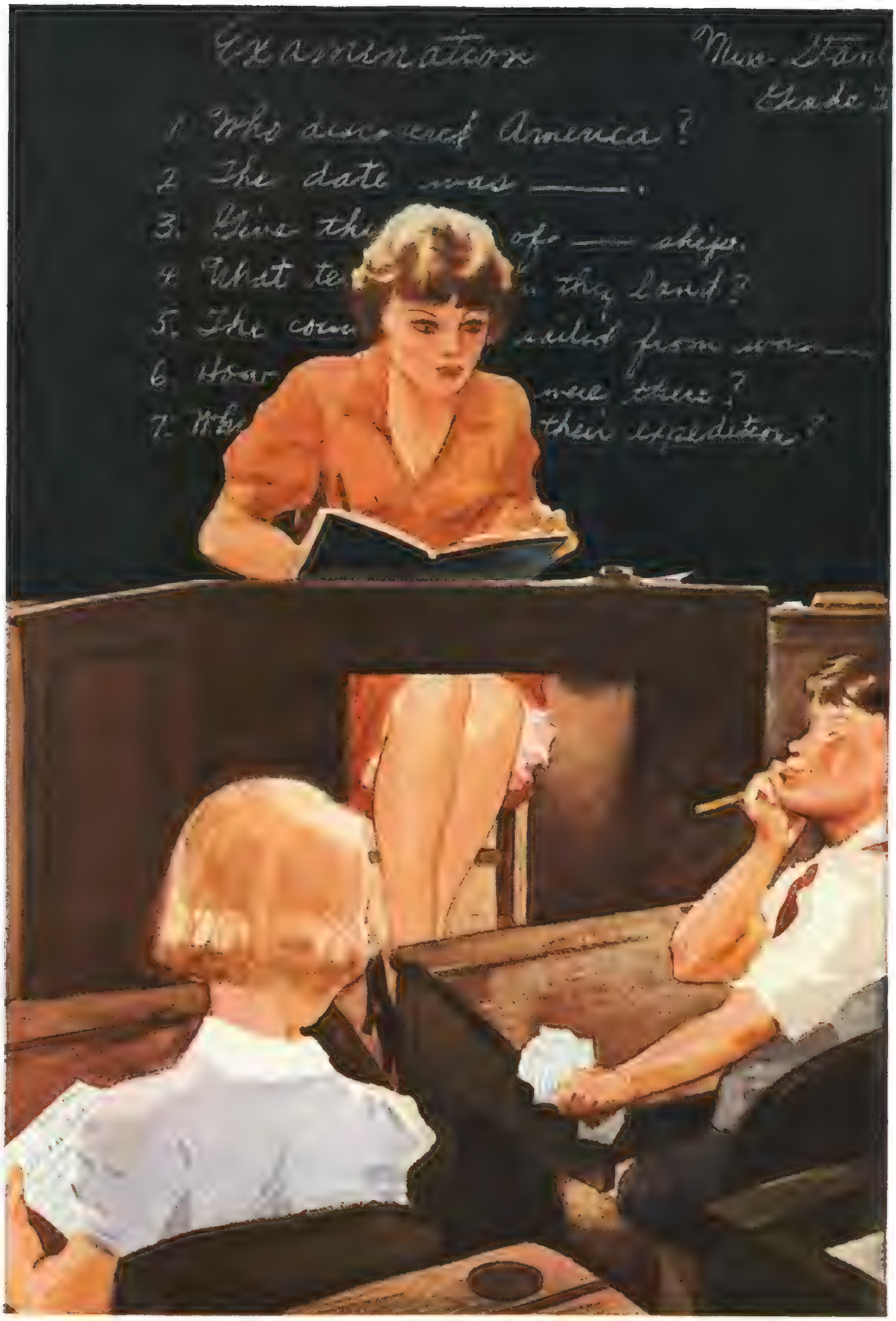


BICYCLISTS



CONEY ISLAND

These paintings by Paul Cadmus were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. Gruskin, Director of the Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave., New York, at whose galleries of contemporary American Art, these and other representative examples of Cadmus' work are permanently on display and sale.


Examination
Miss Stan
Grade I
1 Who discovered America?
2 The date was ___.
3. Give th of ___ ships.
4 What te the land?
5. The com sailed from was ___
6 How were there?
7. Wh their expedition?

"I said I simply can't concentrate under the present circumstances"

The Facts of Life

Continued from page 35

obviously that the girl is only surprised at the delay.

The difference between kisses is a bit elusive. In a blindfold test you can be sure that no man can tell one girl from another. He can not differentiate between his wife and his mistress; much worse, he can not tell if he is being kissed by male or female. You can prove this by playing blindfold identifying kissing games at your next informal party. In addition to establishing the foregoing facts, it will break the ice almost as well as gin. A little gin helps, too . . .

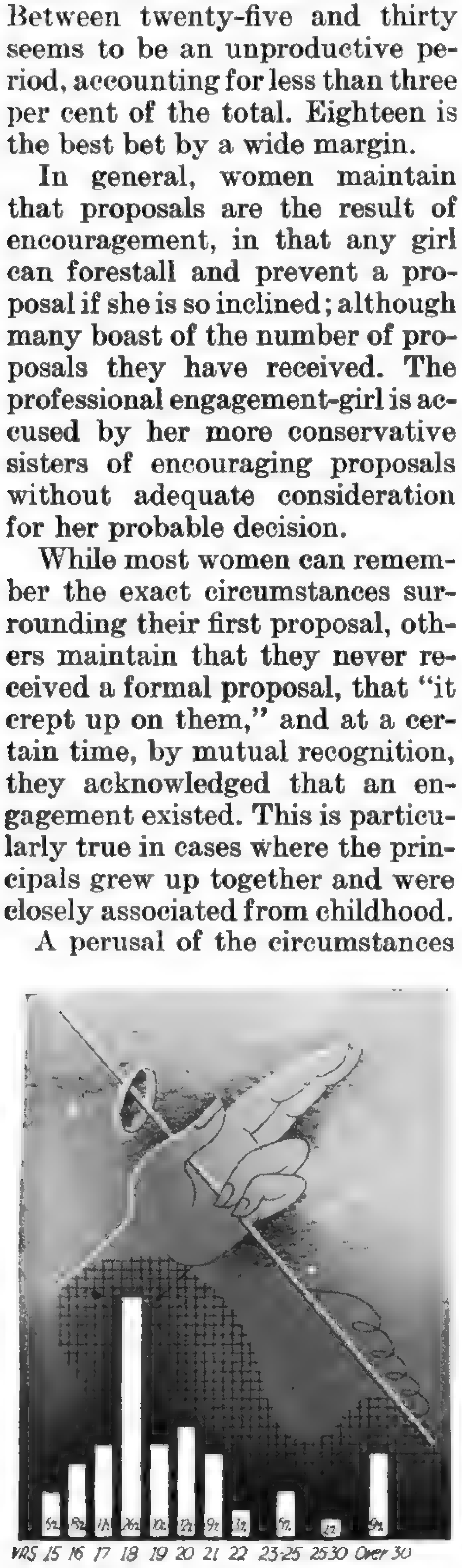
III

"At what age did you receive your first proposal of marriage?" The chart below sets forth the replies to this question. The fact that the percentages show a logical progression indicates that a marriage proposal is undertaken more or less seriously. It is also quite apparent that unless a proposal has occurred before the age of twenty-one, the likelihood of receiving one is seriously diminished. Only nine per cent received proposals after they were thirty years old, pointing to the conclusion that marriage proposals are largely confined to the very young. Between twenty-five and thirty seems to be an unproductive period, accounting for less than three per cent of the total. Eighteen is the best bet by a wide margin.

In general, women maintain that proposals are the result of encouragement, in that any girl can forestall and prevent a proposal if she is so inclined; although many boast of the number of proposals they have received. The professional engagement-girl is accused by her more conservative sisters of encouraging proposals without adequate consideration for her probable decision.

While most women can remember the exact circumstances surrounding their first proposal, others maintain that they never received a formal proposal, that "it crept up on them," and at a certain time, by mutual recognition, they acknowledged that an engagement existed. This is particularly true in cases where the principals grew up together and were closely associated from childhood.

A perusal of the circumstances under which proposals occurred does not yield any very pertinent conclusions. Parental objection, accompanied by more or less persecution, seems to act as an effective incentive. The conclusion may be drawn that forcing a couple to meet surreptitiously adds to the excitement and increases the attraction. It is quite apparent that those courtships which are allowed to progress under the beaming approval of fond parental eyes are likely to continue for a long enough time to permit some of the contempt bred of familiarity to germinate.



Girl's Age at First Proposal

When carried to an extreme, and more or less encouraged to associate, positive distaste frequently develops and the likelihood of marriage is diminished. If, on the other hand, substantial impediments are placed in the path, the spirit of youth seems to thrive, and, like an Alger hero, each obstacle is used as a stepping-stone to aggressive action.

IV

"Where did your first proposal occur?" The adjoining tabulation is a complete list of the places mentioned. Except for the automobile and the living-room, each being five times as popular as any other single place, the distribution is scattered. No conclusions can be drawn as to the most romantic spot. There were as many proposals in a lunch cart as there were in an apple orchard; one assumes the orchard was in full bloom. Surprisingly enough, only a few occurred at a dance.

Apple Orchard
Automobile
Bathing Beach
Bedroom
Boat
Building Steps
College Campus
Dance
Horseback
Kitchen
Living-room
Lunch Cart
Mountains
Park
Porch
Railroad Station
Stable
Theatre
Woods
Yard back of house

Where Did Your First Proposal Occur?

In support of the legend concerning the romance of horseback-riding, quite a number took place under these circumstances, especially if due weight is given for the small amount of horseback-riding normally practiced. A railroad station does not seem to be a bad spot; but the kitchen, supposedly the way to a man's heart, does not do so well. The living-room is the second most popular, although the answers may be padded a little to include other rooms in the house.

Incidentally, the bathing beach and the swimming pool, which might reasonably be expected to stimulate their share of romantic anti-climaxes, fall below the park bench or the steps of buildings. The best advice is to stay in the automobile—it appears to be by all odds the best producer.

Whatever the effects of liquor on the mating instinct, it does not contribute to serious proposals of marriage. Only a very small percentage of the cases studied occurred while either party was intoxicated—that is to say, intoxicated by alcohol.

While it may be of some significance to know where proposals occur, a question of equal importance is *why* they occur. Just what happens to provide the straw which breaks the back of resistance? As in everything relating to this subject, several things contribute. Of first importance is the element of good, old-fashioned feminine trickery. As will be shown later, a large percentage of marriages follow premarital intimacy, and you may be sure that the two are not unconnected. The possible results are frequently discussed, and the hazards of pregnancy are so vivid in the minds of both parties that possible solutions in the event of calamity are put forward—most of them being marriage.

The man in the case, in order to gain his end, often promises marriage, and it is not unusual for such situations to develop into tacit engagements, without the actual shotgun appearing on the horizon.

It is a situation which in the adolescent minds suggests but one feasible solution, and the suggestion of the solution is all that is necessary to establish an understanding—and most proposals are nothing more than that. During such periods, engagements are the natural residue of over-wrought emotion and wild-eyed fear. The catch lies in the fact that if the fears prove groundless, the proposal frequently stands.

The second element that contributes to the proposal in a large measure is that of good old-fashioned jealousy. There is no question but that a man is easily caught on the bounce. If repulsed by one girl, he frequently takes revenge upon himself by proposing to another. By the time he has had opportunity for calm consideration, the opportunity for escape has vanished. The girl has confidentially told her friends, and they have confidentially told theirs. Congratulations are passed around rather too freely, and retreat is more trouble than it is worth. On such sandy foundations as these, many a battlefield is dedicated.

Any situation which stimulates such emotions as fear, anger or pride forms a natural setting for marriage proposals. The girl who becomes Queen of the May, or takes the leading part in the high-school play, or in any other fashion becomes the center of attraction for a few days, surrounds herself with a halo of glamor which frequently results in at least one proposal. Most of these incidents are trivial and temporary, and it is incongruous that their results should be important and permanent; but these are double-barreled forces, and far more effective than a double-barreled shotgun.

It is astonishing to observe how much uncertainty occurs throughout the entire engagement period. In contrast to the headlong enthusiasm which engaged couples are supposed to bear for each other, most engagements are hag-ridden by continuous and grave doubts on the part of both parties as to their ultimate desirability.

The man turns over in his mind the lost opportunities he might have grasped. He has very definite convictions that marriage should be based on an attraction far more compelling than the one he feels; his uncertainty and indecision (though carefully concealed) are continually present, but the retreat from an engagement is a difficult thing.

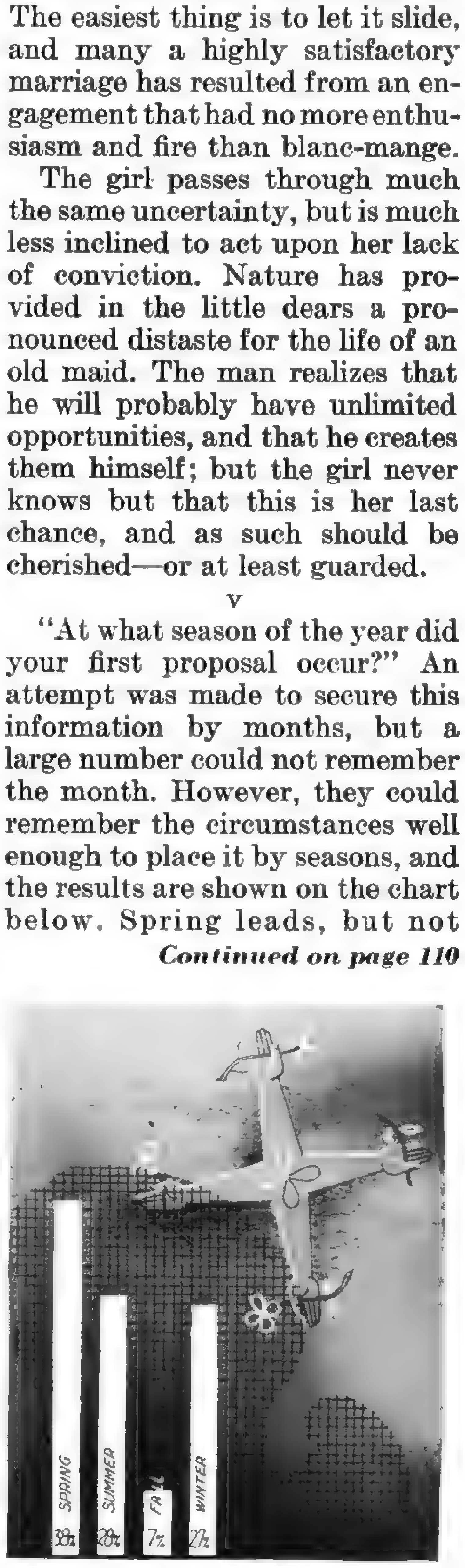
Not only does it involve a scene with the girl and her family, but all their acquaintances must know the details—and explanations can be involved and embarrassing. The easiest thing is to let it slide, and many a highly satisfactory marriage has resulted from an engagement that had no more enthusiasm and fire than blanc-mange.

The girl passes through much the same uncertainty, but is much less inclined to act upon her lack of conviction. Nature has provided in the little dears a pronounced distaste for the life of an old maid. The man realizes that he will probably have unlimited opportunities, and that he creates them himself; but the girl never knows but that this is her last chance, and as such should be cherished—or at least guarded.

V

"At what season of the year did your first proposal occur?" An attempt was made to secure this information by months, but a large number could not remember the month. However, they could remember the circumstances well enough to place it by seasons, and the results are shown on the chart below. Spring leads, but not

Continued on page 110



Seasons When Proposals Occur

The Facts of Life

Continued from pages 35-109

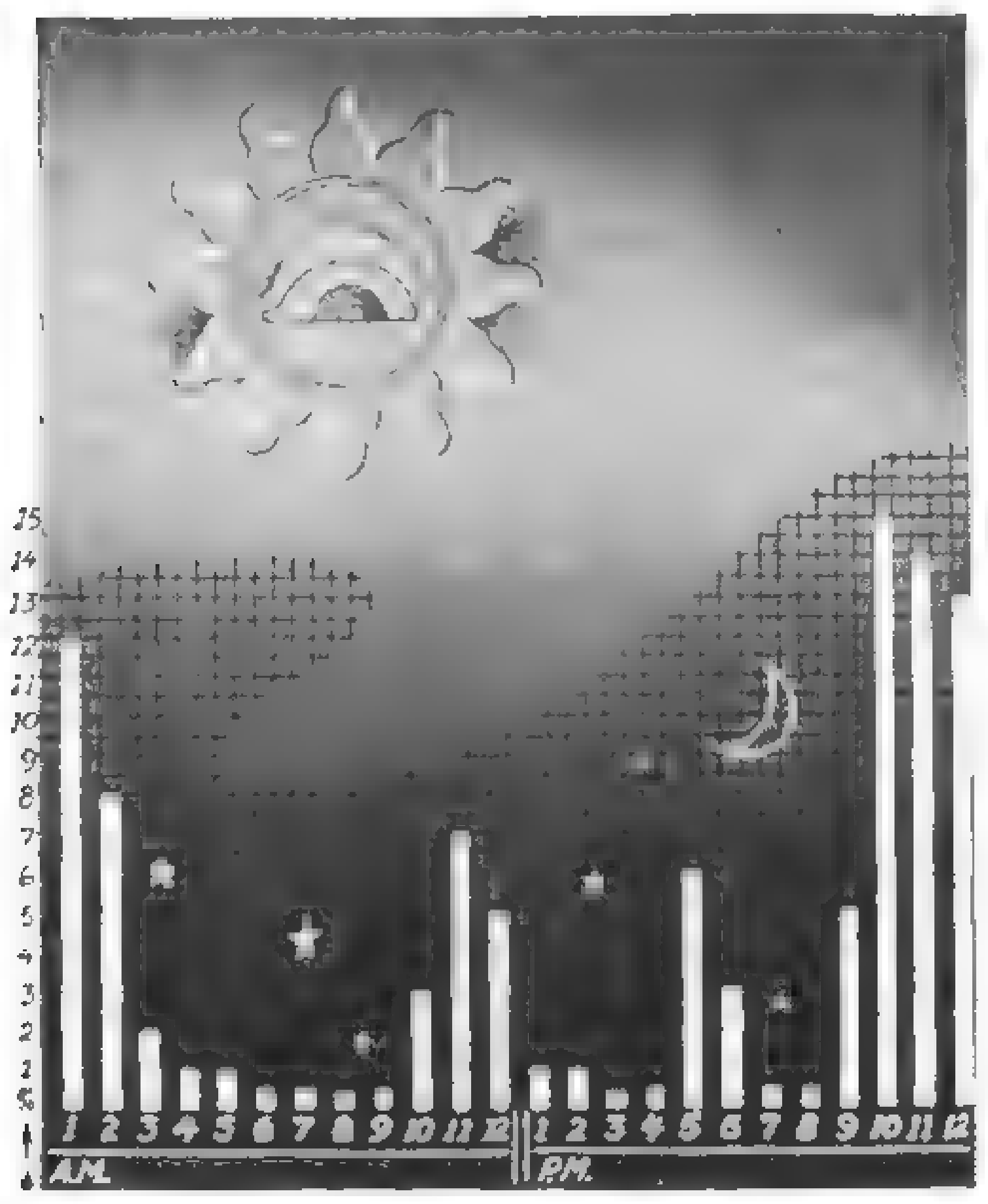
by as wide a margin as might be expected. Summer and winter are about on a par, but the fall months fall behind.

It is easy enough to understand why spring should be so much more popular than winter, but difficult to explain why winter should be almost four times as popular as fall. The spring of the year is traditionally a period of romance, and while civilized man has largely overcome the seasonal mating characteristics of the lower animals, it is only natural that some carry-over should continue to exist. The summer includes most of the vacation season, and opportunities for association are thereby increased.

It is possible that after an active summer, socially speaking, the fall months may serve as a rest-period in which no more energy than necessary is expended.

VI

"At what hour of the day did your first proposal occur?" The conclusions which may be drawn from the chart below, should be helpful. It is perfectly apparent that from 10 p. m. until 2 a. m. are the hours of greatest mortality.



Hour of Day at Which Proposals Occur

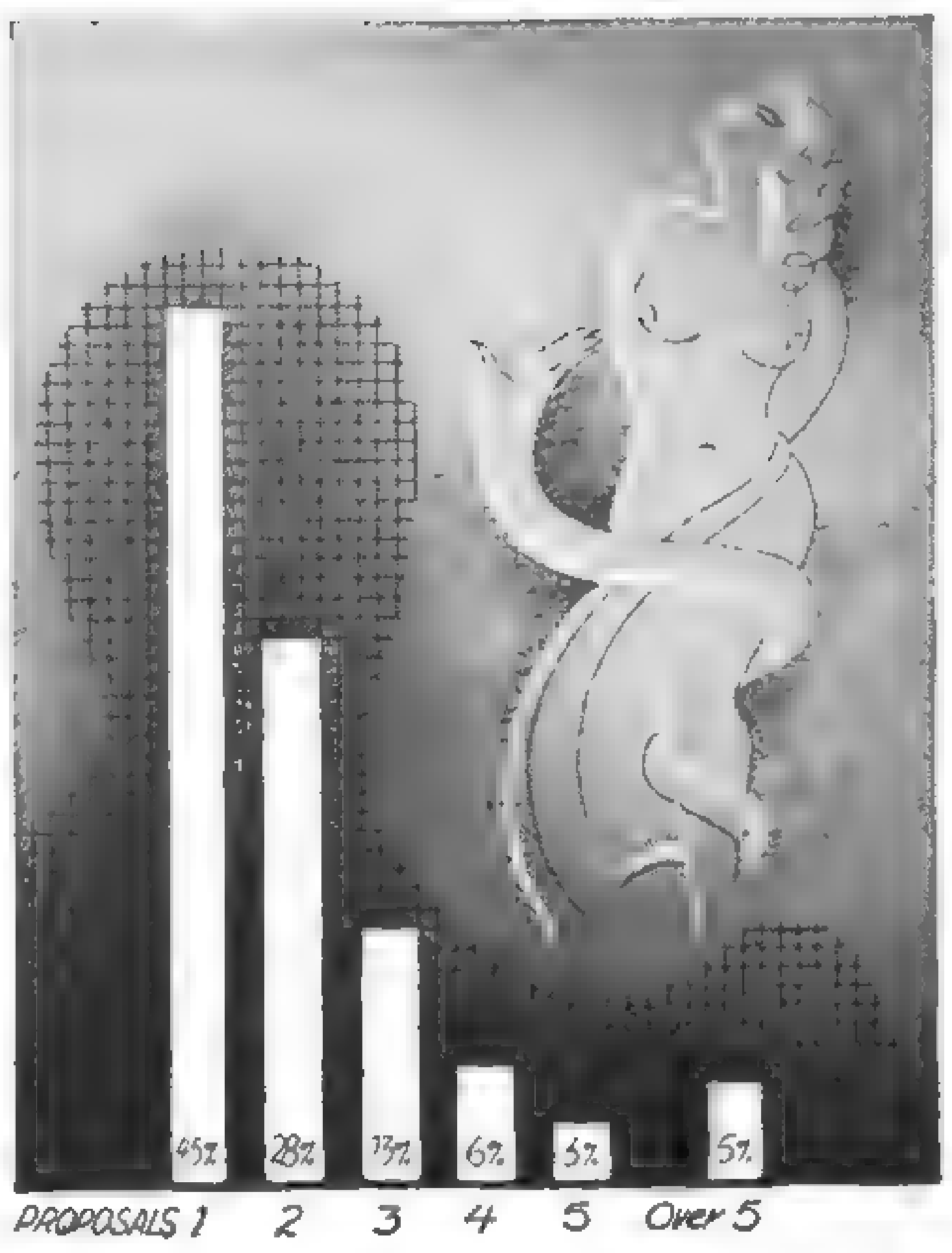
It is rather interesting to note that at noon and 5 p. m. two other little flurries occur; possibly because the man is hungry for something, and gets his appetites confused.

It should be a consolation to all mothers who are worried when their daughters do not come home until three, four, five or six o'clock in the morning, that they are running almost no risk of a marriage proposal—although perhaps this is not as reassuring as it might seem at first glance. At least there is less danger of the entanglement being a permanent one.

By relating the previous four charts, it is apparent that matrimony's most favorable set of circumstances consists of being eighteen years old, in an automobile, in the spring, at 10 p. m.

VII

"How many proposals have you received?" The information indicated on the chart must be an unhappy revelation. One, two, or three include practically all cases.



Number of Proposals Received

The old days, in which girls gathered proposals while they could, seem to have vanished, although many of these case histories run back over a period of twenty years.

This information is partly interpreted by remarks made by case histories at the time the question was asked. A large number maintain that if a girl had no intention of accepting a proposal it was easier to avoid it in advance. It should also be stated that the question was classified to include only serious proposals, and not those made casually and facetiously.

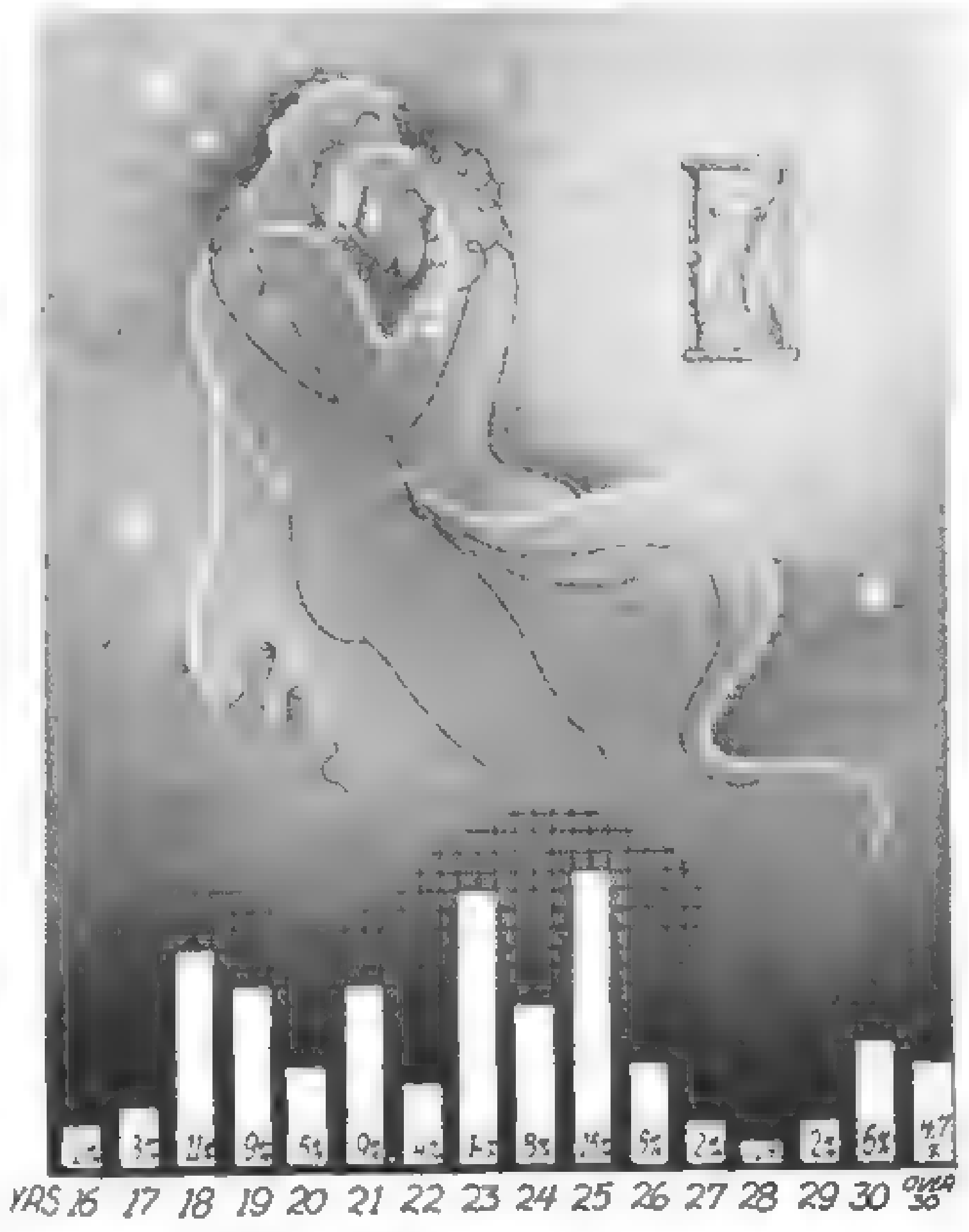
The conclusion might also be drawn that if a girl has any idea of contributing legitimate children to the world she has seldom more than three chances, and, like Casey at the bat, she had better not strike out.

VIII

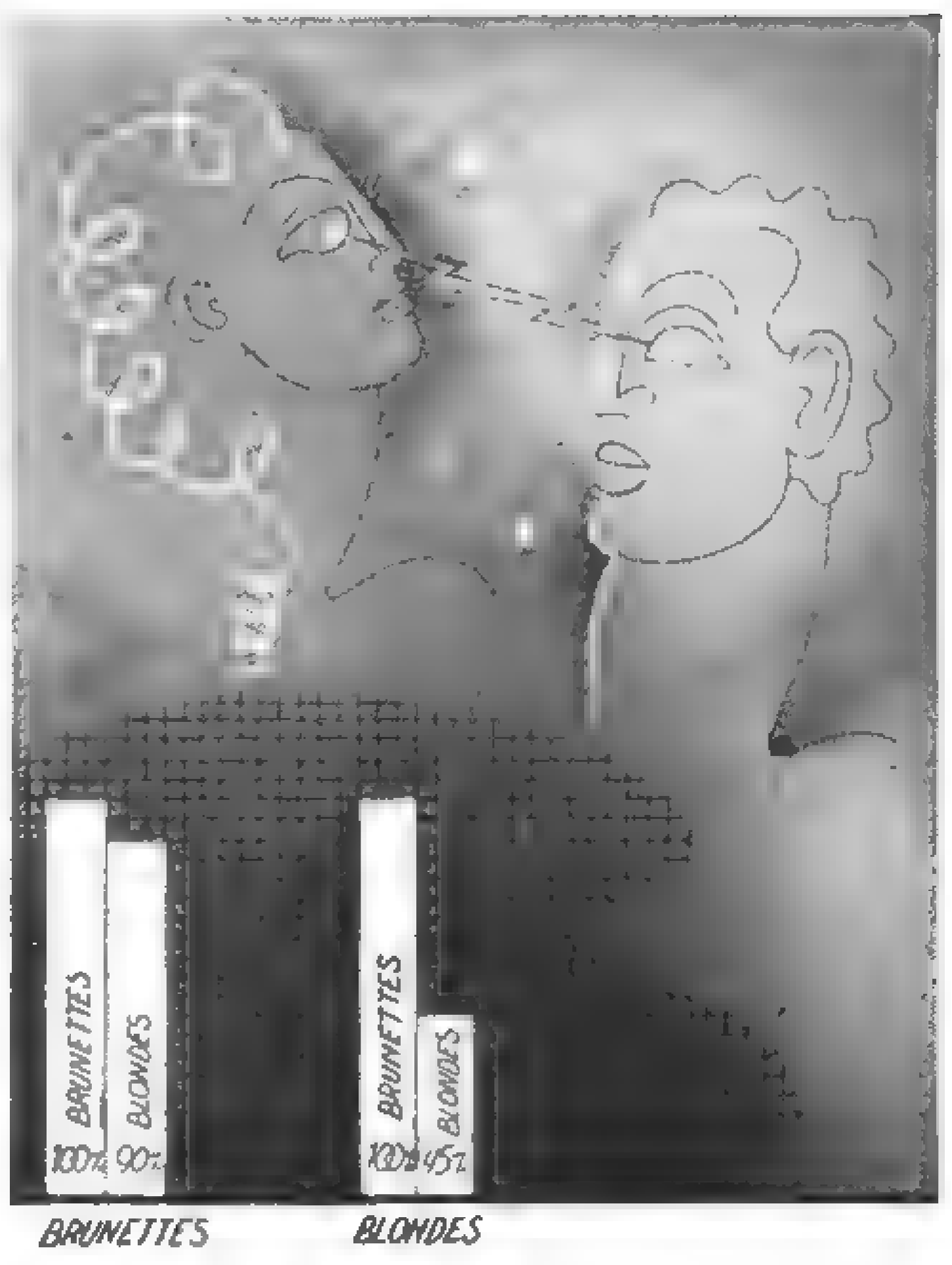
"How old were you at the time of marriage?" Having secured a date, and subsequently been kissed, and through hook or crook managed a proposal, the process of making honest women of them rears its ugly head.

The tabulation indicates the ages at which the bulk of such conversion occurs.

One cannot help being amused in observing that few women are married before eighteen, and almost none after twenty-five. This is biologically inconsistent, but a feminine psychologist will have no trouble in explaining this phenomenon.



Girl's Age at Marriage



Attraction of Opposites

IX

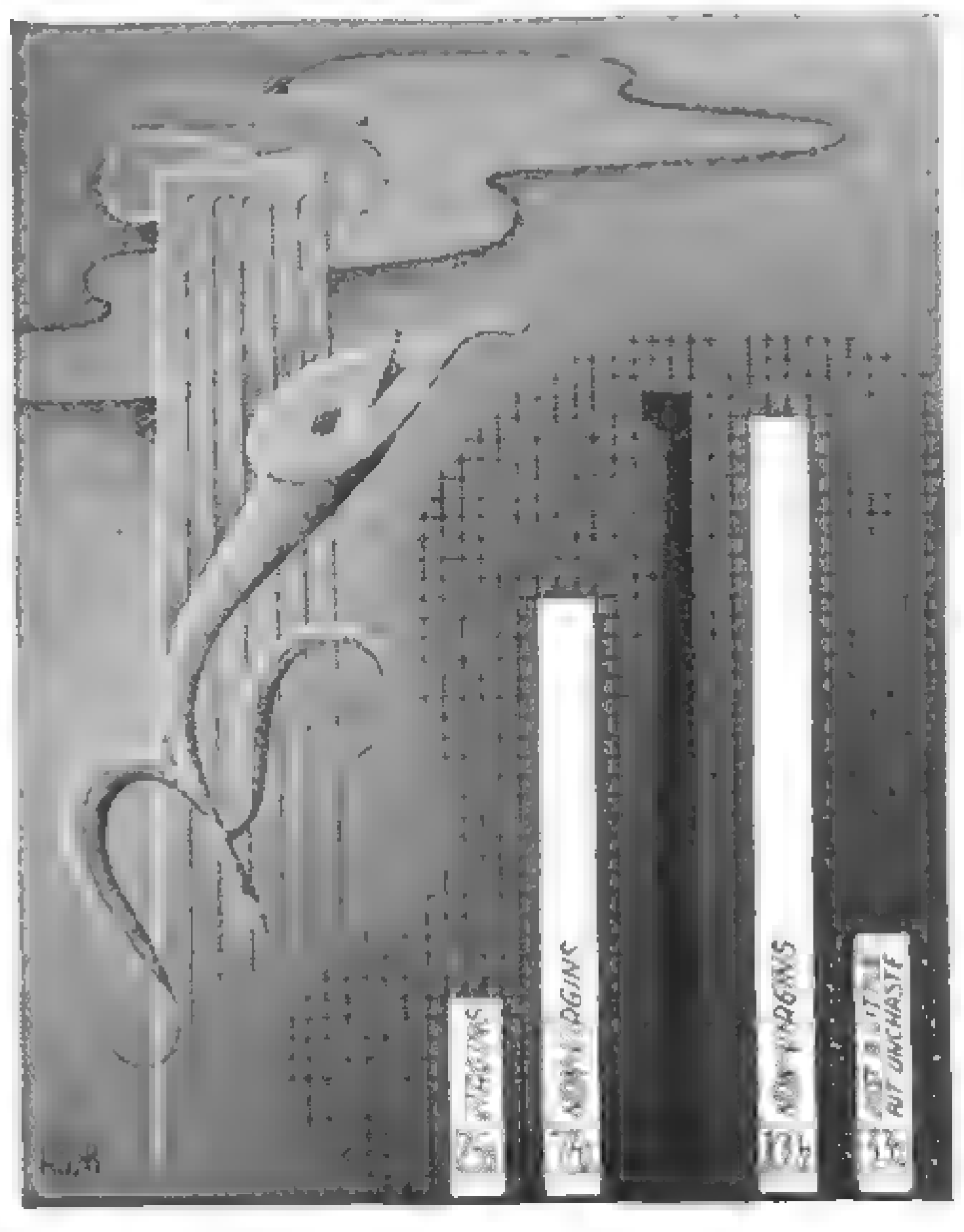
The chart above answers in a measure the question as to whether blondes and brunettes marry their same type or the contrasting type.

It will be seen that brunettes divided their choices almost equally between blonds and brunets, but that blondes selected brunets only half as often as they chose their own type. In considering this chart it should be kept in mind, however, that this is a comparison between the complexion of the husbands chosen by blondes and brunettes, and the word "chosen" may be inexact, it being remotely possible that the men were the determining influence, and chose the girls. Either way you look at it, the results are about the same.

Redheads were classified as blondes or brunettes depending upon their eye color, but it is interesting to note that no redhead married a redhead. This may be a safety measure; on the other hand, it probably has something to do with the scarcity of the type, and the improbability of opportunities for association.

X

The chances of arriving at a wedding as a virgin are indicated on the chart below. This information is probably quite accurate, but will be subjected to indignant disbelief on the part of a large number of people. It should be kept in mind that ordinarily there is a period of ten years during which the principal hazards exist, and ten years is a long time. Most women were naturally reluctant to answer this question. Most of those who relinquished maidenhood at an early age, believed their experience to be unusual.



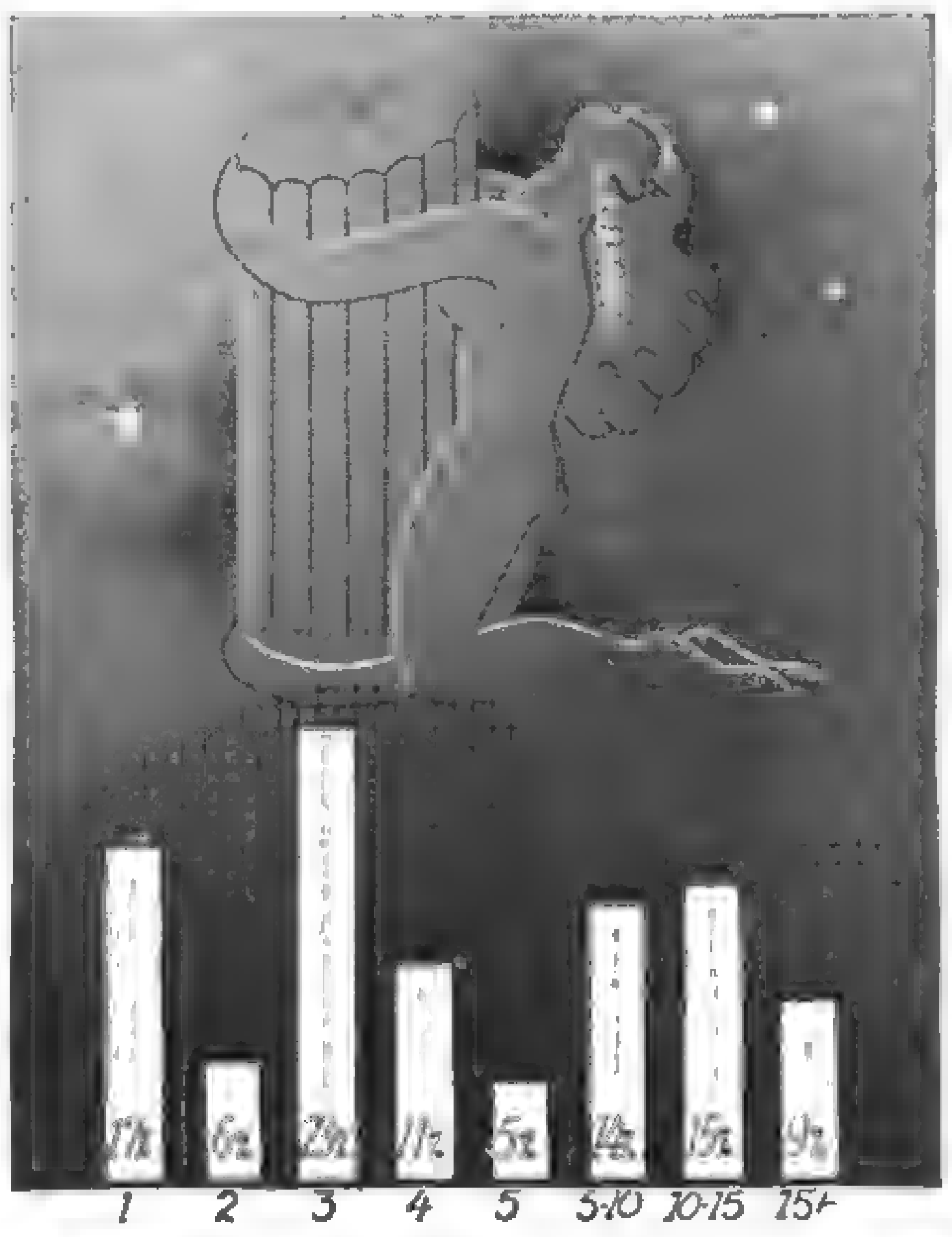
Virginity and Marriage

The second group on the chart is the breakdown of those who were not virgins at the time they were married, but whose transgressions were very limited, frequently involving only one man whom they subsequently married.

If this group were added to the group classified as virgins, it would be seen that approximately fifty per cent were virgins or semi-virgins, while the other fifty per cent had been more or less promiscuous.

XI

"How many men were you intimate with before marriage?" The chart below indicates the number of men known intimately before marriage. Those in the column showing but one man, in many cases ultimately married that man. Three seems to be a very magic number, tapering off to a small percentage for four and five. After five, however, there is definite indication of promiscuity.

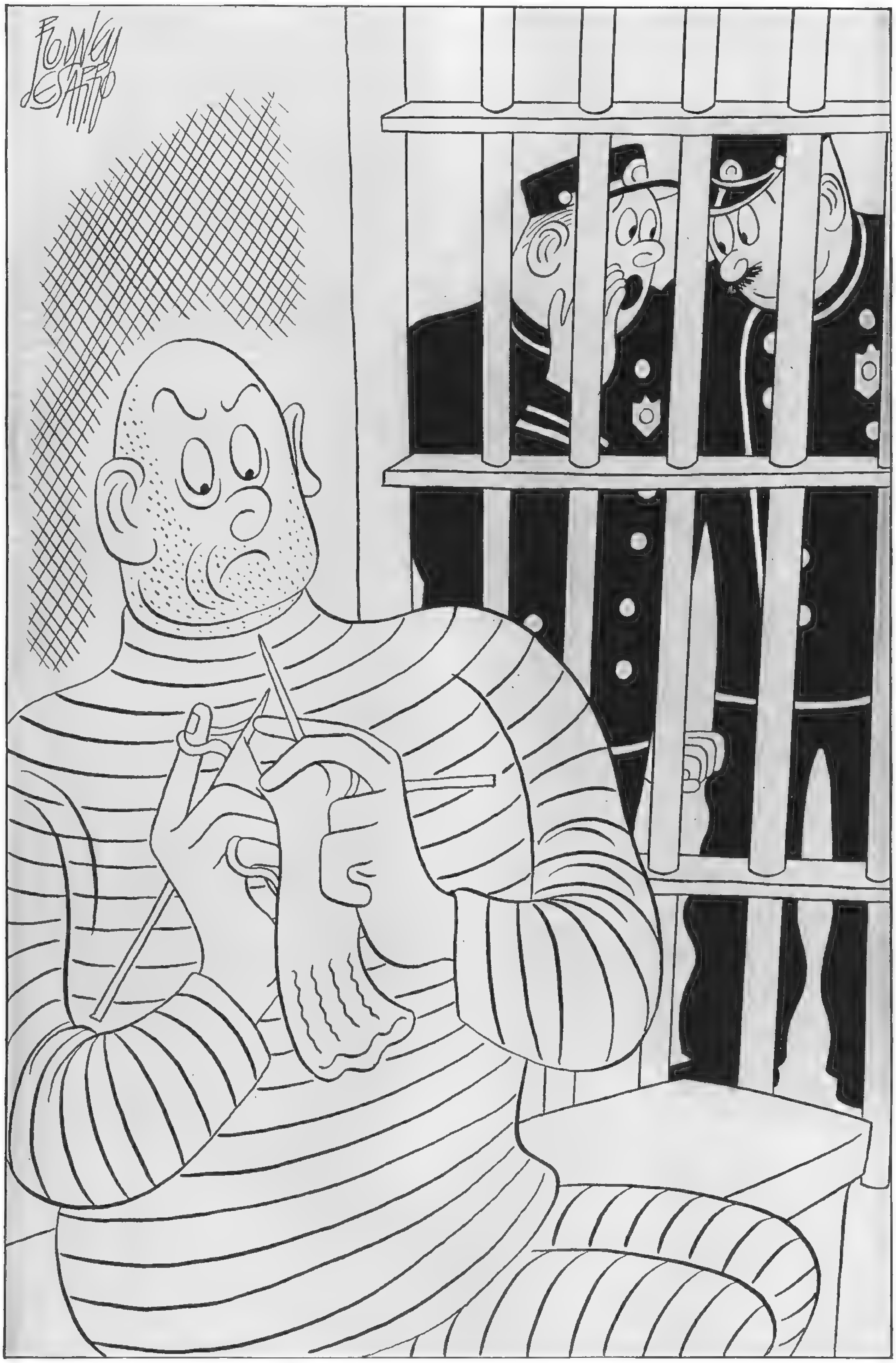


Pre-Marital Intimacies

A good many of those in the higher brackets almost sacrificed their amateur standing (this contest barred known professionals).

A great many of them seem to be soft-hearted, soft-headed creatures who were influenced more by sympathy for their companions than any desire of their own; on the other hand, there were a number who were definite nymphomaniacs, and acted accordingly.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *In view of the difficulty of securing authentic case histories in a large number, I have been particularly careful to select case histories which are normal in all respects. In general, the group would be "average," that is to say a cut below Elsa Maxwell's parties but several cuts above a ten-cent store's annual outing. There were a good many case histories not included, representing the Social Register, and a good many others representing the Slum Department. There is nothing, however, to indicate that there are any distinctions on the subjects tabulated that can be based on social position, wealth, religion or nationality. It would, obviously, take thousands of such histories to make such breakdowns of any actual significance. The study will be concluded in next month's* ESQUIRE; *meanwhile, confidential contributions of case histories from both sexes are welcome.*


Rodney deSarro

"He's joined the vocational society for shut-ins"

Paul Cadmus: *Enfant Terrible*

Continued from page 105

knowledge of his existence. Since *The Fleet's In* Cadmus has painted good pictures of which the public knows nothing. His experience may explain why artists depend for their publicity upon evictions for non-payment of rent. No stunt Cadmus could have arranged with the help of a public relations counsel could have been of greater service to his career. Thereafter he was invited to exhibit by museums which had previously been indifferent to him and to his work. His name achieved a certain kind of significance almost overnight. There are sections of the Middle West, he tells me, where his name is better known than those even of Speicher and Brook. In the belief that the painting had been destroyed, he etched a plate of the same subject and sold a number of impressions. He then made etchings of every one of his paintings and began cultivating a fairly profitable market for prints. He was stirred to new activity and to new hopefulness.

Except that his subject matter is contemporary, Paul Cadmus is a strange young man for this *succès de scandale* to have overtaken and to have lifted up. He is in his sources and attitude distinctly uncontemporary. He is retiring, sedentary, contemplative, introverted, unsocial. He doesn't run around, he is not a controversialist and not keen to know what's doing. There must have been moments when he thought of *The Fleet's In* as a most troublesome Frankenstein. He will watch the turmoil with perhaps a slightly jaundiced eye, never lose himself in it. It will interest him only to the extent to which he can make use of it. Social problems do not concern him. He may sign a petition or two, but he is not of the breed of petition-signers. He has no interest in contemporary art, American or otherwise, because contemporary art has nothing to tell him, nothing to teach him. He is silently critical of his peers at those rare moments when he condescends to disturb himself over what they have been doing. It isn't insolence, it's aloofness. It's an amusing paradox that Paul Cadmus should have painted a picture of which city editors were obliged to take cognizance.

Consider his sources. In etching his chief source is Raimondi and the reason a Cadmus print looks strangely like a Dürer is because Raimondi came to fame by copying Dürers and selling them as his own. His chief source in painting is Signorelli, who flourished in the 15th century and from whose muscular art even Michelangelo learned and shaped his own work. Cadmus isn't particularly interested in any painter after Rubens, although he will vouchsafe a glance at Poussin and Renoir. Among the artists in black and white only Hogarth, after Raimondi, holds any place in his interest and esteem. In literature he is held chiefly by novelists who deal with life on the psychological plane, such as Dostoevsky, Proust, Henry James. Thomas Mann is the only living writer who means anything to him, and he owes Mann a picture, in the sense that Mann gave him the idea for a picture.

Herr Mann had published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* an article on *The Timelessness of the Myth*. It was probably in connection with Mann's trilogy, *Joseph and His Brethren*. If, reasoned Cadmus, the myth was timeless, then it could be brought up to date. This was no particularly new discovery, for painters, for generations, had been licking their chops over Leda and the Swan and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, among others, had painted pictures illustrating Greek and Roman mythology, but it was a new idea for a painter born into an age when artists did only what they could see, not what they could imagine. Cadmus pounced upon a rather undignified myth and cleverly modernized it. He took Rubens' *Venus and Adonis*. Not to be too delicate about it, Venus is asking Adonis to linger a little longer and Adonis seems to be determined to go hunting. Cadmus' Adonis is a young man, handsome and lithe, who seems much more interested in reaching the tennis court than in dalliance; Venus is Cadmus' creative composite of a well-preserved and wealthy divorcée in her middle thirties who can afford a gigolo. The little boy is Cupid, if you must know, but you'll have to do your own guessing as to how he got into the picture. Perhaps this painting proves that the myth is timeless, that the myth can be brought up to date, but whatever it does prove, it underlines the painter's literary predilections, his preference for abstract ideas as against concrete life. When myths are no longer part of a people's cultural ferment, paintings derived from them are likely to have the smell of the lamp. I suspect that he was arguing against his own temperament when he wrote in the Credo that appeared as foreword to the catalogue of his first one-man show: "I believe that art is not only more true but also more living and vital if it derives its immediate inspiration and its outward form from contemporary life. The actual contact with human beings who are living and dying, working and playing, exercising all their functions and passions, demonstrating the heights and depths of man's nature, gives results of far greater significance than those gained by isolation, introspection or subjective contemplation of inanimate objects."

It seems incredible that Cadmus would have become a sailor or a policeman even had his parents not shaped his early life in the direction of art. However, the cards were stacked against him, he had no choice. After three years of high school he left to become an art student. He was fourteen. His father thought that he ought, at the least, to finish high school, but his mother felt that, as an artist, he always would be gathering culture. He left, to enroll at the National Academy of Design, where he remained eight years, during which he specialized in etching under William Auerbach-Levy, whom he found an excellent technician. He was in the classes also of Charles C. Curran and Charles W. Hawthorne. He began exhibiting while at the Academy and at the age of nineteen qualified as a member of the Society of American Etchers. Subsequently he spent two years at the Art Students' League, specializing in etching under Joseph Pennell and in lithography under Charles Locke.

At the age of twenty-two, which must have been before he entered the League, he became so deeply discouraged with art and its slender rewards, that he decided to abandon it and make a living. He went to work in an advertising agency where, for three years, he arranged layouts and saved money. But the more commercial work he did the more he itched to return to painting. With an artist friend, Jared French, he went abroad, the savings of three years assuring two years in Europe, years rich in training, practice, growth and integration. They visited every museum in every city to which ship or train or bicycle could bring them, Paris, Chartres, Cologne, Dresden, Berlin, Munich, Rome, Madrid, Seville. In Rome, at a shop called Anderson's, they bought some hundreds of photographs of great art, a constant source of reference and refreshment.

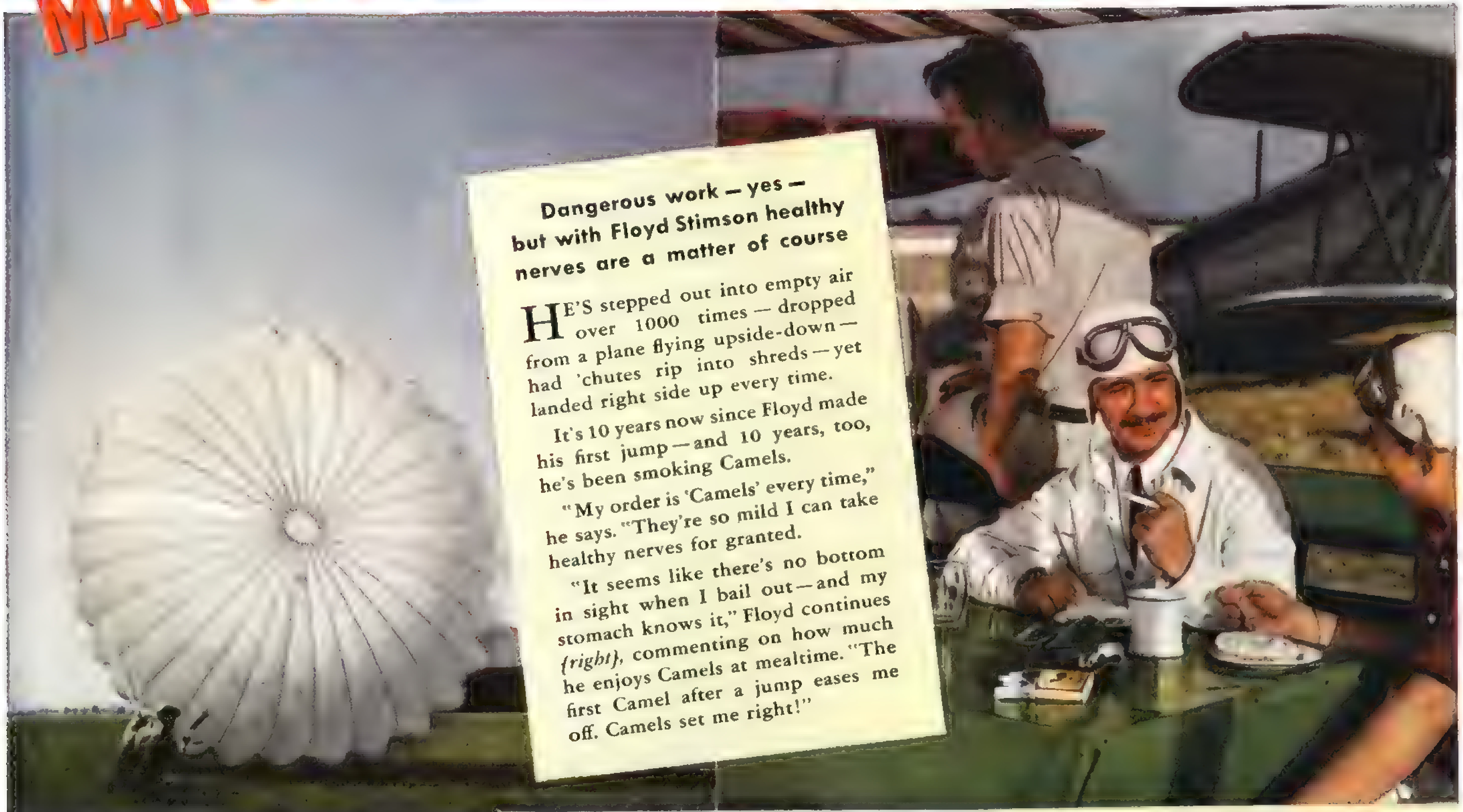
At Majorca, in the fishing village of Puerta de Andraitx, they dropped anchor, living, sketching, painting. They rented a house at $9 a month, when acquaintances told them they were being cheated. They moved out and into a house renting for $2.50 a month, where they stayed as long as their passports were renewable. Not until Majorca did Cadmus learn to compose a painting nor did he have the confidence and the ability to do so. At Puerta de Andraitx, Cadmus painted his first picture, *Majorcan Fishermen*, for which he worked from six to eight months on the preliminary sketches alone. The house in which they lived was on the waterfront and every fishing boat that came in had to dock under their windows. When, finally, they left, the whole town turned out, at six in the morning, to bid them farewell. They were back in the United States in 1933 and the most cheerful note about their return was that in re-exchanging their *pesetas* into dollars, they found themselves with a nice profit.

In addition to the *pesetas* Cadmus brought back with him the first group of paintings which he allowed to be exhibited, *Shore Leave* and *Y. M. C. A. Locker Room*, besides pictures of Majorcan subject matter. Came the invitation to paint pictures on government salary, the submission of *The Fleet's In* and *Greenwich Village Cafeteria*, the Corcoran exhibition and the reputation-making tempest. The following summer, at Martha's Vineyard, and without a note of reference, he painted his biting satire, *Coney Island*, which, when exhibited at the Whitney Museum of American Art, prompted the Coney Island Business Men's Association to lodge a complaint with the Museum against the canvas. Vulgarity and physical grossness were charged against Cadmus but they might as well have been charged to Coney Island. Visitors to the Whitney were attracted and repelled. Museum attendants had a difficult time preventing candid camera men from photographing *Coney Island*. One radical concluded that Cadmus must hate the working classes and a Nazi reached the complementary conclusion that the painter must be a Hitlerian fellow-traveler. For Cadmus the painting is important chiefly as a milestone long since passed, for he regards it as a drawing with color superimposed upon draughtsmanship. He has since, as in *Gilding the Acrobats*, achieved a technique wherein color is made an integral part of drawing. To Paul Cadmus, art remains a study, a challenge to thought, a way of enjoyment, not simply another way of making a living.

There is no doubt that his work is slowly wrought. American painters achieve reputations with canvases that may be counted in the dozens or the scores. Cadmus has made his mark with no more than twenty paintings, two of which were done for the government in 1933 and four others of which were done also on federal commission, for the Treasury Department Art Project. This series, entitled *Aspects of Suburban Life*, is destined for the walls of the American Embassy at Ottawa. These pictures exhibit Cadmus' growing power as a colorist, with draughtmanship implied instead of stealing the show, as an organizer of forms and as one not wholly reliant on caricature for his force. Recently his paintings were brought together for a one-man show and in the wealth of life and tumult of action that they displayed one easily lost sight of the fact that in numbers the pictures were but a handful. The room was much larger than it had ever been, it seemed. It was a little cosmos that was being exhibited, but to Cadmus, with his eyes set on new worlds to conquer, this exhibition signified the shedding of an old skin.

MAN OVERBOARD

FLOYD STIMSON—OFFICIAL PARACHUTE TESTER—BAILS OUT FOR THE 1060TH TIME



Dangerous work—yes—but with Floyd Stimson healthy nerves are a matter of course

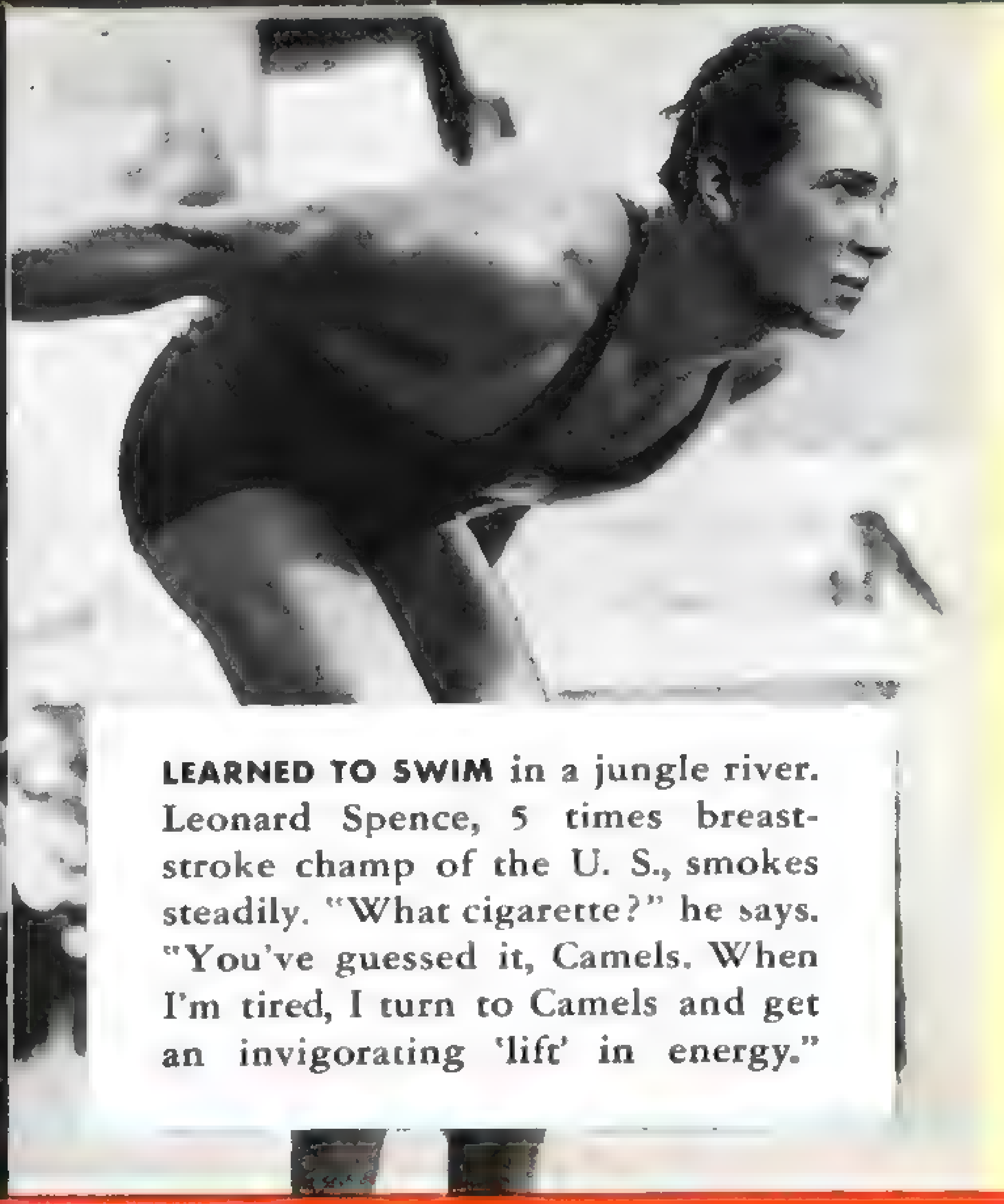
HE'S stepped out into empty air over 1000 times—dropped from a plane flying upside-down—had 'chutes rip into shreds—yet landed right side up every time.

It's 10 years now since Floyd made his first jump—and 10 years, too, he's been smoking Camels.

"My order is 'Camels' every time," he says. "They're so mild I can take healthy nerves for granted.

"It seems like there's no bottom in sight when I bail out—and my stomach knows it," Floyd continues *(right)*, commenting on how much he enjoys Camels at mealtime. "The first Camel after a jump eases me off. Camels set me right!"

FENCING BOUTS are won mainly on quick response from nerves. In the words of Joanna de Tuscan, U.S. Foils Champion: "Being on the alert counts. That's why I prefer Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves."



LEARNED TO SWIM in a jungle river. Leonard Spence, 5 times breast-stroke champ of the U. S., smokes steadily. "What cigarette?" he says. "You've guessed it, Camels. When I'm tired, I turn to Camels and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

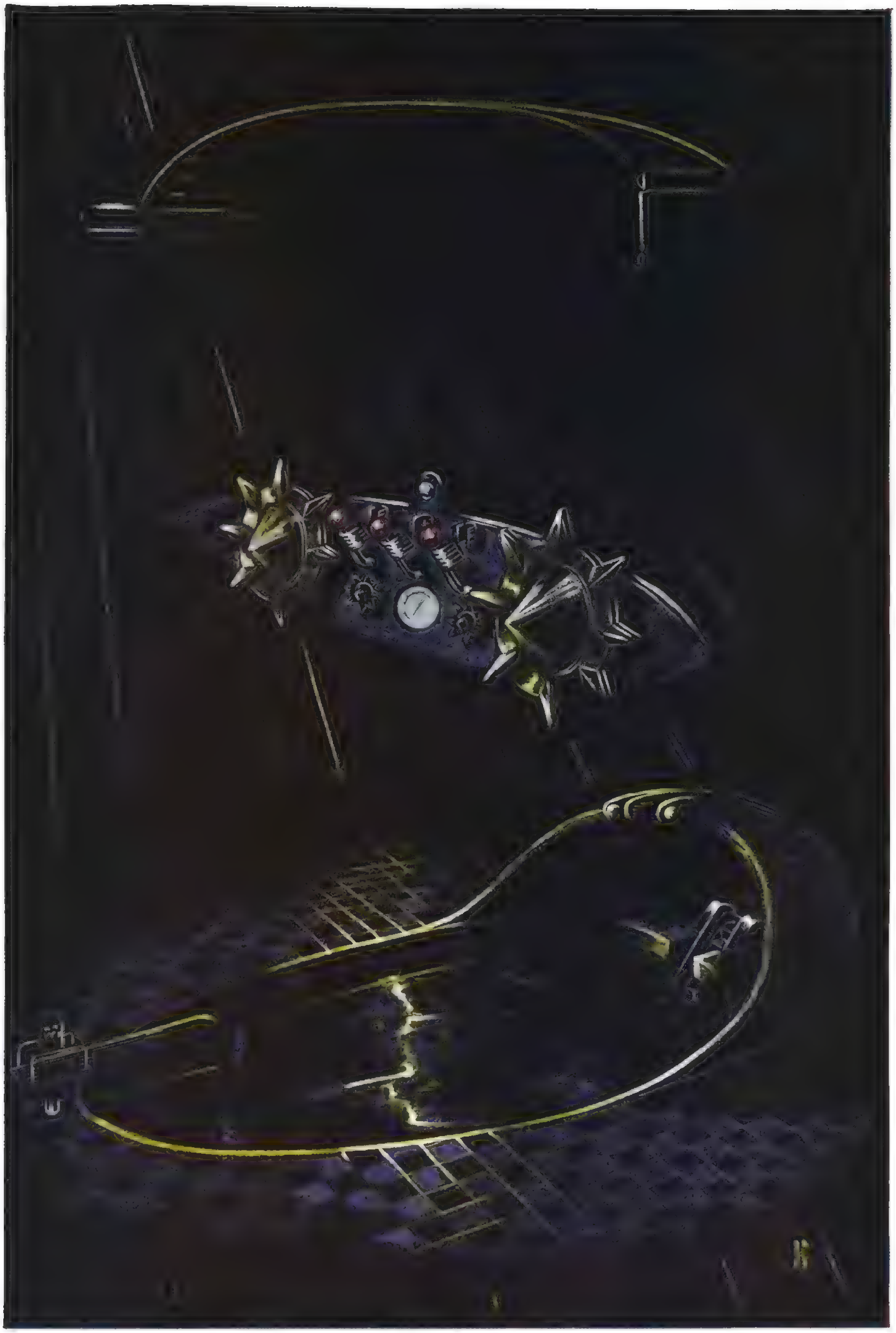
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES



MODERN SWIMMING POOL *by* ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

We can remember the pioneer days when people had to climb out of swimming pools under their own power—now they have rubber escalators. Mark our words, we're becoming a nation of softies and the Visigoths will be moving in on us any day now. Anyhow, there are two floodlights at the top of the covered section and between them the grille of a public address system. The diving board can be raised or lowered by a hydraulically operated shaft. The controls are shown on the vertical board. In the control board, center, the two big wheels regulate, left, the tinting of the water and, right, the scenting. You heard us. Tinting and scenting. The little ball at the top center is a bomb mike, awfully good, with war so imminent. The red balls below aren't for chocolate, strawberry and vanilla. They are throw-type switches which control the mike and floodlights. Below them are the radio controls and a dial.

A Doctor's Story

Continued from page 92

maybe it's the same story all the way through; maybe she wants to go on thinking of that man in that special way of her own, and does not want to see him the way he really is—that would be natural enough, because after all he's the father of her baby and women like to think their babies have nice papas. But sometimes it seems as if, even sick as they are, frightened as they are, hiding themselves away, and thinking how they hate the baby—sometimes it seems as if it was really the baby they wanted all the time, above everything else. . . . And then, after it's born, they give it up. I'm sure I don't understand it, but that's the way it usually works, and that's the way we have to take it.

Well, I took Margaret to an obstetrician friend of mine, and he gave her the once-over, and said she was all right. He took charge of her then, of course, but I arranged for her to go out to Wexham to some people I knew for the last couple of months, and I made the arrangements for delivery at the Wexham hospital.

Now comes the sordid part, at least it'll seem sordid to the laymen. We doctors get so used to venereal disease that we sometimes forget to lower our voices and whisper and hide our heads when we talk about it. Matter of fact it's just like most other diseases, except in the manner of communication, and every doctor knows that if people didn't lower their voices and hide their heads about it it would have been pretty well under control long ago. So please excuse me if I go ahead and talk in a normal voice, because it's part of the story.

I had lunch with the obstetrician about two weeks before Margaret's delivery.

"Say," he said, "you know that kid's not as nice as you thought she was. I made another Wassermann yesterday, just to check the one four months ago, and it came out positive. The first one was negative."

"You're crazy," I said.

"No. Sure of it. She's been playing around. Kind of disgusting, isn't it?"

"Nonsense. I know damn well she wouldn't. Did you tell her?"

"No. Thought I'd talk to you first."

"Well, don't tell her. She's all right. I know she is. I've seen too many of these girls to be wrong about her. Are you treating her?"

"Of course."

"Well, go ahead and treat her, but don't tell her, till after it's over. One of your Wassermanns was wrong."

"I'm sure of the second. Strong positive."

"Then your first was wrong."

"There's a chance of it, of course."

It was disturbing. I knew she came from good clean folks, and I knew she'd been good since she knew Smith—I was sure of it. So I decided to find out what I could about Smith. I knew a couple of his friends, and I looked them up and talked to them, and I talked carefully to Margaret, too, and here's what I found out. Smith was a good sort of chap, a Harvard man, and a brilliant lawyer. He was married to one of these delicate, airy Southern girls that he thought the world of. I met her later; she was one of the most attractive women I've ever known—always a little elusive, you know, hard to get hold of. Smith was hard-headed; a hard worker, too, and like lots of people of that sort, he had one strong sentimental streak in him. Apparently it was in the back of his head most of the time. He wanted a son. Maybe you've known people with a single overpowering desire like that. Nothing else in the world amounts to anything beside it, and I gathered that that was just the case with Smith. He simply had to have a son.

Well, his wife, bless her sweet heart, did her best for him, and early in this same summer, she gave him a son, but the child was born dead. I happened to know the obstetrician, and asked him about it, and it was from him that I learned the last answer to Smith. The baby was born dead, and the wife couldn't have another.

Common enough, of course. But apparently it completely upset Smith. For a few months, while his wife was still in the hospital, he went haywire. You've got to remember that desire of his for a son of his own; remember it was even more than the ordinary desire; it had come to be the whole symbol of life for him. And now he knew that he probably would never have a son, because he was fond of his wife, and ordinarily faithful to her; anybody would be, with such a swell wife, you know. But it got him. For a few months it loosened a screw in his head. It's not hard to understand. Anyway, he'd dig in hard for a while at his office, and then he'd just have to bust loose, and then he'd go out and raise hell, and when he raised hell, according to all reports of the times, he raised hell.

It must have been that he contracted syphilis. But it must have been unusually slow in appearing, because I'm quite sure he was ignorant that he had it when he got to fooling around with Margaret. And I don't believe it could have entered his head that he could have given it to her, or he'd have done something about it after he discovered it in himself. He wasn't a bad sort, and of course afterwards he was ashamed of himself, as he ought to have been; and when people are ashamed of themselves they're apt to get pretty blind about lots of things. He should have found out, or told her, of course, but he didn't. Lots of us do worse things than that, you know, when we have to choose between pride and shame. We're a selfish lot, especially us men.

Margaret was a husky girl. She responded well to the treatment, and took her confinement magnificently. The baby was born, a fine big boy, and both of them came along just as well as it's possible to. She never saw the child. She knew she would have to give it up, and knew she couldn't if she once saw it. That's always the way we have to work it, anyway, when the mother doesn't want to keep her baby. We never tell her who has adopted it, either. I was especially careful in all my tests of the baby, of course, and couldn't find a thing wrong, although it's common enough for everything to be negative in those early months, and then to have something crop up later on.

Now comes the queer coincidence. Less than a week later, I had a call from Mr. Clayton Smith, who asked if he and his wife could come to see me. I had a hunch what it was about, and sure enough when they showed up they were all flushed and excited like a couple of school children. They wanted to adopt a baby boy. I remember I tried to hold them off while I finished thinking it over.

"You understand," I said, "this is as much of a responsibility as having one of your own?"

"Oh yes! We want the responsibility!" they said, almost in unison. "How soon can you find us one?"

"Even more of a responsibility. You have to accept the responsibility of the child's own parents; you have to do a good job for their sakes, too."

"We've thought that all over," said Smith, earnestly. "We may not do a good job, but you'll never find anyone who'll try to harder."

I liked them. And I liked the idea of his adopting his own son. But I couldn't tell him about the possibility of the syphilis coming out, because then I knew he would never take the baby. I knew I was taking a chance, and maybe I shouldn't have done it. You can criticize me if you want to; but after all it was this very man who had infected the mother, and for the life of me I can't see why it wasn't fair for him to be the one to accept the responsibility for it.

"Well," I said, finally, "I happen to have a week-old boy on hand right now—."

Smith jumped to his feet. "Where?" he said. "Can we see him?"

His wife laughed at him. "Who are his parents, Dr. Bronson?" she asked.

"I can't tell you," I said. "It's an absolute rule with me; I never tell the new parents who the old ones were; it saves trouble; and besides, you'll find it much easier to think of the baby as your own if you don't know."

"Oh," she said, and thought for a moment. She was an intelligent woman. "All right. You know best. But what were the parents like?"

"All I can tell you," I said, "is that they are very nice people. They're about of your own class. They've lived about as you have."

"Let's go and see him," said Smith, picking up his hat.

I never saw anyone so tickled as Smith was over that baby. He fairly worshiped him. He even liked to change his diapers, and you know there are darn few men who care for that job. He got in the habit of coming home for lunch, just so he could see him; sometimes he'd come twice in the day. They didn't even hire a nurse—took all the care of him themselves. I was pleased as punch, because I could see it was the kind of love that would last. Of course even then I knew I was taking a chance, but I still believe the chance was worth taking.

Well, sometimes it seems as if fate just lay and waited for the happiest people. Just as if it were jealous. That's the way it happened with the Smiths. About six months after they'd adopted the child I had to go to two medical meetings, one in Detroit and one in St. Louis, and they were two weeks apart, and I was tired so I took those two weeks for a vacation. Altogether I was away over a month. I'd told the Smiths to keep in touch with my assistant, but they had this idea that I was the only doctor in the world, so they stayed at home and played with the baby till I got back. And then the damned disease had cropped up in earnest. It wasn't the only thing—it was complicated with bad mastoids later—but it was the first thing, and so I had to tell them about it. And the baby died.

Funny thing. I was ready to take my medicine, you know; I'd taken a big chance, and lost. But they never once thought of blaming me. They really thought of that baby as theirs, and it never occurred to them I could have gotten them a different one. Smith was all broken up. His wife would have been, but she knew as well as I did that he was on the edge of a smash, and she put everything behind her to take care of him. Maybe it's just as well for her sake she did.

Not that he said a lot, or tore around, or anything. No, this second blow was too much for him; he just sat, and when he got up, it was just to wander around a little, kind of indefinitely—and then he'd sit again. I only remember once that he said anything much. He was seeing me to the door.

"Bronson," he said, "I'd feel better if I could get my fingers on that fellow's throat. My God, a man like that! To bring a child into the world, just an innocent child—and give that to it. A man like that ought to be hung!"

He'd forgotten all about himself. People are like that, you know; what you do yourself is a lot easier to understand than what the other fellow does. But I was

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A Doctor's Story

Continued from pages 92-115

sorry for the man. I've had to face parents pretty often and tell them their children had died, and I know what it means to them; and yet even for real parents and their own children I don't think I've felt much sorrier than I felt for this chap. He had wanted the child so terribly.

You'd think that would have been enough for him; but fate wouldn't lay off him yet. She hadn't finished her job. This is how she finished it.

It happened less than a month later. I got a call, in the evening, from a good friend of mine, a surgeon. He asked if I knew Margaret Cushman, and I said I did. Well, he had her in the hospital, it seemed, for an appendectomy, and she insisted she had to see me before she went under the knife. I went, of course.

I'll never forget how she looked in that little white room. She was simply radiant. She had some fever, of course, and lots of color from it, but it was more than that. She had grown up since I had seen her, and she looked happy as only a grown woman can look.

"You were so good to me, Dr. Bronson," she said. "I always tried to thank you, but I never could."

"Forget it," I said. "It was fun. I enjoyed every minute of it, and the baby—"

Then I remembered the baby, that somehow, until that moment, I had failed to connect with her at all. It was as if something had hit me in the jaw, and I stopped. Her big eyes looked very deep into me.

"Is he all right?" she asked.

"He's fine," I lied. I put everything I had into that lie, and then I saw, thank God, that it had gone over. "You agreed not to ask about him, you know."

"All right," she said, and gave a long sigh, and then after a minute went on.

"I do thank you."

I waved my hand and laughed.

"They're going to operate on me," she said. "I don't know, but I think I'm going to die."

I laughed again. "People that're going to die don't look like you."

"Really? But I might, you know."

"No. Your doctor told me. It's a perfectly ordinary appendectomy." I wasn't lying about that—and I wasn't especially worried about her, either.

"Well," she said, "I didn't get you way over here to talk about me. You see, I still think maybe I'm going to die, and it's all right, if I've got to—not that I like it."

I waited for her, and watched how she held onto the muscles of her face. I tell you, that girl had guts.

"But I'm going to tell Mr. Smith about the baby. It seems he ought to know—if I'm going to die."

"Oh, nonsense," I said. "If you wouldn't tell him before there's no need of it now. And you aren't going to die, anyway."

"I'm going to tell him. You used to want me to, and now I'm going to. He'll be here any minute."

I think I jumped at that. "He's coming?" I said.

"Any minute. They let me call him up."

"You mustn't," I said, trying hard to think of a reason. "You mustn't."

She laughed. "Oh yes, I must."

And then there was a knock on the door and a nurse opened it, and there was Smith—and it was too late.

Smith was plenty surprised to see me there.

"Why, hello, Bronson," he said, coming in and shaking hands. Then he turned, rather embarrassed, to the bed. "Hello, Miss Cushman. I'm awfully sorry to hear you're sick."

She broke into a laugh—the laugh shook her, and hurt, you could see by her face.

"Don't mind Dr. Bronson," she said. "He knows all about it. He knows more than you do, mister."

"About what?"

"About us."

Smith flushed and looked from one to the other of us.

"Come over here, silly," she said. Smith went to the bed. "Here, take my hand. That's nice. Now I'll tell you something funny. There was a joke. Want to hear it?"

He was still too bewildered to speak, but he nodded.

"Well," she said, "we had a baby. Isn't that nice?"

I watched his face. You could see his eyes change while he looked at her. It took quite a while, but then his eyes grew so darned tender—by gosh they grew tender—it was funny, he didn't love her, I knew that, but you wouldn't have known it, from the way he looked at her. And then all of a sudden he dropped down on his knees beside the bed and pressed her hand to his forehead.

"I'm not good enough—" he said.

"You're plenty good enough, mister," she said, gently.

"I shouldn't even touch you. I don't deserve it."

"You're a silly. I liked having the baby. It was a good baby. Dr. Bronson found a nice family for it, and it's having a good time, and so am I. Only, now—"

I guess they both were on the edge of crying. He touched her face with his hand, and then he stood up and bent over and kissed her, and I decided to wait outside.

I'd been standing by the door only three or four minutes when the stretcher came down the hall for her. I made the attendants wait while I knocked and went back in. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding her hand. I have seen many men and women sitting that way—there's an awful lot that shows in them when they sit that way; but now I looked at Smith and thought how he had sat that way on his own wife's bed—and now he was here—and I thought how silly everything we think we know about love is, and how if we could only follow it more, and lead it less—but these were not very respectable thoughts for a respectable doctor, were they?

"Time," I said. "They're waiting."

He kissed her once more, and then almost jumped away to the window.

"O. K.," she said gaily, "take it away." And then again I watched those firmly held muscles in her face, while the attendants lifted her to the stretcher and wheeled her away. She waved as she disappeared into the hall.

"Well," I said to Smith when we were left alone with the empty bed and the open door, "do you want to wait and see what happens?"

He sat down in one of those damnable hospital easy chairs. He was trembling a little and his face was white. "She thinks she's going to die," he said.

"Well," I answered, "I don't. Women get these ideas, you know. There's no foundation for it in this case. In another two weeks you'll see her bright as ever."

"I won't see her," he said.

"She doesn't want it?"

"No."

"Well, that's reasonable enough, isn't it?"

He nodded. He was staring blankly into one of those dust-proof rounded corners.

"When my wife had her first baby," I said, "she got the same notion in her head, just because her mother died in childbirth. My wife is a big girl, buxom, you know; she could probably give birth to a good-sized calf without much trouble. I like these big women. If I had my way I'd have the government organize feeding stations for skinny girls. Not that the skinny ones aren't nice to look at, but they're nowhere near as practical. Well, my wife decided she was going to die. She made a will. She had the attic cleaned. She wrote to all her friends and relatives, every one of them, cheerful letters, you know, nothing morbid in them. She got together all the clothes the baby would need until it was ten years old, a complete set for each sex, and left word just where the set that wouldn't be used should go. God, it was funny! She even had all the vases cleaned and polished, and she covered them with newspapers and put them on the top shelf in the pantry. Thought they'd need them for flowers, you see. I had a swell time kidding her. I knew there was nothing to worry about."

I talked and talked, though I knew he didn't hear much of it. I talked about women and automobiles and shooting and the best kind of whiskey for the money; I talked about everything. And he simply sat and waited. After about forty minutes, I went out and got him a big glass full of brandy and made him drink it. He began to look better.

In an hour, my friend the surgeon showed up, neat as ever in his sack suit. He was smiling.

"She's fine," he said. "No trouble at all. One of the biggest appendices I've ever seen. She'll be here in a few minutes."

Smith stood up. He was unsteady, but I could see that I'd timed the brandy just about right. We get used to that; so many people faint, you know.

"Come on, Bronson," he said, and took my arm. "Let's get out."

At the desk at the end of the corridor he stopped. I could see a strange, repressed excitement in his face.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Who?"

"The baby."

"Oh. . . . Her baby?"

"Yes. Hers and mine."

"Well, you know, I can't tell you that. He was adopted by some very nice people."

"Who are they?"

"You know damned well I can't tell you. It's done now. Forget it."

"I've got to have him."

"Nonsense. You can't have him. Just be sensible. How would you have felt if the parents had come along and wanted your baby?"

"I don't give a damn about all that. They can get another. This one is mine."

"No, it's finished. Don't talk about it. I've never told anyone afterwards, and I never will."

"Listen, Bronson—"

He argued and argued, getting more and more wild and excited. Finally I dragged him downstairs and out to the street.

"Let me just talk to them," he begged. "I can show them how it is. Let me just see the baby."

"No," I said. "I can't and I won't. You'll never see the baby."

Perhaps my voice was too sincere; perhaps something in my face gave it away; anyway, right then and there he saw the whole thing. We were standing under an arc light. He staggered as if someone had struck him, and grabbed both my arms, and turned white as a sheet. . . . And, for some reason, though he wanted me to, I couldn't deny it . . .

I loaded him into my car and took him home. He lay in the corner like a pile of sacks. He didn't talk; even when we got there and he fumbled at the door of the car and finally got out, he didn't say a word.

I can still see him, the way he looked walking up those steps, so slowly, one by one, step after step. I can see his back, and the loose way his overcoat seemed to hang on him, and the hopeless hang of his hands, and the hat resting on top of his head, but somehow far from his head like a birdhouse on a pole. And it was queer, he didn't think to use his key, but rang the bell like a stranger, and then stood and waited, until a maid came, and let him in. ++

● Looking down from Woolsey Hall on the Commencement procession. A number of changes have taken place at Yale since its first Commencement in 1718. Corporal punishment ("cuffing" of the offender's ears by the President) was abolished around 1776, "fagging" was dropped a while later, and by 1892 things had relaxed to such a point that women were allowed to come in on the graduate courses.

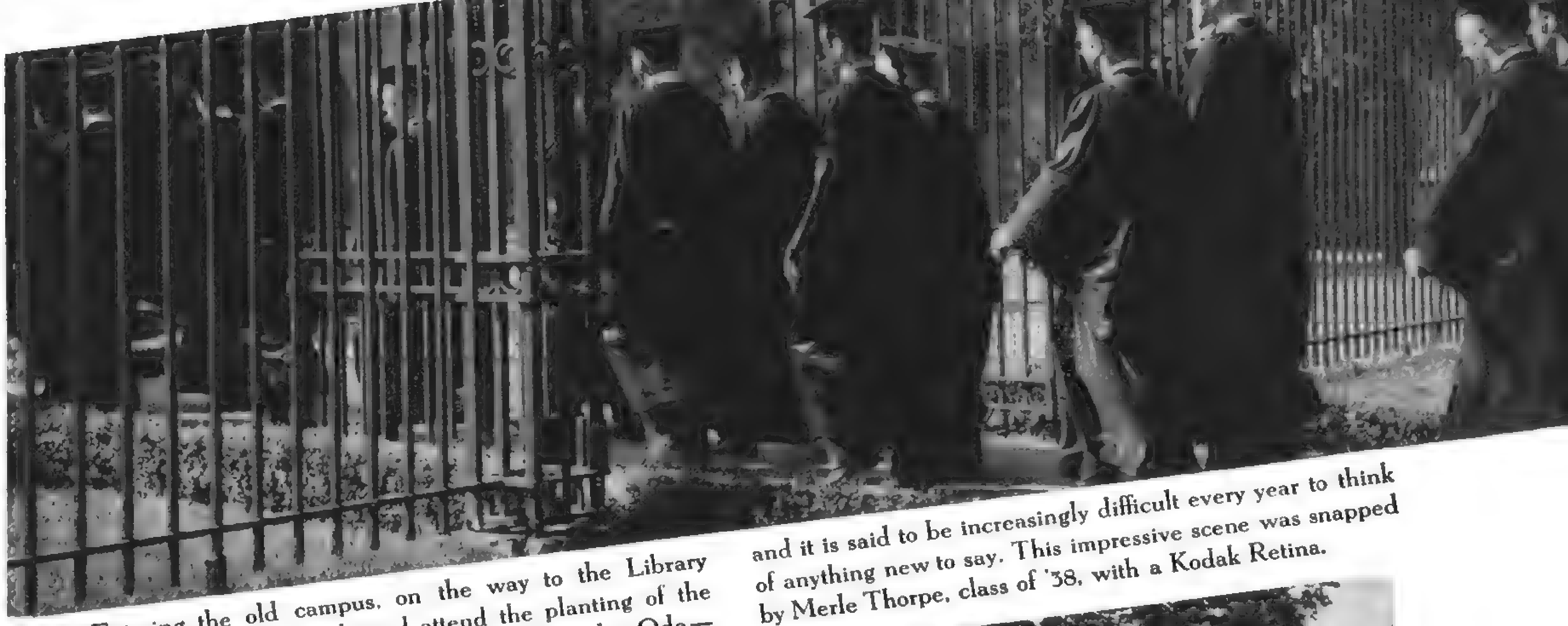
Enlarged from a snapshot by Robert Taft, Jr., class of '39, with a Kodak Bantam Special.

Commencement Day at Yale IN SNAPSHOTS

YOU can't begin to count the cameras. Scores of them clicking away when the Commencement procession starts. Concentrated snapshooting when the alumni show begins.

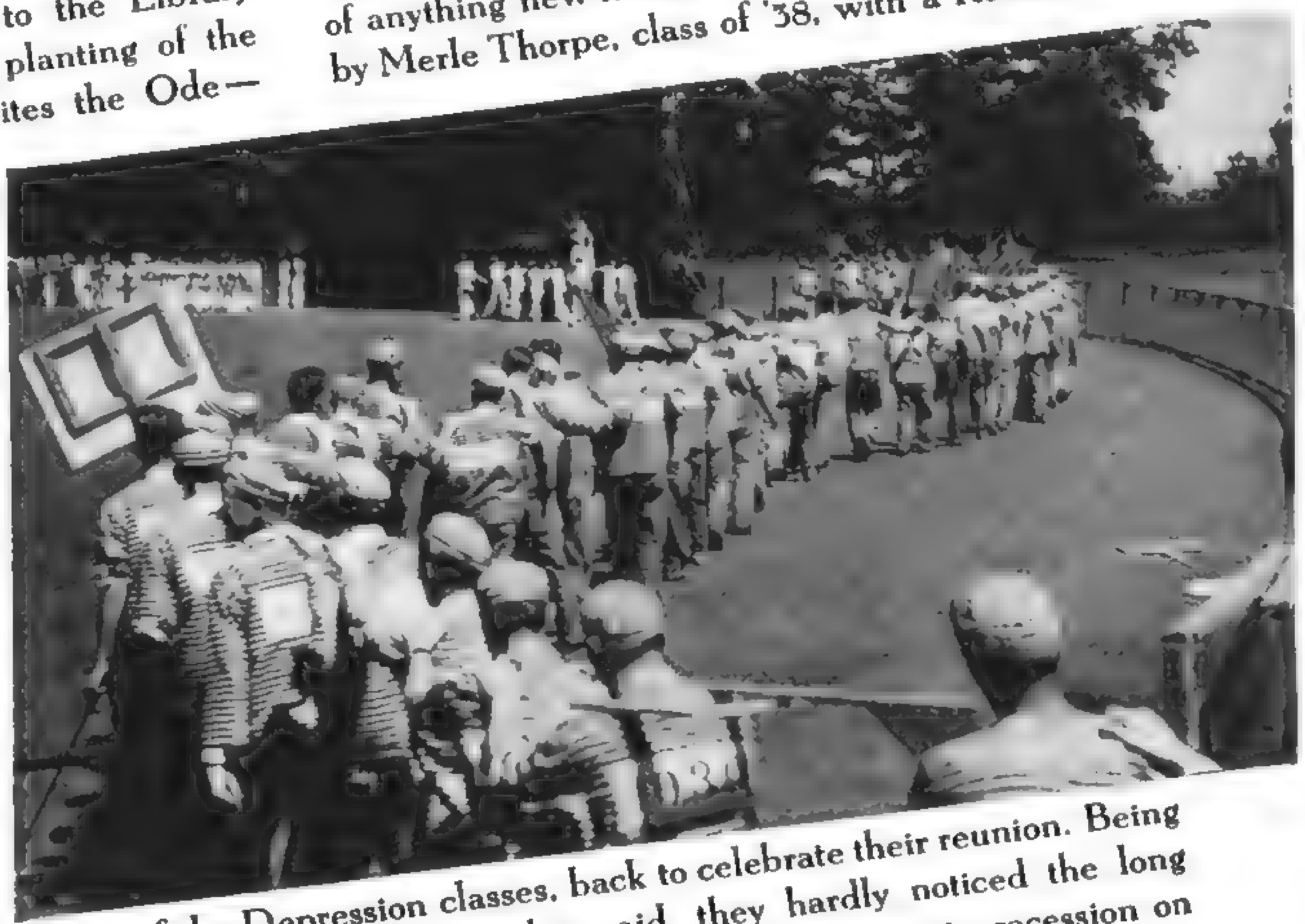
Everybody's out to make his own personal record of the biggest day at old Eli. For it's a great scene—one of America's best—and snapshots keep the thrill of it forever.

Robert Taft, Jr., '39, and Merle Thorpe, '38, two of Yale's ablest camera fans, are largely responsible for the snapshots on this page.



● Entering the old campus, on the way to the Library to hear the Latin Ivy Ode and attend the planting of the ivy. One of the Latin honor students writes the Ode—and it is said to be increasingly difficult every year to think of anything new to say. This impressive scene was snapped by Merle Thorpe, class of '38, with a Kodak Retina.

● Merle Thorpe, '38, in front of W. L. Harkness Hall, snapping friends in Calhoun College, who were obligingly hanging out of windows for that purpose. Mr. Thorpe uses a Kodak Retina.

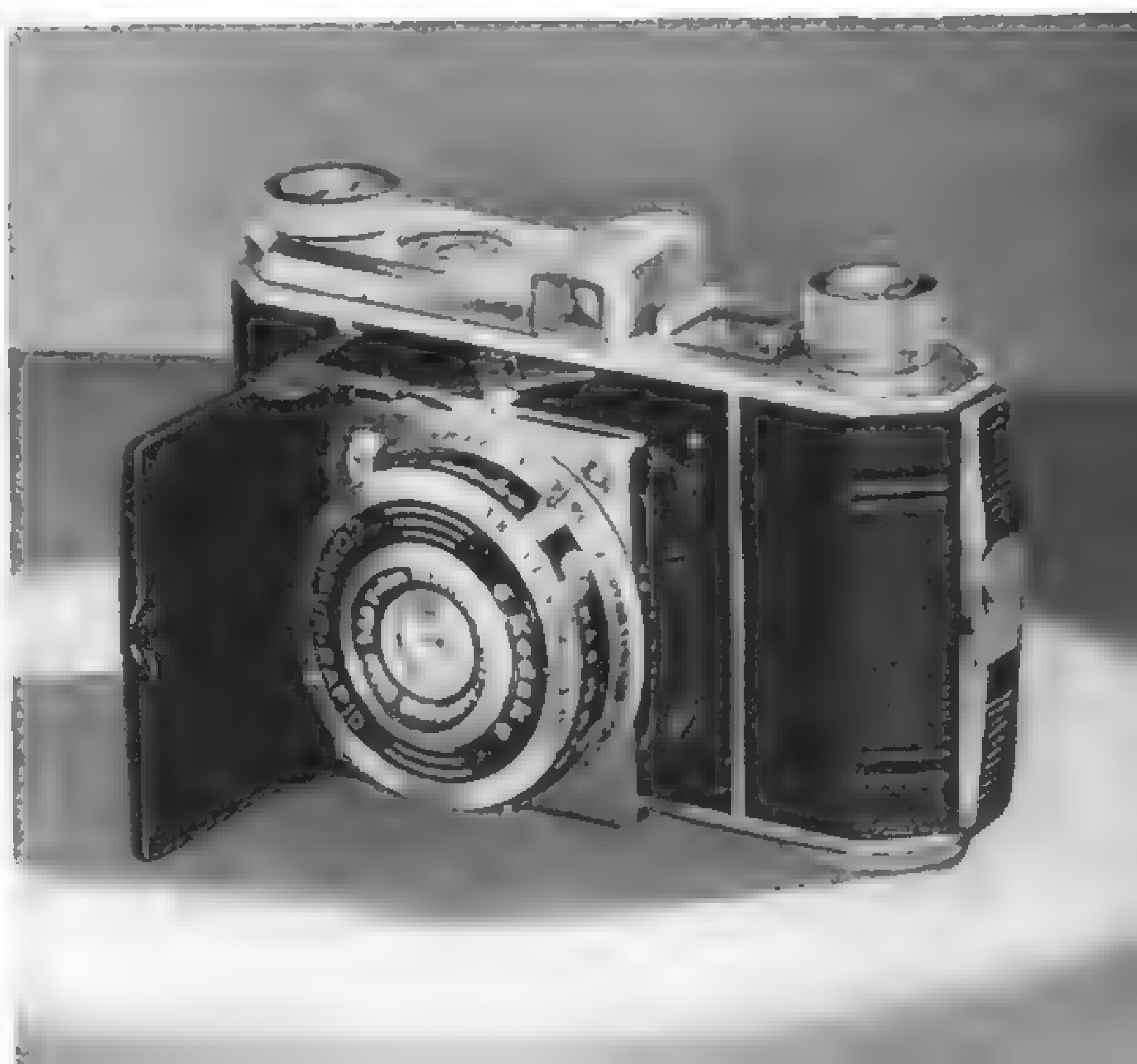


● One of the Depression classes, back to celebrate their reunion. Being used to walking, as one member said, they hardly noticed the long trek from the old campus out to Yale Field in the alumni procession on Class Day. Snapped at the Field, by Robert Taft, Jr.

● One of the Harvard pitchers, warming up for the Yale-Harvard game, which takes place on Class Day at Yale Field. In the background—members of the reunion classes doing a little private base running. Snapped by John Marshall Holcombe, Jr., Yale alumnus, with a Kodak Six-16, *f*.4.5.

● **KODAK RETINA**—a miniature camera with concentrated photographic versatility. Kodak Anastigmat EKTAR *f*.3.5, Eastman's super lens; Compur-Rapid shutter, 9 speeds up to 1/500 second. Makes black-and-white pictures (1 x 1½ inches—readily enlarged) on any of four different Kodak Films...also Kodachrome full-color transparencies. Price, $57.50...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK



Color Rides the River

Continued from page 76

nothing like this had ever happened in Cambridge for over three hundred years.

Chesty's remark to the reporters after the race added to the long list of what they now invariably labeled as Furman Funnies: "That Harvard crew wasn't so bad," he said. "The only trouble was it stayed too long in the same place."

Weston, of course, was now famous, and Furman the discovery of the century. Sports columnists filled their columns with chatter about him for days. Even the tabs and the other hard-boiled sheets which had never featured any college sport but football took him up. Drugstore cowboys and Broadway flimflam boys forgot about the horses, and started following college crew races. So the studes did something but play football and study, eh? Imagine that!

As you may imagine, Weston remained in the East for several weeks, and rowed Princeton, Pennsylvania and Yale, all of whom she defeated. Chesty was a huge success at all places, particularly at Yale where he rowed with a large white bulldog in his lap. On everybody's lips was the same expression: "What will that guy do next?" It didn't hurt his cause any when he was reported engaged to a famous screen star. At Poughkeepsie Weston came in third to Washington and Cornell, but nobody saw the two leaders finish. They were busy watching Chesty who sat facing towards the bow of his shell, and was digging into the water with a canoe paddle.

But it was Chesty's senior year that saw the definite arrival of crew as a big-time sport. Since the previous spring, Weston had taken the ultimate and logical step. It built the world's first crew stadium, a gigantic affair two miles long and seating five hundred thousand. (It could, of course be enlarged later on.) This time it was the Eastern crews which came out to row Weston. Harvard again succumbed—and Columbia and Princeton. The Cornell race was the event of the year. The sporting public came from all over the land. Over a million dollars was bet. Educational authorities bewailed that crew was over-emphasized. Sports writers sneered back, and said they were the ones who should stop it then. Ticket speculators got all the good seats, and socked seventy-five dollars a pair for anything within a quarter of a mile of the finish. Everything was swell.

Weston won the race after a hard struggle. The most notable feature was that Furman tended strictly to business, and didn't blossom forth with a single new eccentricity or a single wisecrack after the race. Sports writers pointed out at some length that this made him more colorful than ever. It proved that he had Another Side to him. For the next few days they were in paradise. They were picking the first All-American crew. It consisted, just to get the record straight, of Furman, Welch and Coxswain Murtle of Weston, Hallowel of Harvard, Finch of Cornell, Yates and Reeber of Washington, Thatcher of California, and Shroveman of Yale.

Now, of course, thanks to the crew receipts, Weston is a full-fledged university with baseball diamonds, tennis courts, golf links, a swimming tank, a running track, squash courts and even a lacrosse field and an English department. Now you know why the first thing you see when you enter the Weston gym is that full-length statue of Chesty Bill Furman. And crew coaches from all over the country contributed towards it. #

Is the Wind Not Free?

Continued from page 70

of that year. In his design, Mr. Liljegren overcame the three drawbacks of the old era. First, to make the ship independent of the wind's direction he chose a schooner rig. Dependability and maneuverability were supplied by a Diesel auxiliary engine capable of driving the sailer at a good, economical speed. According to experience, sailing vessels on long voyages are becalmed about ten per cent of the time. In such times, as well as in entering harbors, passing through canals, and docking, inexpensive motor-power pays for itself. The argument is often raised: by the time you've put auxiliary power into a ship, you might as well make a power vessel of her. Forgetting, of course, that the auxiliary need produce only five knots whereas the powered vessel to compete must have ten, requiring a mere eight times the power, the weight, the cost—and just that much less cargo.

Then the ship must be faster than any previous sailer; Mr. Liljegren added length, a cruiser stern, and *canvas*. By filling ballast tanks on the windward side to prevent its being blown over, he crammed upon the ship nearly twice the usual sail area. When under sail the propeller blades twisted so as to present no resistance to the water. Being of steel, Mr. Liljegren's *Motor-Clipper* carried twice the usual cargo in spite of engine room, fuel, and ballast tanks. The *Motor-Clipper* had to have a small crew. The schooner rig was particularly suited for easy handling by few men, but this windjammer went one better. Each sail was controlled by electric winches winding up or releasing the cable as needed. The winch controls were carried to the bridge; sailing the vessel became a white-collar job. Whether or not push-button navigation was justified, the *Motor-Clipper* promised to be three times as fast as the average square-rigged ship and to carry twice the cargo, manned by one-fourth the crew.

Of course this super-windjammer was a cargo vessel. Regular passenger traffic would be unlikely to succeed, although Mr. Charles H. Ingersoll, of the dollar-watch family, envisaged fleets of passenger windships crossing the Atlantic or cruising the West Indies and the South Seas. In Finland today ships are fitted to carry as many as eighty passengers. Summer cruises are made about the Baltic, and three ships have taken passengers to Australia. From all over the world people who "have always wanted to make a trip in a sailing ship" write and ask passage. The slow speed, bulk cargoes best for the old-time ships would be best for the new—although the new might compete nearly anywhere—they are, grain, lumber, ores, nitrate, sugar, and coal. However, the *Motor-Clipper* with its estimated top speed of 25 knots, its Diesel dependability in calms, canals, and close quarters, and its virtual independence of the wind's direction, could be expected to average ten knots from port to port. How profitable that would be is emphasized by the fact only a fraction of America's merchant tonnage greatly exceeds that speed today. Mr. Liljegren estimated that his design had five times the earning power of previous sailers.

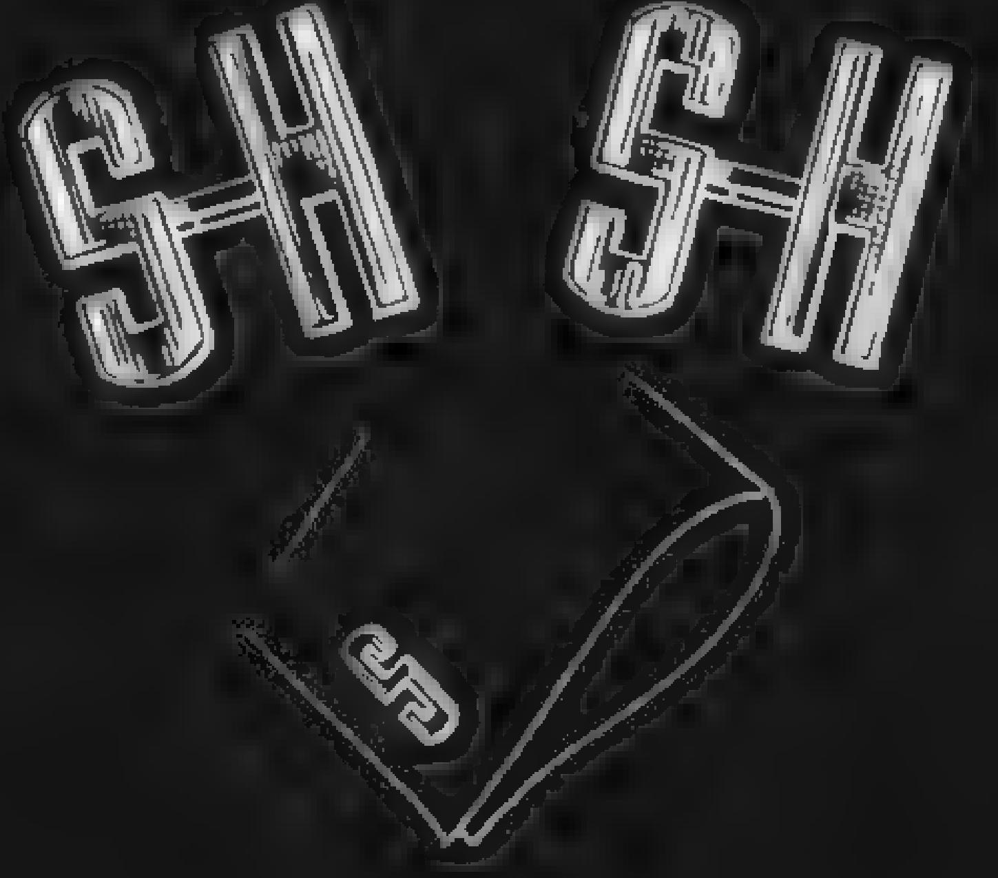
Mr. Liljegren proposed his revolutionary vessel in 1920. Since then technological advances have further increased the design's efficiency. Notable is the development of compact, lightweight Diesel engines, allowing the auxiliary unit to be placed far astern in space that could never be used for cargo anyhow. Since 1920, also, welding and alloy steels have come into general use. Their application to masts and spars would reduce weight aloft 50 per cent, enabling the vessel to carry more sail. However, the most striking refinements have come through the aeronautics industry. The similarity between an airplane wing and the ideal sail is so remarkable that by studying air-foils we can improve the schooner (even Mr. Liljegren's) 135 per cent without adding another yard of canvas!

Wind-tunnel experiments at the laboratory of Professor Junkers, a leading authority on aeronautics in Europe, proved extraordinary improvements possible by following the rules of aerodynamics. For example, merely closing the slit between the mast and the sail prevents eddies on the back of the sail, adding 15 per cent more power. Also, by allowing the canvas to follow its natural curve instead of restraining it with a straight spar at top and bottom, an additional 25 per cent is gained for exactly the same reason airplane wings are curved, not flat. Yachtsmen have long suspected loss in the swinging out of the sail at the top—you've probably seen schooners, sloops, and catboats that way; the lower edge of the sail is pulled in parallel to the ship's center line while the top of the sail has been blown around till it is nearly at right angles to its proper position. In the German wind-tunnel this loss was found to be more than 30 per cent. The fastest yachts carry the Marconi type of sails to correct that weakness. Again, 30 per cent more drive was obtained by simply overlapping the sails one-quarter, the air stream from one sail blowing away the eddies otherwise forming behind the other, and so preserving the vacuum that gives most of the sail power.

So far, we have mentally improved the schooner rig 100 per cent without adding canvas nor cost. At slight expense 35 per cent more power can be obtained by installing a streamlined mast. The conventional round mast so disturbs the passage of air on either side of the canvas that the smooth, natural flow is broken into boiling whirlpools. For several years, the Lipton challengers and defenders have had streamlined masts; although these cost thousands of dollars, a similar one may be welded up of steel for little more than a wooden mast of the same strength.

Every year power-driven vessels are becoming more expensive to operate. That is true, generally, for ships under all flags; for American ships, doubly true. The price of fuel, aided by plain and fancy taxes, has considerably increased. Even though our *ultimate* petroleum resources are scarcely tapped we are rapidly exhausting the oil which can economically be extracted from the ground.

Many cost items, such as labor, would not be greatly reduced in the sailing ship as compared with powered vessels, except where skilled personnel, as in the engine room, could be reduced in number or replaced by unskilled. However, the sailing vessel would show a marked advantage in first cost and in fuel costs. The actual original cost of a powered vessel and its sailing twin would not differ greatly, the sails and rigging amounting to only 20 per cent less than the power-plant savings. But, on a basis of *investment per ton of cargo capacity*, the powered merchantman is no comparison. Savings in engine and fuel weight, and engine room space effectually reduce the scientific sailer's first cost 15 per cent. *And when it comes to fuel, who ever heard of a windjammer buying any?* #



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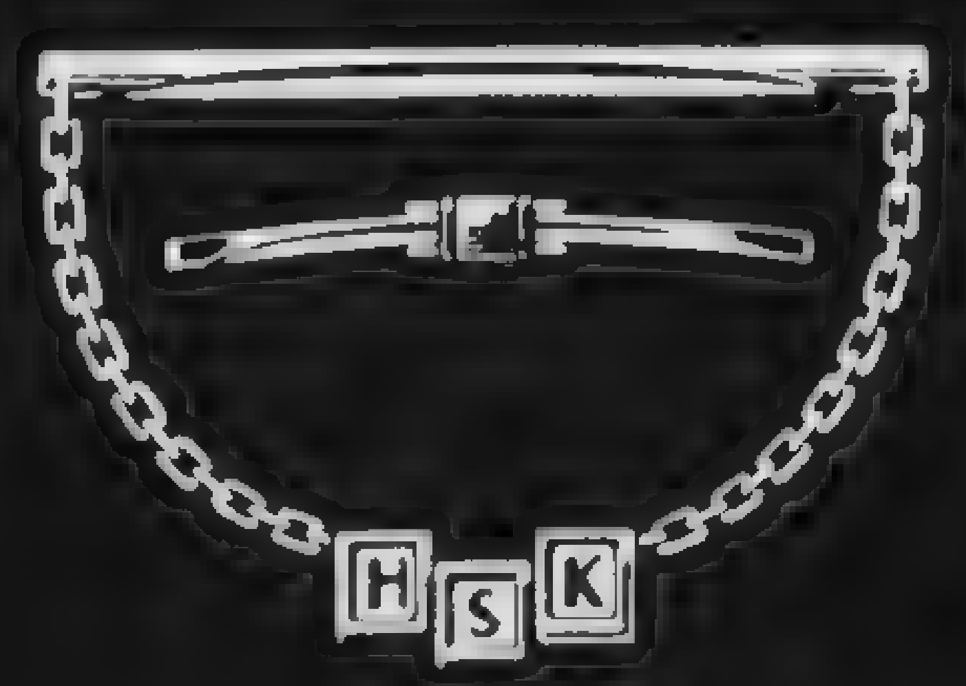
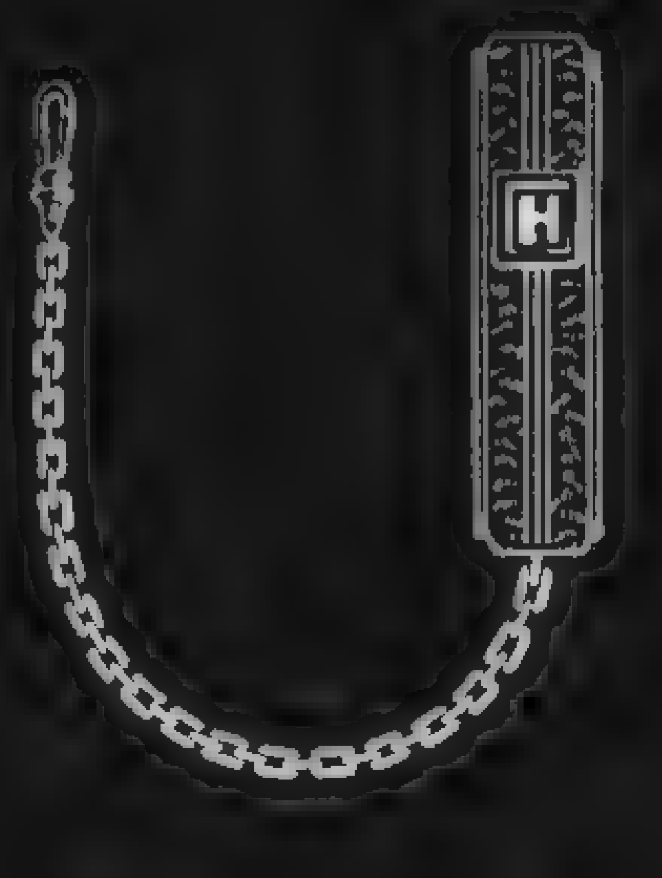


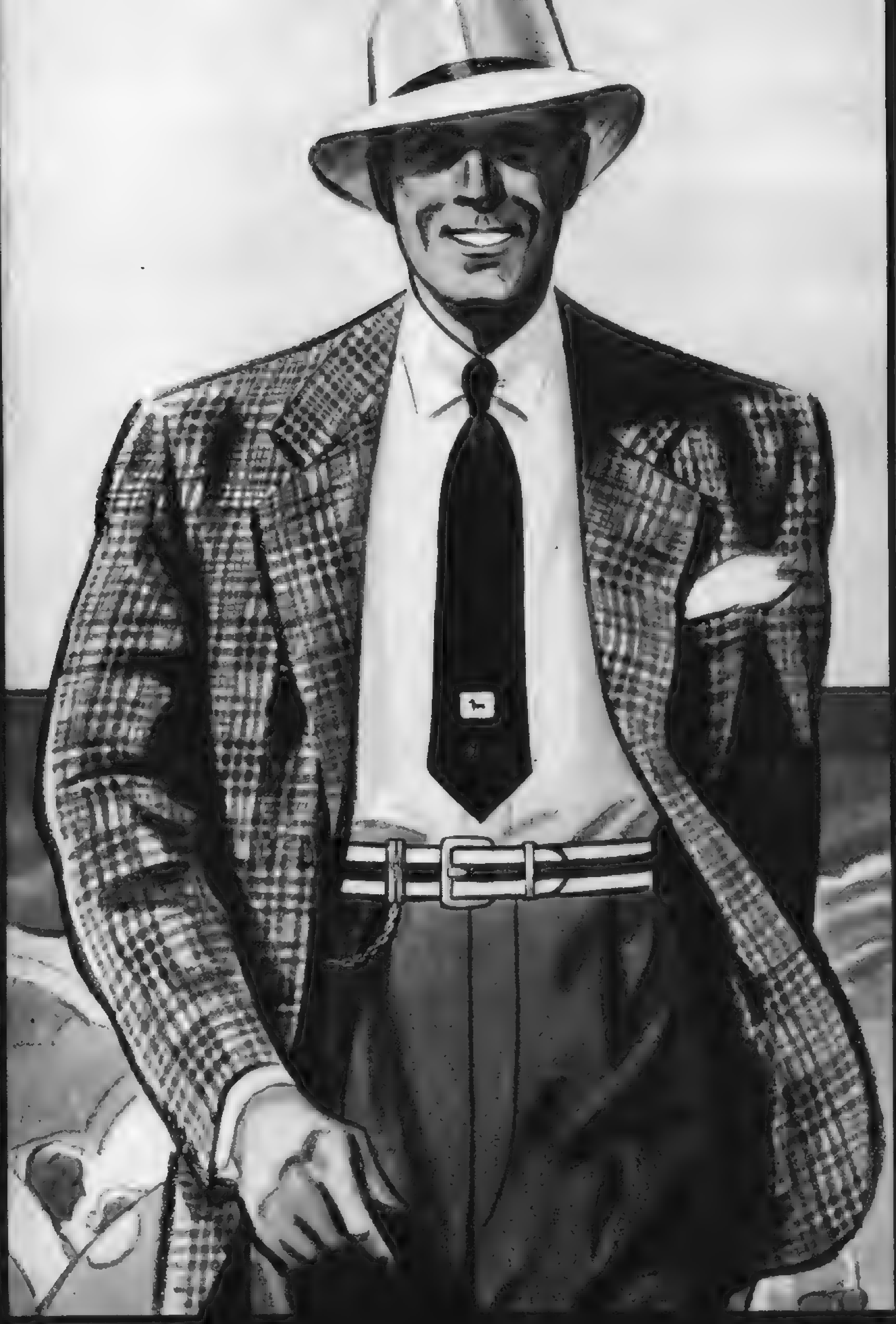
ALLIGATOR GRIP TIE-CLIP & COLLAR BAR

The best-designed initial tie-clip of the year, with your initials in stepped pattern at the center of the chain. The clip and matching collar bar have the Hickok-patented alligator grip to make them easy to put on or take off and always firm-holding. Set, $2



BELTOGRAM

An exclusive Hickok Jewelry fashion — this initial Beltogram that clips on your belt and safeguards watch or keys. Clever adapter holds your wrist watch. Hammered or engine-turned designs, white or golden Hickok-Plate. $1



Right you are

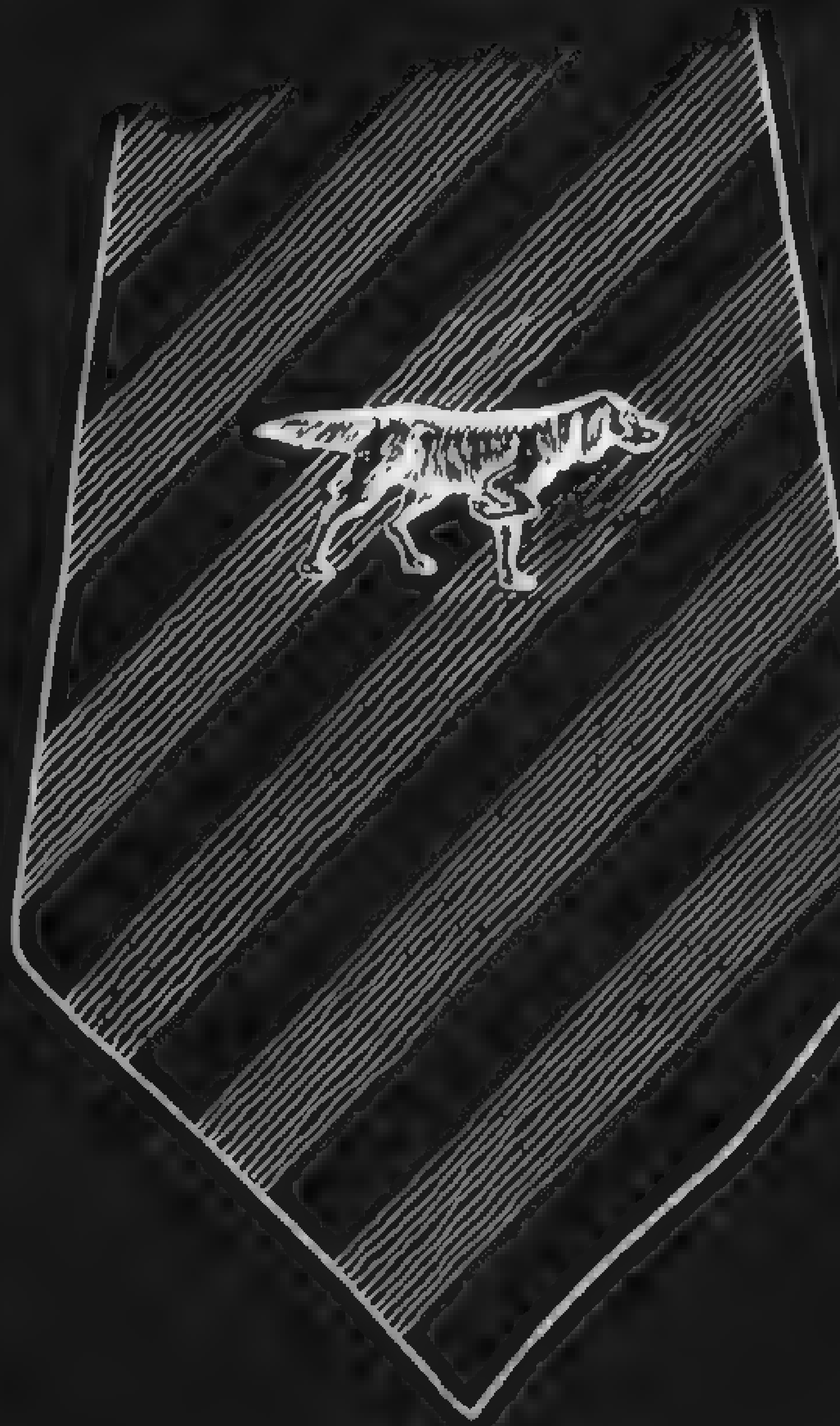
...if it's Hickok! You want to be sure your Summer Jewelry — and your belts and braces, too — are correct in every detail. It's details that make or mar your good appearance. To the left and right are a few of the newest Hickok Jewelry fashions. They can be bought confidently and worn with pride, because everything about them is typical of Hickok Style Leadership... and worthy of all it implies. HICKOK, Rochester, New York.

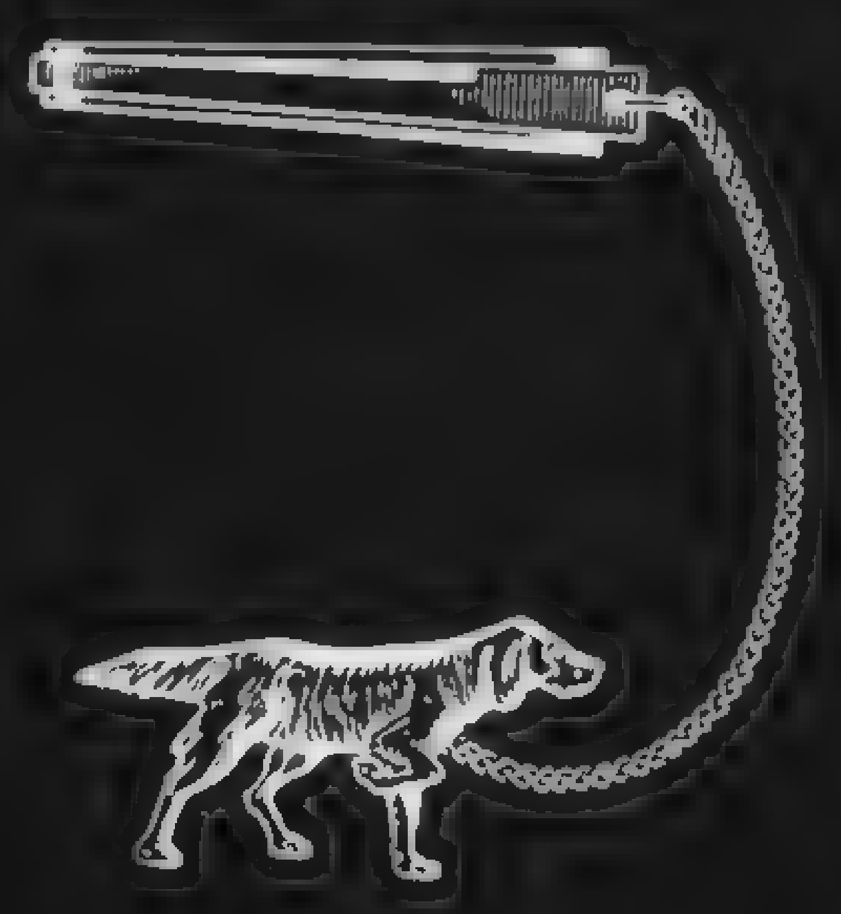
HICKOK

Jewelry

BELTS · BUCKLES · BRACES · GARTERS

Style Leadership





NEW! THE ASCOT TIE GUARD

Hickok originates the newest, smartest jewelry fashion — the Ascot Tie Guard. It pins through your tie and is fastened firmly to your shirt by an alligator-grip bar-clip and chain. As shown by sketches at left and above, only the handsome pin is visible. Wide choice of correct designs, including sports crystals and sculptured authentic Grand Champions . . . $1 to $2.

FATHER'S DAY

. . . Sunday, June 20. Remember him royally with Hickok Jewelry, shown here — or with a Hickok Live Leather Belt, $2 and $3. It's perfect for active or mature men, for it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s! Or the Hickok money belt, with secret inside zipper pocket, $2 and $3. Whatever you choose, belts, buckles, braces or jewelry... *Right you are if it's Hickok!*

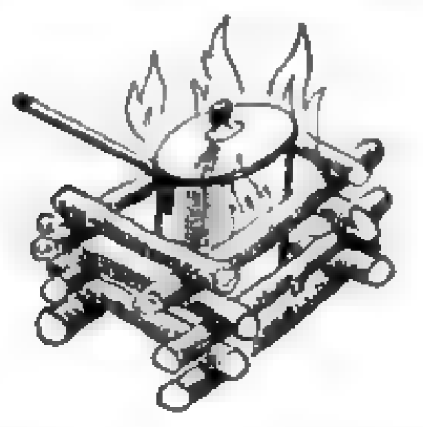
Keep the Camp Fires Burning

Continued from page 91

ends of his fire sticks a few inches. It's a cheerful fire, too, cheerful and companionable. Often in the heat of the desert day, with not a thing in the world to cook and no occasion for a fire of any kind, I have kindled a small Indian, for the sake of the friendliness which fire always imparts. John C. Van Dyke calls such a fire a friendship fire. I like that.

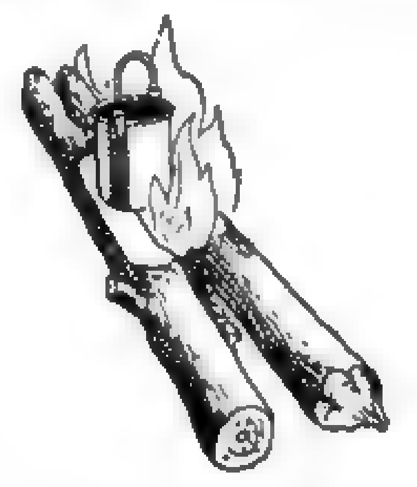
The other use for the Indian fire is light cooking—boiling the coffee, broiling the bacon. For this purpose, build your tepee fire, let it burn a few minutes until it falls. In the center place your cooking pot or frying pan. Here it will be completely surrounded by the burning ends of the wood, the heat evenly distributed to it from all sides. As you need more heat, put small sticks on top of the original ones, piling them up the sides of the pot if you really want instant action in cooking.

Using the Indian fire, I have succeeded in cooking many a meal with less wood almost than it would take to get an ordinary slipshod campfire to burning well.



A first cousin to the Indian fire is one I call the Square Tower. You start in by building an Indian fire, let it burn till it falls, place your cooking pots in the center, and then build it up on the sides, by cross-hatching pieces of firewood to make a square that completely encloses the cooking vessel. If you build it up on all sides, the contents of your kettle will cook rapidly and evenly. You can build up the sides almost to the top. The vessel will be enveloped in flames. If it's frying you want to do, don't put the pan on the Square Tower until it has burned to a coal stage.

But, after all, these are temporary fires, the fire of a man who tarries an hour, two hours in a single place, and then wanders on. If he plans to spend the night or several nights, he will want something more permanent, some kind of fire which expresses the white man's love for a permanent abiding place. Besides, there are elaborate meals, several foods to be cooking at one time, which require more than a small fire. A true outdoorsman realizes this, and whenever he camps even for a night, you'll see him building the most efficient cooking fire of all.



It is called the outdoor range. It was first championed by the great Nessmuk, who had no patience with men that put up with makeshift comfort when they were afield. I am sure that I could never improve upon Nessmuk's description of his outdoor range. Here it is:

"Two logs six feet long and eight inches thick are laid parallel, but seven inches apart at one end and only four at the other. They are bedded firmly and flattened a little on the inside. On the upper sides the logs are carefully hewed and leveled until pots, pans and kettles will sit firmly and evenly on them. This completes the range; simple but effective. The broad end of the space is for frying pans, and the potato kettle. The narrow end, for coffee pots and utensils of lesser diameter. From six to eight dishes can be cooked at the same time. Soups, stews and beans are to be cooked in closely covered kettles. With a moderate fire they can be left to simmer for hours without care or attention. The outdoor range can be made by one man in a little more than an hour and the camper-out who once tries it will never wish to see a 'portable camp stove' again."

How far superior this is to the stone fireplaces with which would-be campers desecrate our landscapes! You can come upon them at any time, in the fastest of wildernesses, crypts of blackened stones which represent the work of some aspiring camper to make life easier, cooking simpler: If there is any abortion in the outdoors, to me it is the stone cooking fireplace.

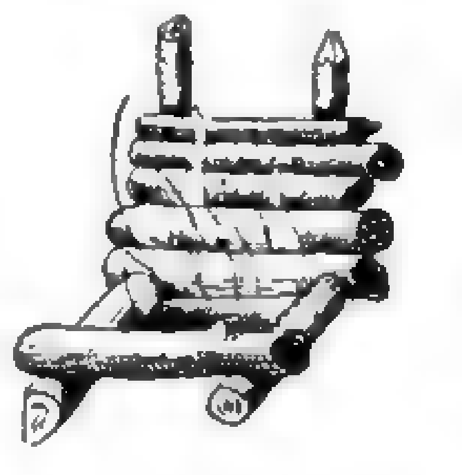
Why? In the first place, good fires demand good drafts. Unless you take a stone mason's tools with you and build a chimney behind your stone fireplace, you effectually shut off most of the draft. Second, good cooking requires close proximity to the fire. The fireplace, built up twelve, eighteen inches or more, removing the bottoms of your cooking vessels from the fire, sets up a heat-loss which you wouldn't submit to at all if you had to pay for the fuel.

On some occasions, the wire netting grate or grill may be useful, but if you go afoot, or by horse or if you have any worry about transporting the thing, leave it at home.

The same goes for camp stoves. For a permanent camp, or a cabin, the stove is all right. But on the trail, no. Nessmuk called it "a little sheet iron fiend, called a camp stove," and had no use for it at all. I am not so radical. I say that in a permanent camp, where you have a tent, a fly, plenty of space, the stove may be a civilizing and interesting influence. I know it is handy to have a stove in wet weather, some place where you can kindle a fire and keep it going despite rain. But even that isn't necessary. Out West it is common for a cow outfit to transport its camp stove—but not always. Sheep-herders, of course, always have one. To me one of the satisfactions of going afield is to strip down to essentials, and then get along. No stoves for me.

I suppose that it is heresy for me to say this, because it was my maternal grandfather who invented the most famous of all tent heating-stoves, the round Sibley, standard with the Army for so many years. But best for comfort outdoors is the reflector fire.

The big drawback to fire comfort outdoors is, naturally, the fact that there's so much outdoors to heat if you're to keep warm in the process. So you build a tremendous fire, and it drives you from it, it is so hot. Or you build a small fire, and practically sit on it, to feel the warmth. Meanwhile, any parts of you which happen not to be near the fire freeze and slowly are transformed to ice. But the reflector fire gives you a chance really to be warm outdoors.



Directions for making: Cut three lengths of logs five feet each. The purpose of these is to serve as backlogs. Drive two stout stakes into the ground, and slant them a little back. Now pile your logs, the largest log on the bottom, the smallest at top. Next put in two small pieces, to act as fire dogs and add a forestick, five feet by five inches across them at the front.

That's the foundation structure. All that remains is to build the fire in the space bounded by the backlogs, the two fire dogs and the forestick.

For the backlogs select green wood. It burns slowly, lasts a long time.

Build a fire in the space, and see what happens. The backlogs act as a reflector, throw out unbelievable quantities of heat, so that you sit in front of the fire, and smoke, and enjoy outdoor loafing as you never did enjoy it before. If you have a tent that is open in front, one of the Baker or Amazon types, you will find that the reflector fire will warm your tent much more effectively than any stove could possibly do it. When you go to bed, build a fire of "night wood." This will be poles four to six inches in diameter, which will burn slowly. Very often I've gone to bed with a night fire burning, to wake up at dawn and still be able to feel the warmth of the fire, poked around a little while in the embers, added bark and small twigs, and enjoyed the comfort of a fresh fire just a few moments after rolling out of the blankets.

Of course, there's another kind of fire. It is just the fire to sit around, the pile-fire or bonfire. It's merely a gigantic fire, made up of whatever woods are handy, and enjoyed for the keen delight it imparts to animal spirits. No outdoor evening can be complete without it. It loosens tongues, reveals souls, inspires the genius of the story-teller.

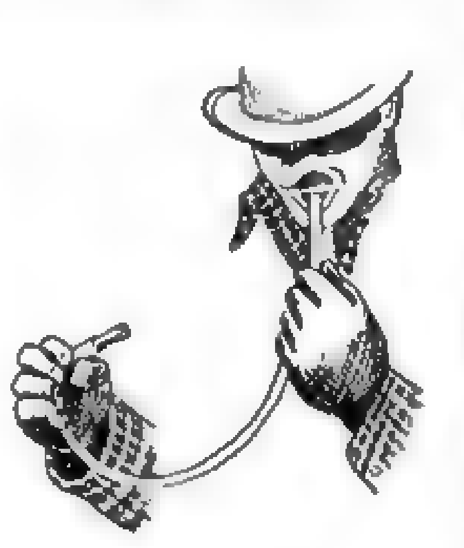
Little need is there to give directions for building this kind of fire. But even here a bit of care will pay. The best fire to build is the Indian or tepee type, built up into a conical pile, rather than haphazardly thrown together. Build it high, build it wide, and then touch the match. The flames will leap skyward, the aisles of the forest will take on frescoes and colorful mural views such as no man could hope to rival. Sitting in front of it, you will envy no one on earth. It's the greatest hour outdoors, the hour you spend in front of the campfire.

I mentioned that rainy trip we had in Idaho and hinted that I carried a mysterious helper which would banish the bugbear of wet wood. The time has come to confess what it is.

It is called an "Inspirator." I learned about it from Stewart Edward White. He learned about it from someone else. I do not know who invented it—probably the same fellow who invented the blowtorch, for they both are based upon the same principle. He deserves a monument, that fellow. He did something for our comfort.

Suppose you are out and all the wood is wet. You search for the driest wood you can find, on the lee side of trees, on the underside of partially fallen logs, underneath thick piles of brush and in other places which hold out longest against the rain. Even so, you cannot start your fire. The wood, if not wet, is damp. It won't burn. No need for curses. You take the Inspirator from your shirt pocket, employ its gentle persuasion. In just a few seconds a tiny blaze appears. More work by the Inspirator. The blaze becomes larger. You have a fire. And you didn't even have to resort to juvenile profanity.

Or suppose it isn't wet but for some inscrutable reason wood will not burn, fire will not start. You know the days. There's a stillness which defies all drafts, or there is something in the atmosphere which prevents the good god fire from coming to your aid. Matches are of no avail. Tinder does not help. All the newspapers in camp are sacrificed. No use. All you get is sickly smoke. You try the Inspirator. Result: A fire, an energetic fire.



What is an Inspirator? It's very simple, really. Merely a two-foot length of quarter-inch hose, with a two-inch piece of brass tubing at one end. This tubing, flattened at one end, is inserted for half an inch or so into the hose. When you are dealing with an obdurate fire, you hold the flattened end of the brass tubing close to the fire and blow through the other end of the rubber hose. The effect is exactly that of a blowtorch. The flame sputters; leaps into life; the damp wood catches fire; you have a comforting blaze before you know it.

An Inspirator, which you have to make yourself, because no outfitter has seen fit to offer one, will cost ten cents, fifteen cents at the outside. It will weigh an ounce or so. You will carry it in the pocket of your shirt. Whenever a fire wants building, out it comes—and the fire burns. There is no doubt about that. The fire burns. #

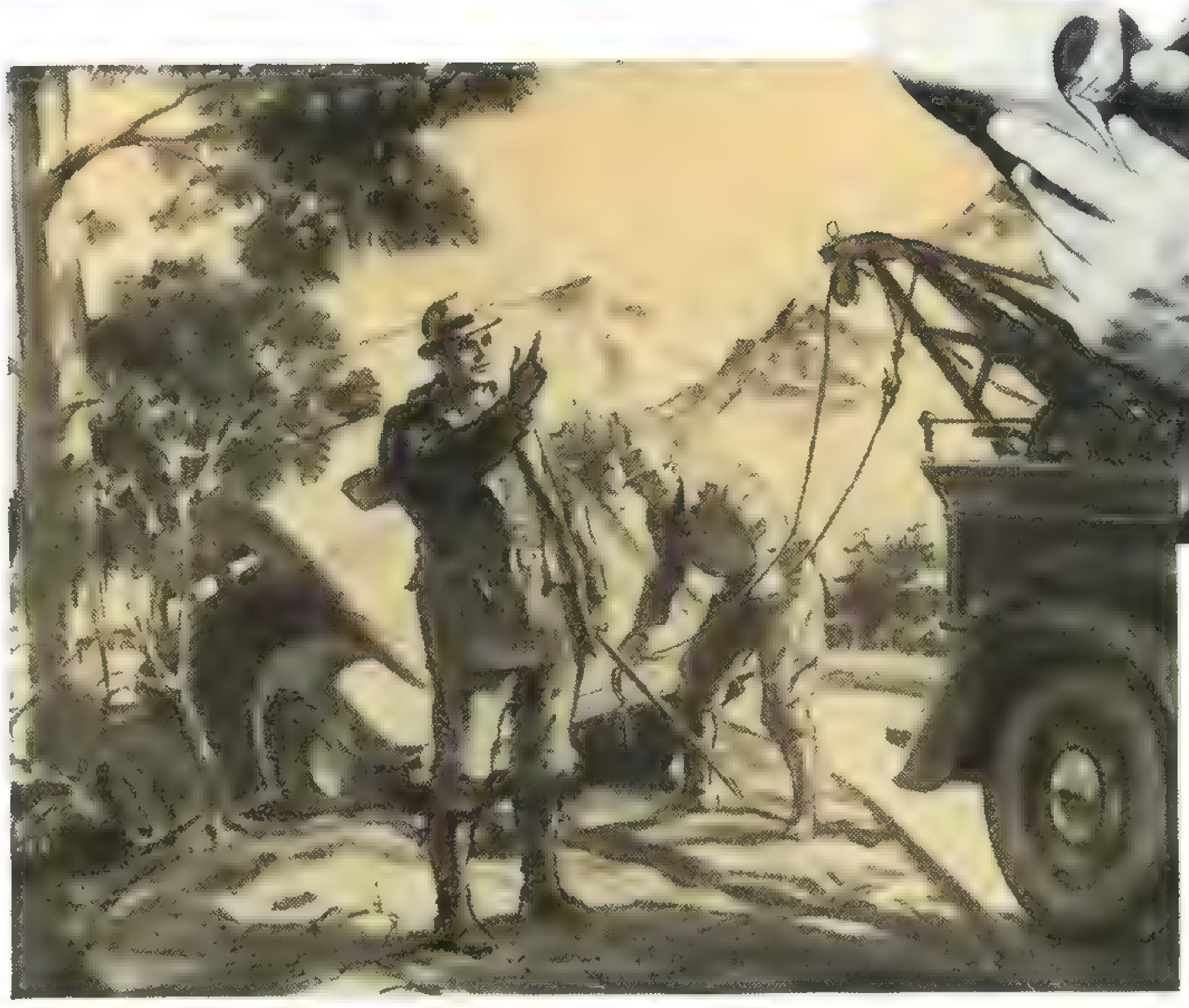
GRANTLAND RICE REPORTS:

OFF THE ROAD THEY SHOT AS AN UNSEEN DEMON THREW THEIR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

GRANTLAND RICE

Well-Known Sports Commentator
Radio Announcer and Columnist

GRANTLAND RICE describes The Unhappy Ending to A Seattle Motorist's Week-End Trip to Mt. Baker



"It took a towing truck to haul out his damaged car."

THE STRAINS of "When We Come To The End of A Perfect Day" seemed to fit the mood of Mr. Jack Davis of Seattle, Washington, and his party of four, as they motored along the enchanting, scenery-laden paths leading down from Mt. Baker that invigorating Sunday afternoon. And when the familiar Everett highway finally was reached they were still recounting the glorious experiences of that carefree week-end.

Then, with the startling suddenness of a lightning flash, the scene changed. BANG! The left front tire had blown out with the noise of a thunder-clap! A terrible drag set in. The steering wheel jerked itself out of Mr. Davis' control. Off the road they shot. The unseen demon of motoring safety had done its "dirty work."

Narrow Escape

Luckily the blow-out had not occurred when they were up in the mountains. As Mr. Davis walked a mile for a towing truck, it's a safe bet that he resolved *never again to take his tires for granted.*

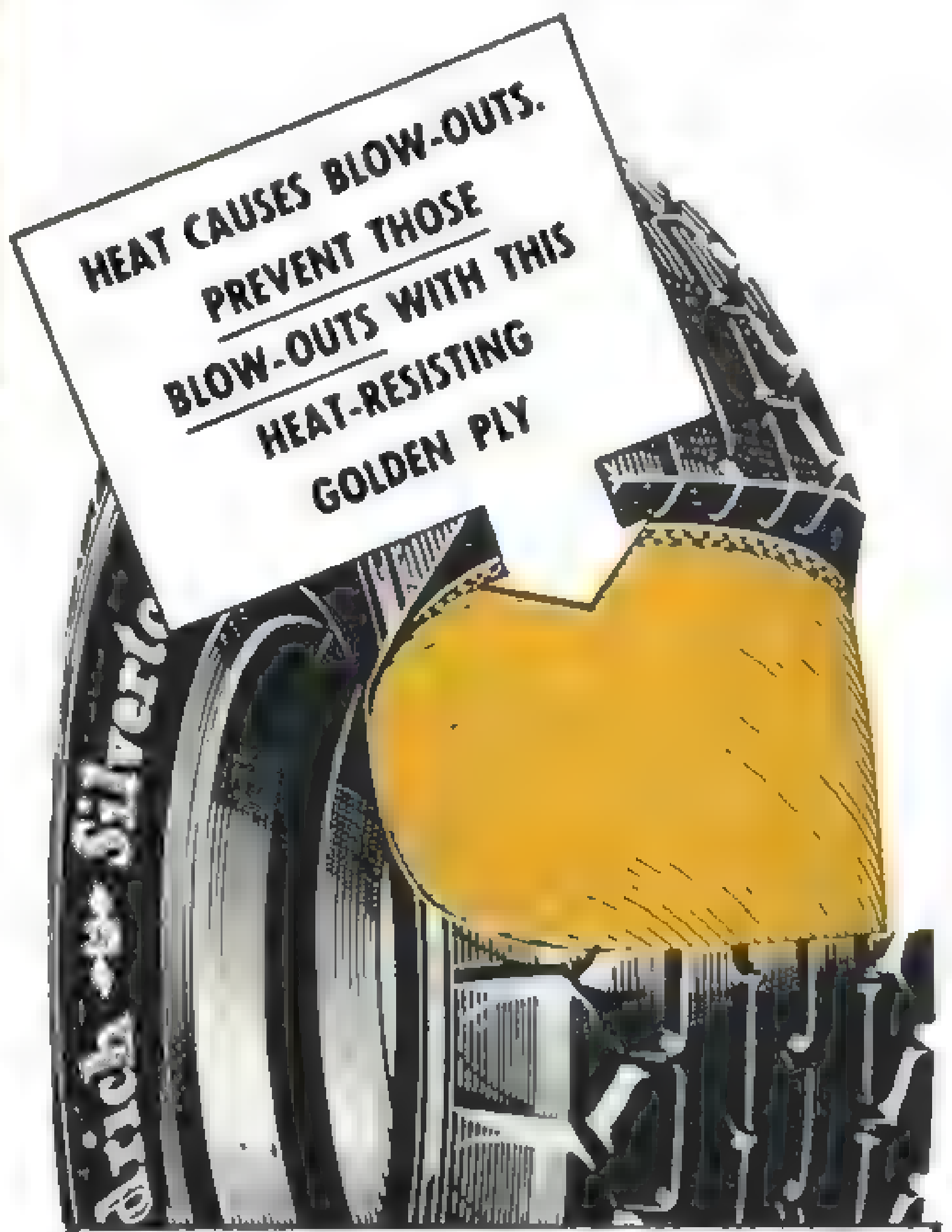
From the way in which it was described to me I would say that today's high speeds are a *triple threat* to tire and motoring safety. The heat generated *inside* all tires by faster driving conditions may cause rubber and fabric to pull apart, constituting danger *number one.* This separation leads to the formation of a tiny heat blister . . . *danger number two,* because you can't see this blister growing bigger and BIGGER. Sooner or later, this blister reaches a point where it weakens the tire and BANG! A blow-out! And if you escape this third threat, consider yourself very lucky.

But why any motorist should trust to luck or take chances by riding around on ordinary tires is beyond me. Especially when the engineers of The B. F. Goodrich Company have perfected a tire invention that brings *real* blow-out protection to every American motorist. This revolutionary construction which they call the Life-Saver Golden Ply and which is found *only* in Goodrich Silvertowns, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from getting a start.

You Can't Be Too Sure About Your Tires

One blow-out was enough to cure Mr. Jack Davis of Seattle, Washington. Now you'll find his car equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Make up your mind to "beat a blow-out to the punch" by starting to ride on Silvertowns *today.* You can buy these life-saving Golden Ply Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers *everywhere.*

Grantland Rice


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY

PUT THESE MONEY-SAVING TUBES IN THESE LIFE-SAVING TIRES

Made of an all black layer of tear-resisting rubber with an *extra* layer of special gold rubber compound to resist chafing and abrasion. No tube gives you more *safety* and *service* for your money.

Goodrich GOLD & BLACK TUBES

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

That Was Woollcott Speaking

Continued from page 79

his feelings were obviously honorable.

It was, of course, in the third section that Mr. Woollcott achieved his masterpiece. That same Mr. Millis whose work he did not mention studies the propaganda which came before our entrance into the War and makes the lucid and important point that a great many Americans were pro-Ally by about the fifteenth of September, 1914. They did not need to be persuaded because it seemed to them that God and the Devil had at last come to grips and they were on the side of God.

I can testify to the accuracy of Mr. Millis' observation; I began writing editorials for a Philadelphia paper at about that time and was whooping it up for brave little Belgium and France, the center of all the arts, and sturdy, democratic England long before the first atrocity stories came over the cables. Yet, singularly enough, I wrote the editorials for a year and a half which praised Woodrow Wilson for every effort he made to keep us out of the War. By the time we were coming in, I had gone abroad and the information we got about the state of public sentiment in America was, shall I say, inadequate. So it was not until long after that that I discovered that in Wisconsin and on the Pacific Coast and even in Massachusetts, straw votes of sorts were taken and ranged from two to one to ten to one against our going into the War. Somehow in the six months before April, 1917, the cumulative effect of the earlier propaganda was intensified; somehow the men who were to do the fighting and were to come back—most of them—and become the fathers of the next generation of fighters, were persuaded that we had to get into the War.

Now as far as Mr. Woollcott's argument is concerned it does not matter a damn whether they were persuaded by lies or by appalling truths; it does not matter whether we went in to save the skins of the bankers or to save our national honor; it does not matter whether Germany had become a menace to the American people or the American people had become a catspaw for the Allies. Take either side and you can argue with facts—psychological facts or statistics or both. The one thing that is certain is that we did not go into the War because of the innate international bellicosity of the average man. Even if the warlike spirit was a factor at the very end, it had been created not by a brief propaganda but by generations of slow and patient teaching.

There were economic, social, national and psychological reasons for our entrance into the War. There were definitely people who stood to gain by our entrance just as there were people who stood to gain by our keeping out. The forces were real and easily identified on both sides. And the average man who in 1937 sat reading his newspaper while his son listened to Mr. Woollcott's fireside chat was the sport of all these forces. If Mr. Woollcott had said that the average man was responsible because he had neglected his duties as a citizen, because he failed to make his wishes felt, because he was so grossly enamored of business and his golf that he paid no attention to public affairs, he would have begun to hint at a fact—the fact that your average citizen is not encouraged to be particularly conscious of the great powers which are using him. But even that timid approach to actuality was beyond Mr. Woollcott. The average man was responsible for the War because George F. Babbitt carries a patriotic chip on his shoulder when he crosses the ocean and thinks that the County Court House is more beautiful than the Paris Opera.

It is miraculous that the human mind, which was obviously developed to protect the human body by recognizing reality, should be so capable of escaping from it. When such a mind deals with fiction and fancy, it is not particularly important. When its possessor has the presumption to deal with problems which are specifically matters of life and death, I think a murmur of protest—or a motion to commit for examination—is in order. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 82

paper, we expect improvements. But occasionally there are holdovers from the days of infancy. Broadcasting grew rapidly and individuals were promoted with the single qualification that they had been on the job longest. To make as much work as possible and to keep themselves in their jobs, they endeavored to surround the whole business with an air of mystery and super-efficiency. Most of it is pure bunk, and at another session we might examine the ridiculous inconsistencies that a pompous guest-relations staff, speaking 69, or is it 96 languages, never bothers to relate.

At this writing, it is sufficient to chant hosannas and rejoice that, the setup being what it is, we hear as much good music as we do without Will Hays or an enlarged Supreme Court.

* * *

The Columbia network's seven seasons of Philharmonic-Symphony concerts are a distinctive achievement. Notwithstanding the fact that a majority of listeners utilize antiquated sets that bring to their ears only 60 per cent of what actually is played, these weekly concerts have been symphonic music's most persuasive press agent. Each winter they have been on regularly and, under Toscanini, they set a standard of performance that is unsurpassed today in this or any other country. Supplemented by other orchestral broadcasts, they have nurtured, slowly but surely, thousands of music lovers.

Whether or not four hours of opera in a foreign language, four hours of *Siegfried* or *Gotterdammerung*, for example, makes a deep impression on all listeners is questionable. But, absolutely the surest way to make these or any other operas popular is to make them familiar to all music lovers by frequent repetition.

Those who don't like it can always tune off. That is the answer to radio scribes who feel that the minority is stuffing something down the necks of the majority. Until the day comes when every station carries the same symphony or opera simultaneously, as in some cities this month every station carries the same baseball game, there is no need for alarm.

What is cause for alarm is the mediocre performances turned out in radio studios. Musicians there are asked to do far too much work, some of it under conductors whom they cannot respect. They grow stale and routined and turn out "grind-organ" performances. Under such conditions, great music does not thrive, even though listeners do not complain. Anything bearing the generic name of music gets by with those who do not know better.

Our public has long been noted, as Ernest Newman said of the British public, "for the cubic capacity of its stomach and the equine strength of its digestion rather than for the delicacy of its palate. For more than a century, distinguished foreign musical visitors have wondered and laughed at us for this—not in public, of course, but in their private letters: from Spohr to Liszt, from Liszt to Wagner, from Wagner to many a visiting virtuoso of a later day, their letters are filled with amazement at our equal enthusiasm for the good and the bad, both in the matter of composition and in that of performance. That these qualities of ours have remained unchanged for a century and a half is evident to anyone who will do the round of a year's attendance in the London concert rooms."

The same is true in American cities. Only two decades ago the musical torch was in the hands of such laggards as the late Josef Stransky and Walter Damrosch. We were considered a nation of musical nit-wits, childishly believing that anything we paid for had value and that, if we bought something, we therefore understood it.

Fortunately, those days are behind us. We now can boast of the three finest symphonic bands in the world. That radio executives now recognize their responsibility is also a healthy sign.

The return of Toscanini, his presence among us, and the widespread dissemination of his concerts will again stimulate and raise the whole level of our music-making. In addition summer radio schedules include the re-broadcast from Salzburg of the complete Beethoven *Fidelio* and Mozart *Magic Flute* conducted by Toscanini. This is a privilege never before accorded the younger generation of our music lovers.

Also, during the summer six new compositions written especially for the microphone by Aaron Copland, Louis Gruenberg, William Grant Still, Roy Harris, Howard Hanson, and Walter Piston will be broadcast. The first of these to be completed was Mr. Still's program work called *Lenox Avenue*, and dedicated to Harlem's gayest thoroughfare. It consists of eleven musical episodes for chorus, orchestra and an announcer who "speaks over the music." The finale is in the form of a spiritual, written in six-part harmony and the score contains complete directions as to how the engineers shall "mix" the voices and orchestra and numerous directions for the instrumentalists.

If radio continues to encourage the production of new music, and to spread knowledge of it, we may yet become a musical nation.

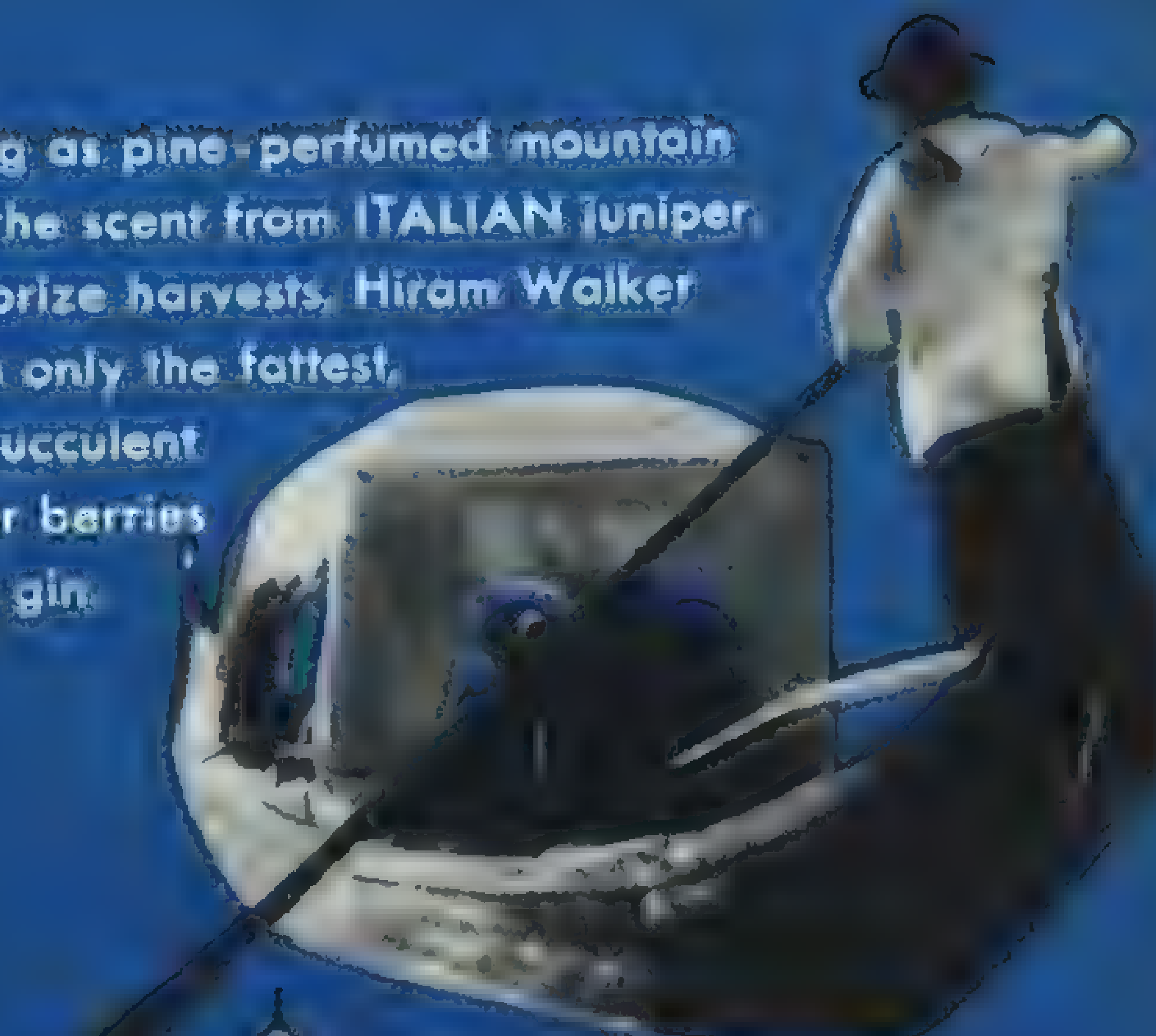
"All over the country," writes Leopold Stokowski, "a generation is arising which is more gifted by nature in music than the past generation. There are great numbers of amazingly talented young instrumentalists in every community. In addition, there are young composers of talent . . . and conductors with no opportunity to develop. . . . Nevertheless our land is entering an era in which new conceptions of life will be expressed in fresh musical forms and idioms. . .

"I believe that painting, sculpture, architecture, and all the other arts are more solid, whereas music is as ethereal as a pure spirit. Because music lies so high, life's changes touch it later. We have had American painting, stemming from American life; our architecture is obviously that. It will come in music—perhaps not so soon.

"It takes a long time for the mutations of time and life to find new musical expressions. But the cycles of life are long and small grooves do not matter much. In a long cycle there will be an abiding expression in tone of the American conception of life."

So let it be. ⧺

5 COUNTRIES IN A SINGLE SIP!



Bracing as pine-perfumed mountain air is the scent from ITALIAN juniper. From prize harvests, Hiram Walker selects only the fattest, most succulent juniper berries for its gin.

Like hundreds of tiny suns, hang golden-ripe oranges in the sunny groves of SPAIN! From here orange-peel moist with tingling flavor is imported by Hiram Walker for the nation's favorite gin.

Not seeds at all are coriander seeds, but the round, pungent fruit of tiny plants which grow best only in MOROCCO. A long way to go for a single flavor, but you'll say the trip's worth while when you taste the subtle flavor in Hiram Walker's Gin.

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70 PROOF
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Sloe Gin
QUART
FIVE O'CLOCK
Cocktail
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85 PROOF
4/5 QUART
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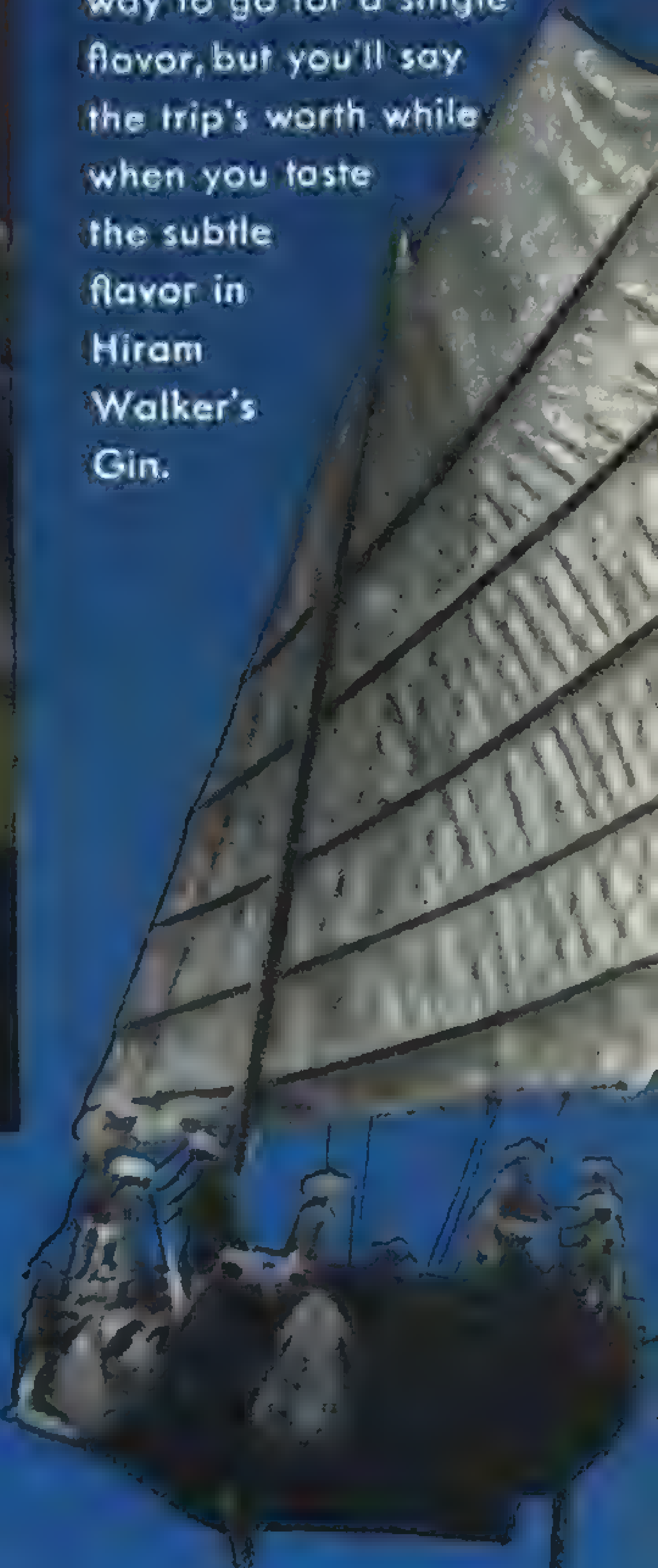
HIRAM WALKER'S GINS

MORE PEOPLE BUY HIRAM WALKER'S GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND



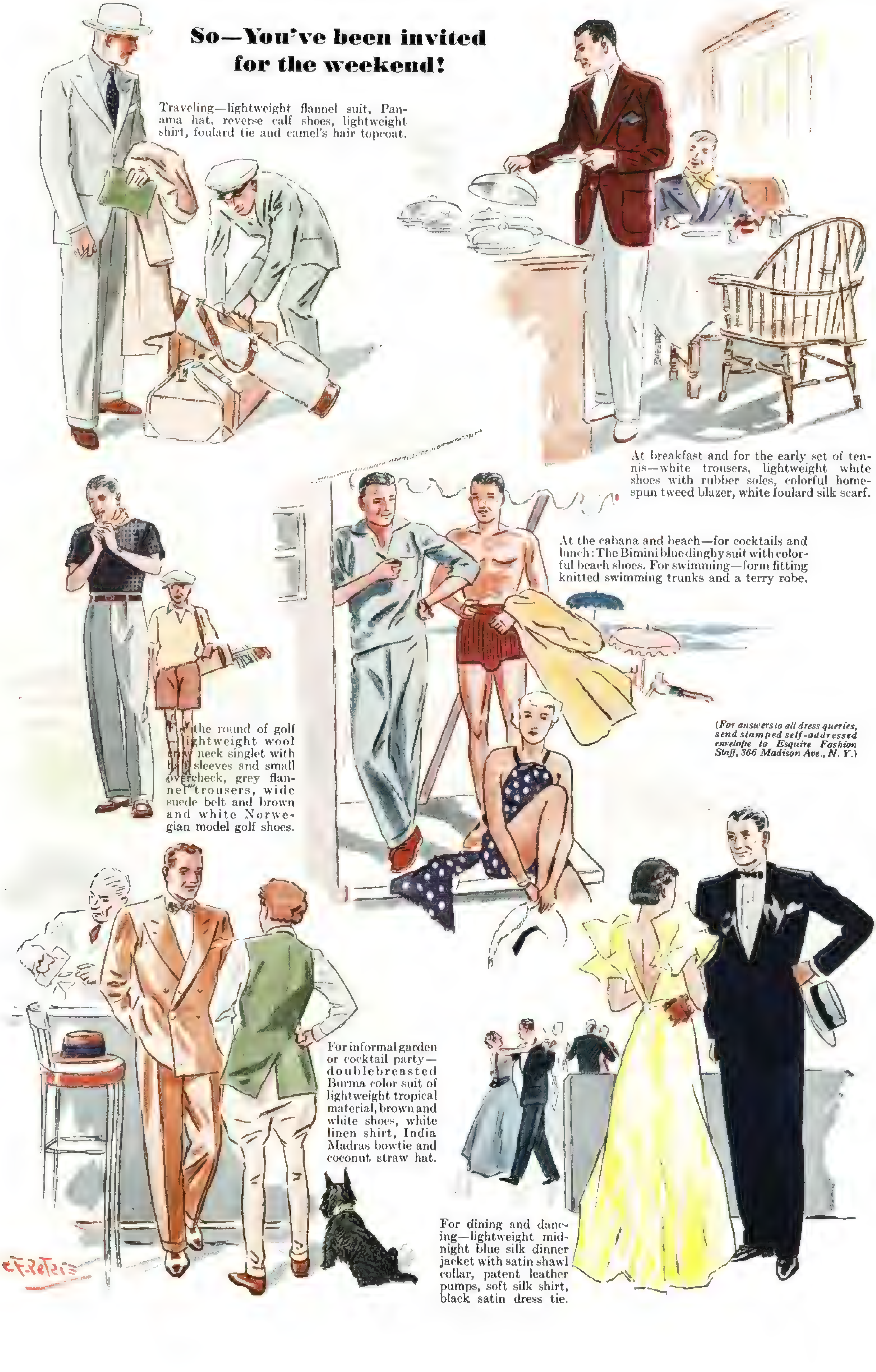
Costly cassia is a thick brown bark from a rare tree found hidden away in the interior of CHINA. Hiram Walker brings it from the other side of the world, to add a final unique touch of thirst-quenching flavor to America's favorite gin!

Back to the U. S. A. for the most important ingredient of all . . . American grain, heavy with the weight of its wholesome goodness.

Hiram Walker's Gins are distilled from 100% American grain, with fruits, herbs and berries imported from all over the world. Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process governs the flavor-strength of all these ingredients scientifically. There never can be the slightest variation, today, tomorrow, a year from now!

Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK COCKTAIL DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—85 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK SLOE GIN—Flavored with imported sloeberries—70 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.

So—You've been invited for the weekend!



Traveling—lightweight flannel suit, Panama hat, reverse calf shoes, lightweight shirt, foulard tie and camel's hair topcoat.

At breakfast and for the early set of tennis—white trousers, lightweight white shoes with rubber soles, colorful homespun tweed blazer, white foulard silk scarf.

At the cabana and beach—for cocktails and lunch: The Bimini blue dinghy suit with colorful beach shoes. For swimming—form fitting knitted swimming trunks and a terry robe.

For the round of golf—lightweight wool crew neck singlet with half sleeves and small overcheck, grey flannel trousers, wide suede belt and brown and white Norwegian model golf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

For informal garden or cocktail party—doublebreasted Burma color suit of lightweight tropical material, brown and white shoes, white linen shirt, India Madras bowtie and coconut straw hat.

For dining and dancing—lightweight midnight blue silk dinner jacket with satin shawl collar, patent leather pumps, soft silk shirt, black satin dress tie.

The Lone Black Ball

Continued from page 88

finance committee will be deferred until the next meeting. Founders' Day committee. Is Brother Althouse here?

Brother Althouse: Worthy Archangel, the committee reports progress.

W. A. McCorkle: Very well, Brother Althouse. Glad you're doing so splendidly.

Brother Dickerman: Worthy Archangel, I wonder if the Founders' Day committee has the full significance of what the day means? According to our lore, The Order of the Knights of St. Michael the Archangel was founded by Michael the Archangel himself 7,885 years ago come October 6. Now I'm what you call a "bright Michaelist" but I don't know all I should about our order. If a man will study our ceremonies and keep a pure heart he can learn much of the wisdom of the ages. And another thing, Brothers, before I forget it, you know you all took a solemn oath of secrecy when you first entered Michaelism but some of you have been weak and told some of the secrets of the order to your wives. Why only yesterday one of our good members' wives called me up (on business, heh, heh) and while we were talking gave me a complete description of our third degree! Well, you know you can't do that, Brothers; our mysteries are too sacred and ineffable. And besides it spoils all the fun if a candidate knows what's coming next when we initiate him. But as I was saying to the committee on Founders' Day, they ought to plan something really good this year, something more sacred and in harmony with our order than boxing bouts and a lunch—

Brother Krause: Me, I'm in favor of some good bouts. I know where we can get a couple of good boys that'll give and take punishment and mix us four snappy rounds for a feed. It won't cost us nothing and as for a lot of long speeches and parading around in robes, I don't like that, it reminds me too damn much of church—

Brother Barrel: I think, like Brother Dickerman, that we ought to have something more highbrow this year. I know where we can get some fellows to give us some Hawaiian music if we let 'em in on the feed (sensation) and there's nothing finer than good Hawaiian music. You say the word and I'll go ahead and get 'em and—by the way, we ought to have something besides sauerkraut in the lunch this year; I don't like sauerkraut—and if we let him know in time State Senator Pfeffer will come up and give us a short talk, five, ten minutes, on the income tax.

Brother Althouse: Now that you've brought the subject up, I might as well let you in on what we got planned and you can noise it around so we'll get a thumping big turnout on Founders' Day. You know the baseball player, Brother Manny Kinch? He's going to be here on October 6th on his way home for the winter and he'll come up and give us a good live bunch of stories and after that we've got the whole troupe from the Gayety Theatre coming over, girls and all, to put us on a show!

Brother Gelzer: Hot damn! Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman, he—

W. A. McCorkle: I think we better get on with the business. I'm sure the Founders' Day committee has a big day planned—

Brother Gelzer: —and then he says "Is that the baby? Kick me!"

W. A. McCorkle: —and now we'll hear from the membership committee.

Brother Williams: Nothing to report, Worthy Archangel.

Brother Krause: Worthy Archangel.

W. A. McCorkle: Brother Krause.

Brother Krause: I'd like to propose Michael Barga for membership in this order, he's a, uh, good fellow, and a, uh, good man to have in here. He's in the drug business and he's making good. Ought to be pulling down four thousand a year before long. He drives an Olds and he goes to the Bethel Methodist Church. The Red Men been after him but we can get him if we hurry.

W. A. McCorkle: Brother Williams, look up this Barga and report on him next meeting.

Brother Krause: Look here, couldn't we vote on him this meeting and get him in? You let a man like him go and somebody'll snap him up.

Brother Dickerman: Worthy Archangel, one of the traditions of Michaelism is that we never vote on a candidate until his name has been before us a week. Our lore has it that the first men on earth to become Knights were only chosen after long deliberation by our revered Founder, St. Michael the Archangel, whom you represent in meeting.

Brother Krause: Hell, yes, I know all that but this is different. If we don't get him, the Red Men will. We could suspend rules this once and have it over them—

W. A. McCorkle: Well—

Brother Krause: And besides, I thought you'd see it in the right way so I told him to come up here tonight and we'd initiate him. He's probably out in the anteroom now. If you turn him away after me asking him up he'll sure not join us later.

W. A. McCorkle: Will somebody make a motion to that effect?

Brother Krause: Well, I make a motion to—well, like that.

Brother Dickerman: He moves our laws be suspended and that we ballot on the name of Michael Barga tonight.

A Voice: Second.

Brother Barrel: I don't know that I approve all this breaking our laws. First Brother Krause shows up with a deficit of $2.35 in the dance committee's report and now he wants to bring in one of his friends without us having anything to say about it.

W. A. McCorkle: You have all heard the motion. Those in favor—

Brother Barrel: Sounds like a wop name to me.

W. A. McCorkle: Signify by the usual sign.

A Few: Aye.

W. A. McCorkle: Opposed?

Brother Barrel: No!

W. A. McCorkle: Carried. Brother Angelic Scribe, will you pass the box? Drop one ball, Brothers, a white ball elects, a black ball rejects. Two blacks in the count rejects. One requires a second ballot. (The box is passed and they vote.)

Brother Angelic Scribe: 32 white, 1 black, Worthy Archangel.

Brother Krause: Who dropped that black ball? The first time it's happened in five years! By God, I'll bet it was Brother Barrel!

Brother Barrel: What if it was? Haven't I got a right to vote the way I think? And then again, maybe I didn't. It's none of Brother Krause's damn business, Worthy Archangel!

W. A. McCorkle: Order!

Brother Krause: He just did it in order to get even, Worthy Archangel! It wasn't a fair ballot.

W. A. McCorkle: Well—

Brother Dickerman: The law is that when there is only one black ball the ballot shall be spread again and, if on the second ballot, there still be only one black ball, the election shall be considered favorable. The thing to do, then, is to vote again.

W. A. McCorkle: That's it! I'd forgot about that. Vote again. Brother Angelic Scribe, will you pass the box again? The white elects, the black rejects. Only one black ball will be considered election.

Brother Krause: Do you hear that Brothers? If there's only one dirty black ball cast Barga is elected anyway! (they vote)

Brother Angelic Scribe: There are 31 white, 2 black, Worthy Archangel.

Brother Barrel: Ho, that finishes Brother Krause's wop friend. Worthy Archangel!

Brother Krause: I'll bet somebody voted twice, Worthy Archangel! Some Goddam troublemaker who opposes every progressive move that Council 703 makes!

Brother Dickerman: Under the law Barga stands rejected and no further argument is allowable.

Brother Krause: Damn the law! I tell you Barga is outside! What will I tell him if you vote him down? He's a big depositor in my bank and will have a lot of influence some day. He might even have something to say about who I make my loans to.

Brother Gelzer: Under the circumstances, I move a third ballot.

Several Voices: Second!

W. A. McCorkle: It is moved and seconded that a third ballot be taken on the candidate Michael Barga. All in favor signify by the usual sign.

Hearty Response: Aye!

W. A. McCorkle: Opposed?

Brother Barrel: No!

W. A. McCorkle: Carried. Brother Angelic Scribe, pass the box again. The white elects, the black rejects—uh, say, shall we pass him on two blackies?

Brother Barrel: Here! Say!

Brother Dickerman: The law says a Council may act for what appear to be its best interests.

W. A. McCorkle: Three black balls reject, two only will be considered election. (they vote)

Brother Angelic Scribe: 32 white, 1 black, Worthy Archangel.

W. A. McCorkle: Michael Barga is elected to membership in Council 703 of the Order of the Knights of St. Michael the Archangel.

Brother Barrel: Worthy Archangel, that was a high-handed outrage! Like that shortage—(there is a knock on the anteroom door)

W. A. McCorkle: (hastily consulting his ritual): Brother Senior Seraph, ascertain the cause of the alarm at our portal. (Brother Senior Seraph opens the door and admits the Brother Guardian Angel)

Brother Guardian Angel: Some goofy egg out there named Bargy says he's supposed to be initiated tonight. What about it? And hurry up if you're going to give him the works, he's smoked up half my cigarettes.

Brother Senior Seraph: We're all set for him now. Get him ready. (Brother Guardian Angel departs.) (To W. A. McCorkle): A stranger awaits without, footsore and weary, asking only to be shown the path to the land of the Archangels where all dwell in peace and harmony, each with his brother, and joy is everything and everything is joy.

W. A. McCorkle: He does well to seek our gates. (aside) Joe, get my robe, will you, and snap into it. (to Brother Senior Seraph): Has he the word?

Brother Senior Seraph: No.

Worthy Archangel McCorkle: Then as he cannot come to us, we will go to him. Come Brothers. Where the hell is my robe? . . . Ah, now then. (he pauses just inside the door and intones the following to Candidate Barga who is still in the anteroom) Oh valiant neophyte, if you but knew what adventures, tribulations and sorrows lie ahead of you, you would turn back affrighted. But be not afraid. Divine guidance and human knowledge conquer all—

Curtain. #

Your Hunting Rifle

Continued from page 85

range, were being decorated by craters, as deep as the length of the bullet, and much wider.

This .220 bullet was the first one to blow craters in that plate. Yet it weighed only 48 grains.

To realize on such pole-ax effect the hunter must either use a rifle of very high muzzle velocity, such as the .220 Swift, or must hit his game at comparatively short range, if we assume that this 2,400 ft. is the minimum, that is the minimum for actual striking velocity. Personally I think this minimum is still lower, but that is merely theory.

The 150 gr. bullet from the Springfield, for instance, although it has a muzzle speed of 2,700 feet, loses all but 2,200 feet by the time it has reached 200 yards. And this with a very finely formed spitzer bullet, designed to overcome air resistance. Blunter nose bullets lose much more than this.

But of course high velocity and the pole-ax effect is not the full answer to the trophy hunter's prayer. Heavier game means heavier bullets, and heavier bullets mean lower velocity or else pushing the hunter all over the place.

Long range, where the very high velocity has disappeared, means bullets of adequate penetration and proved breaking-up qualities. This, at least, until we know more about the effect of a solid bronze bullet like the French military "Balle D" and what it will do at the extreme velocity on the heavier game like moose and elk. High velocity, the 4,140-foot sort, is still our stratosphere, still uncharted and mostly unexplored. It is a fascinating realm.

A minor feature, but a most important one of the high velocity rifle, is the marvelous flight-time and the flat path of the bullet. The short time of flight is most important when the game is moving; the flat trajectory eliminates distance judgment and sight setting or over-holding over ordinary game range. As illustrating this flatness of flight a 20-shot group was fired with the .220 rifle, scope sight, using exactly the same point of hold for each shot, sight not changed; 5 shots at 50 yards, 5 at 100 yards, 5 at 150 yards, 5 at 200 yards. The entire group of 20 shots was just 2 inches high.

At 300 yards, where the "medium power" class of rifle like the 30-30 is mostly a flivver in power and flat flight, these high velocity rifles show their superiority to a much more marked extent. The 13 inch rise of the 30-30 bullet half way is enough to miss a deer if the range is misjudged, where the 3½ inch rise of the .220 would never be noticed.

Obviously the very small and light bullets of ultra-high velocity rifles should not be used against heavy game—although in direct contradiction of this, old Karamojo Bell, one of the greatest elephant hunters, remarks blandly that he found the 7 mm. Mauser most satisfactory for his elephant killing. But the old hunter shot only at very close range and only when he could ring the bell with a heart or brain shot with his piffling little .276 cal. rifle and its 175 gr. full jacket bullet.

So astonishing are the effects of these later high velocity rifles that ideas are likely to change very materially in the next few years. The 7 mm. did not come in the high velocity class.

Probably the average non-gun crank, would-be hunter who contemplates buying a hunting rifle is more influenced by type of action than by ballistics. He is likely to have acquired a lot of fixed ideas from listening to chaps who know a lot of things that are not so.

Four types of action are used by American makers on their hunting rifles; lever, bolt, trombone or slide-action, and so-called automatic, which means merely self-loading.

The only automatic arms are the machine guns, machine rifles and sub-machine guns, all of them firing as long as the trigger is held back, when set for automatic fire.

The lever is beloved of the old hunter more because it was the first repeater offered to the American, because the Browning versions of the lever gun, coupled with Winchester standards of manufacture, resulted in most reliable rifles, because they have always sold at a reasonable price —but most of all because nothing else was available. Most of our game was gone by the time any other form of action became available. The self-loading rifle did not appear until after the Spanish War; the trombone, about the time of the World War; the bolt was not with us except in the form of imported rifles until after the World War. The only exception was the Remington-Lee, little known and never pushed except as a military arm supplied to our Navy and some foreign countries.

From the modern standpoint all lever actions are obsolete. They were designed for ammunition of much lower pressure than our high velocity tribe or the military sort of cartridge. So they do not appeal to the chap who does much shooting, who reloads his ammunition and expects to shoot out three or four barrels fitted one after the other to the one action.

They are entirely satisfactory for the medium power cartridges of the 30-30 class, and even for modern high pressure ammunition if used for only the limited number of shots fired by the hunter who is not a chronic rifle nut.

Of late a revamped version of the ancient Model 1886, more than 50 years old in design, has been marketed by Winchester, action slightly redesigned and made of the finest of chrome-molly steel—chrome-molybdenum to you, if you are scientific. In this rifle, known as the Model 71, Winchester loaded a Super .33 cartridge, a much more powerful version of that reliable deer cartridge, the .33, but much the same in form and bullet. Velocity with 150 gr. flat-nose bullet of very poor form and "density" or relation of weight to diameter, is 2,920 feet per second; with the heavier 200 gr. of the same flat-nose form, it is 2,535 feet per second.

But the rapid loss of speed, due to the flat nose and the short, thick bullet quickly takes it out of the modern high velocity class. The 150 gr. sheds 500 ft. of its velocity in the first 100 yards! The 200 gr. sheds 300 ft. in the same distance. Under 100 yards either bullet should show the pole-ax effect, but the rifle, like the .220, did not arrive early enough to get a line on it as a game killer. It should be an extraordinary deer rifle over ordinary deer ranges and far outclasses the ubiquitous 30-30. Also it costs more and kicks more. It is a restocked, handy, finely balanced rifle, completely redesigned.

The action should last a lifetime for any ordinary hunter but it is not the gun for the crank who likes to do much shooting. None of the lever guns are adapted to the constant hammering of the thousands of shots fired by the real military rifle shooting crank.

Another rifle of slightly less effective muzzle ballistics, but much the same striking ballistics, is the .300 Savage. It offers the shooter the ballistics of the old .30-06 cartridge, that is a bullet of 150 gr. at a speed of 2,700 feet per second. Better than this the rotating, Schoneauer type of magazine permits the use of spitzer bullets, including that ideal game-shooting bullet, the Remington bronze point.

The .300 is lighter than the 8 lb. .348; the recoil seems less in spite of the lighter weight.

The two rifles represent the record high in the lever guns. The other versions, outside of the .250, an ideal deer cartridge for ordinary ranges, do not greatly arouse my enthusiasm in these days of disappearing game and the necessity for the best of tools if the hunter hopes to be included in that odd 10% or less of the hunting army that manages to bag game each year.

The prospective rifle buyer will do well to consider the sage advice of the great old timer, Hal Evarts, trapper and hunter, later writer of most attractive Western fiction, now gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

If you want to get a good deer rifle, said Hal, just hang around until you find what the boys consider a good moose rifle. Then buy it.

The trombone or slide-action rifle is available in only one make and type, chambered for a list of 30-30 class of cartridges, and for one that is several steps ahead of the 30-30—this the .35. With its 200 gr. bullet it has proved a most satisfactory medium range rifle for American game. It is also available in the Remington auto-loading rifle.

This Remington trombone action rifle, known as the Model 14 up to this summer and now the 141 or "Gamemaster," has been restocked—a matter in which I had my finger in the pie as I did with the Model 71 Winchester in consulting work for those plants.

In its later form it is reliable, smooth in outline, fits a saddle scabbard nicely, and the fastest of any hunting rifle for the comparatively untrained man, outside of the auto-loaders. Most men can pump a slide handle much faster than they work a lever or swing a bolt.

It is also a fact that most of the talk as to speed of action and rapid fire is piffle. Hitting is more important than speed of throwing lead, and the military rifleman with his bolt gun can put more shots into a washtub at 200 yards in a given time than the average hunter with an auto-loader.

Outside of the .35, the one trombone rifle offers only the medium power class of cartridge and is merely a fair-to-middlin' deer rifle.

Along the same speed of fire discussion it is a much debated question whether the sometimes easily rattled tyro needs a rifle of high fire speed—whether he would not be better off with something that would slow down his stampede and his blazing away of a magazineful in the general direction of the game. Every old guide can testify to such stampedes on the part of "dude" hunters.

There exists, also, in the mind of the non-crank, untrained potential rifle buyer the fixed idea that the bolt action rifle cannot be used by the left-handed man. One special maker turned out complicated "left-hand" bolt action rifles for this set of deluded persons—knowing better all the time, and probably grinning to himself.

The oft-proved fact is that starting from scratch, neither man knowing anything about bolt guns, the southpaw can operate the bolt about as fast and handily as the right-hander at the end of the same amount of practice. The only requisite is that the top of the rifle not be cluttered up with a high mounted scope which the left-hand man must reach over and must have a practical bolt lever in form and position, not some idiotic butter-knife blade hugging the stock which some misguided German makers put on their rifles in the form of bolt levers.

Even a low mounted telescope sight does not prevent easy operation of the bolt gun by the south-

Continued on page 128

One Good Rule for Keeping Cool When It's Getting Warm!

WHEN the sun beats down . . . and the temperature goes up . . . some people jump for gin. Others whistle for whiskey. Don't *you* get hot about *which* is the better for keeping cool. For there *are* two ways about it . . . and one good rule for being right *either* way. Get G & W. Why G & W? Because it's the one G*ood* W*ay* to be sure of G*ood* W*hiskey* drinks or G*in* W*onders*. Let others get hot under the collar. You collar the heat. G*et* W*ise* . . . get G & W tonight. You'll G*rin* W*idely* because it G*oes* W*ell*.

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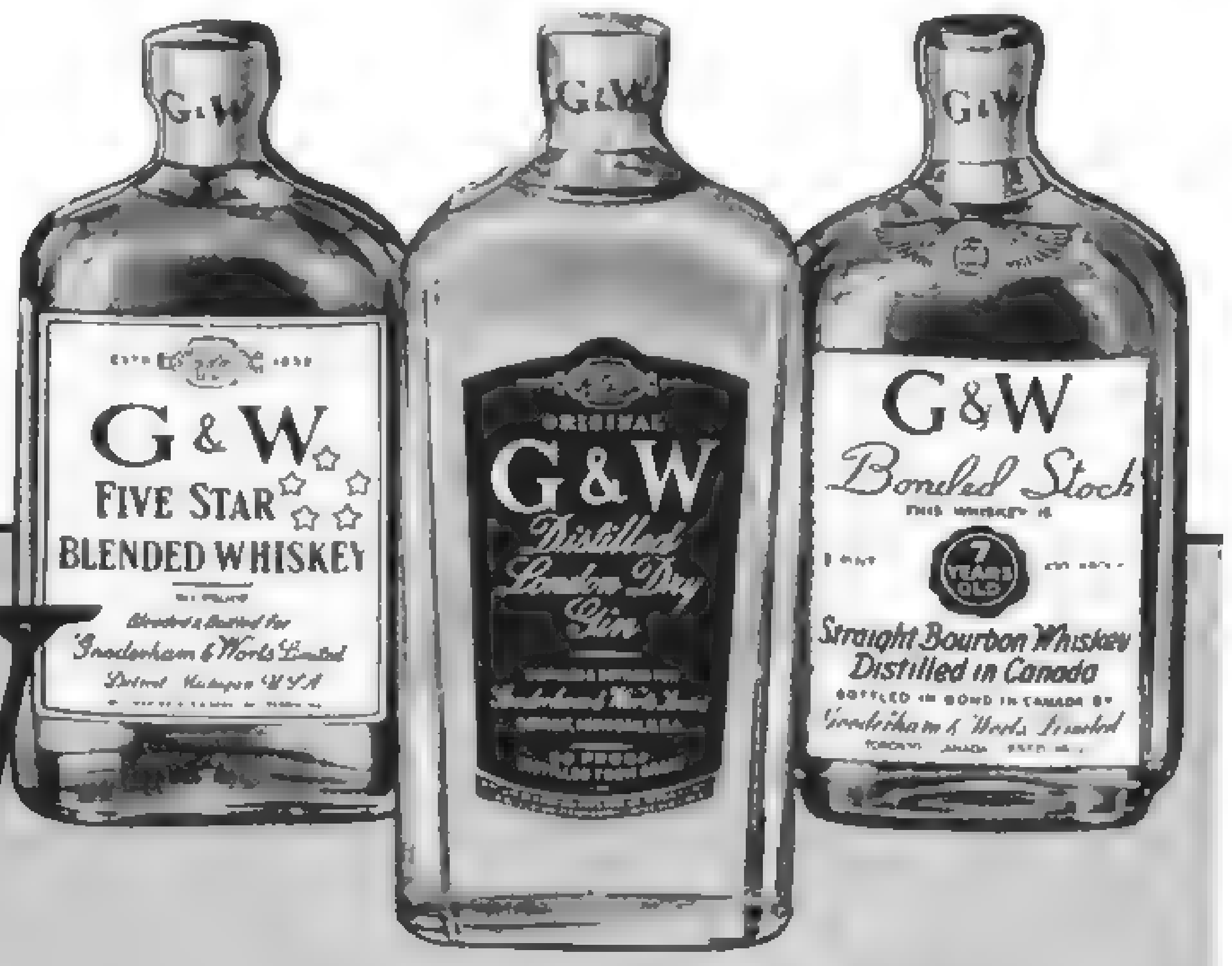
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Get Wise . . . get G&W *. . . it Goes Well*

Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Detroit, Michigan—Est. 1832. G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. G & W DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 proof—Distilled from grain. G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—Bottled in Bond in Canada. 100 proof.

*This contest limited to adults in states where such contests are permitted. Entry blanks available only in such states.

Your Hunting Rifle

Continued from pages 85-126

paw, as lately proved on our own running deer, which requires considerable celerity to get in the two shots per run.

Most of the time in the past ten years of the state championship rifle matches in California, left-handers have won, shown or placed when all the results were in. Several years ago, the winner and runnerup were both portsiders. The course includes as a rule four strings of 10 shots per string at rapid fire, 200 and 300 yards.

Few rifle teams appear at the big National Shoot at Camp Perry without left-handed men in their ranks—and rapid fire plays a large part in the big shoot.

It is passing strange to the trained rifleman that chaps will pay golf pros large gobs of pengos to coach them as to the placement of feet, hands, fanny and the like, and will practice faithfully those costly hints. But the same chaps will assume that they are none other than Natty Bumpo when they go on that big-game hunt which may cost a thousand dollars and five weeks time. They neither sight in their rifles nor make friends with them. Practice in swinging the bolt or lever seems utterly foreign to their ideas, not to mention aiming and squeezing and in general the same dry practice they devote to their golf which they can play any time and which rarely costs them a thousand dollars for the one match.

It is this quaint idea that makes the bolt action "out of the question" for the left-hand man—also for the right-hand man, judging by the bear-cub way in which most of them handle a rifle and swing the bolt in the crucial moment.

The bolt gun is beloved of its clan, the rifle shooting fans of civilian and military persuasion, because they know by experience that it is the only type of rifle that will deliver what they demand of a rifle. They know by long experience that it is more durable, because many of them have rebarreled one action three or four or even five times. In the days when I had more ambition, more time, less sense and less figure and wore callouses on the old tummy shooting the military rifle, I had one rifle which had been rebarreled four times, with about 7,000 shots per barrel or around 25,000 shots fired by that action. This with high concentration 50,000 lb. military rifle cartridges. The lever gun simply won't take it for this sort of work; however, it may stand up for thousands of shots of its less powerful type of cartridge.

The stiff, front-locked action won't spring and stretch the cartridge case, to the despair of the reloader who then cannot get the reloaded cartridge back into the rifle.

The sweet simplicity of the bolt, its accessibility of working parts and its reliability, all endear it to the real rifle crank who is rarely found back of any other sort of gun.

Possibly the best comment on the bolt action rifle, the Springfield, the Krag, the Model 54 Winchester, the 30 Express and 30 S Remington, the Mauser, the Mannlicher, is the fact that only in these rifles can the modern military type of cartridge be obtained, and the sporting modifications of high velocity sort, such as the fine .270 Winchester and .257 Remington-Roberts. There must be a reason.

The only attempt to improve the lever gun in the past ten years has been the .348 Winchester, high in muzzle speed but a joke in the ballistic form of the bullets, necessarily flat or blunt-nose with the ancient tubular magazine. Beyond the first 150 yards or so, this rifle is almost pathetic compared with the Winchester .270 or the 30-06, obtainable only in bolt form.

The lever action lover is fond of referring to such rifles as "cannon," presumably because they have a bit more recoil than the ancient 30-30. They do—but I have yet to see a shoulder beaten black and blue with one of these guns as promptly as it will be by the obsolete rifle or carbine buttplates inflicted on some of those weaker rifles. Generally speaking the owners never shoot the 30-30 often enough to find out much about its failings.

While the bolt guns offer a fine assortment of cartridges having that desirable margin of power for any American game, the real genus nut will rarely have anything but the Army cartridge, the 30-06 or .30—Mark 1 if you like to be official. About the only departure from this choice is the fan who goes in for the smaller caliber rifles and reloads his ammunition—the .220 and the .250 and the .257 fans.

Outside of the enormous variety of bullets and loads in this good old 30-06 is that cheerful fact that to members of the National Rifle Association, cost $3 per year, good "war" ammunition is available at 2c per shot, good Mark 1, latest type Army ammunition loaded with the boat-tailed 172 gr. bullet, at about 3c per shot; good "match" ammunition loaded specially for Camp Perry for about 6c per shot. Many stores specializing in guns and military supplies offer 30-06 military ammunition to all comers from 2 to 3c per shot.

Of late the boys have been going in for bigger and badder rifles, what with the opening of the elk season in various states where elk have been verboten, and with the wandering of the Yankee hunter farther afield where he has the time and money to permit it.

One of the most interesting, featured last summer by one Ben Comfort, civilian rifleman of St. Louis, taking the Wimbledon Cup with one at a thousand yards, is the .300 Magnum. It is nothing more than a longer, larger .30 cal. case designed by Holland of England and having a narrow belt around the rear of the case for a positive stop like the rim of a rimmed cartridge. It handles, of course, standard 30-06 bullets but imparts a poosh of 200 or 300 feet per second more in the same length of barrel. In a 30-inch, match barrel it drives the 180 gr. bullet at 3,150 ft. per second.

Various "custom makers" rechamber 30-06 rifles for this cartridge, Griffin & Howe making a very good .300 Magnum out of the standard 30 S. Remington 30-06, by rechambering and some magazine alteration; Sedgley of Philadelphia doing the same job.

The recoil-sensitive man, either psychologically or from physical defects or very small stature, ought to consider three excellent cartridges, the .250, available in a light, neat lever action Savage or in the Model 54 bolt action Winchester; the 7 mm., available in either Remington or Winchester bolt actions and in Mausers; and the brand new .257 Remington-Roberts, available in both Remington and Winchester bolt rifles. The Winchester is the lighter by about a pound, and the rifle to choose where weight is to be considered—about 7½ lbs. against about 8½ lbs.

The 6.5 mm. Mannlicher, fired in the 23-inch barrel rifle, is another happy combination of light recoil and good killing qualities when used with the lighter American 6.5 mm. bullets.

And of course that enigma, the .220 Swift, should always be kept in mind. The recoil is practically nil, and most of that is noise, which has a very marked effect on apparent recoil due to blast and nerve shock. Accuracy runs from 3 to 4 inches at 200 yards. Rifle weight, the 54 Winchester, about 7½ lbs.

Probably by the time this story is in print we'll know a lot more about the .220 Swift and my feeling is that it will prove to be one of the most deadly, anchoring deer rifles ever taken into the woods or the hills.

That rifle, and the .257 are beautifully adapted to telescope sights with the flat flight and light recoil and enormous accuracy.

Late in 1936 was announced the arrival of the Model 70 Winchester, which had been somewhat leisurely approaching for several years. This is a high power, bolt action rifle, Mauser-type like practically every other high power bolt action rifle outside of the Mannlicher. The writer of this yarn, and Mr. Pugsley, Vice-President of the Winchester Company, shot this rifle quite extensively at the home of a Southern shooting nut, late in 1935.

The rifle is an improved Model 54 Winchester, very similar to it in bolt and receiver and it is to be strongly suspected that the machinery used to make the 54 was used to a large extent in making the Model 70. The improvements from any practical standpoint are not so extreme that the owner of a 54 need break into lamentation and heave the fool rifle into the creek as being one jump better than a muzzle-loader. However the owner of a 54 made prior to the installation of a safety-sleeve firing pin retainer screw in the bolt, plus gas escape holes in the bolt cylinder, all of which was done with the later models of the 54, should take up with the Winchester Company the matter of altering his rifle bolt in this way.

Few 54's have ever given trouble, none with normal ammunition as far as I know, but with the increasing pressure of some modern ammunition in the .270 and 30-06 class, Winchester prefers to make assurance doubly safe by these changes.

The Model 70 bolt is essentially the later model of 54 bolt, with the same smooth and easy action, and the same close fit in the receiver—the smoothest turn-bolt rifle in the world by a very considerable margin. Marked changes in the 70 include:

Considerably improved stock, with larger forestock and a better hand-filling shape for the front hand.

Hinged magazine floor-plate instead of the old one-piece stamping which could not be removed for unloading or clearing a jam or cleaning out the magazine.

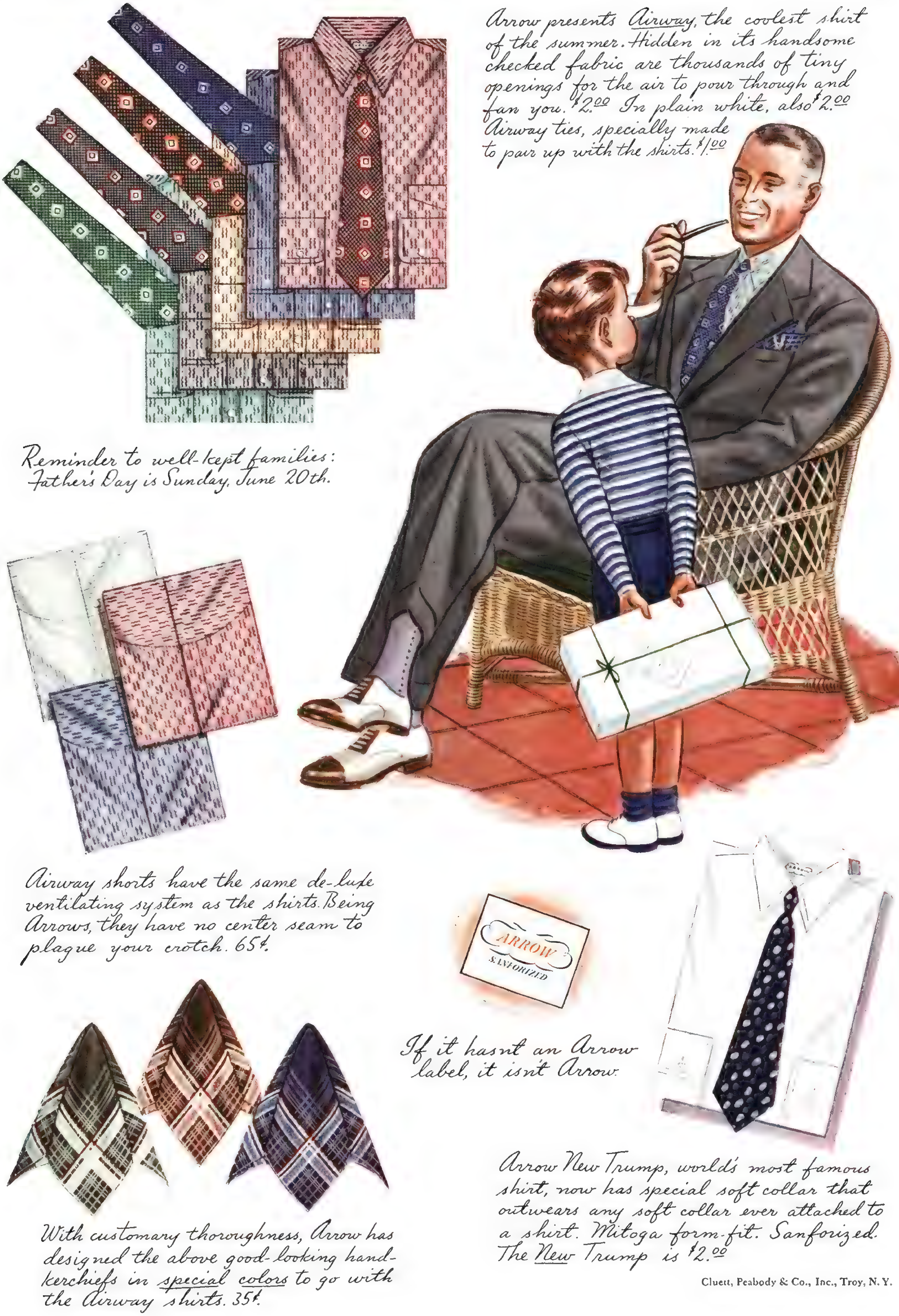
Elimination of the old notion of using the sear for a bolt stop, always a very poor idea in that the sear had two jobs and did neither one very ideally. Replacement of this erroneous idea by a positive bolt-stop with its top in the rear of the left receiver wall, not breaking up the clean and smooth outline of the receiver.

The ignition stroke or firing pin stroke of this rifle is the fastest of any sporting bolt action rifle in the world excepting late model 54 Winchesters, the firing pin traveling about $\frac{5}{16}$ths of an inch. The Springfield travels about double this distance. Practical effect—less delay time after you decide to press the trigger, less chance for the muzzle to swing off the mark.

The safety on this rifle is also new, a little lever lying on the left side of the bolt sleeve, swinging in a direction parallel with the rifle barrel instead of "across" the rifle as did the old 54 reversed safety of Mauser type.

I am not as enthusiastic about it as I might be. On most of these rifles it is very difficult to put "on" owing to the resistance of the powerful main spring. It is much too easy to put "off," and might be dragged off in scrambling through thick brush; it

Continued on page 131



Arrow presents Airway, the coolest shirt of the summer. Hidden in its handsome checked fabric are thousands of tiny openings for the air to pour through and fan you. $2.00 In plain white, also $2.00 Airway ties, specially made to pair up with the shirts. $1.00

Reminder to well-kept families: Father's Day is Sunday, June 20th.

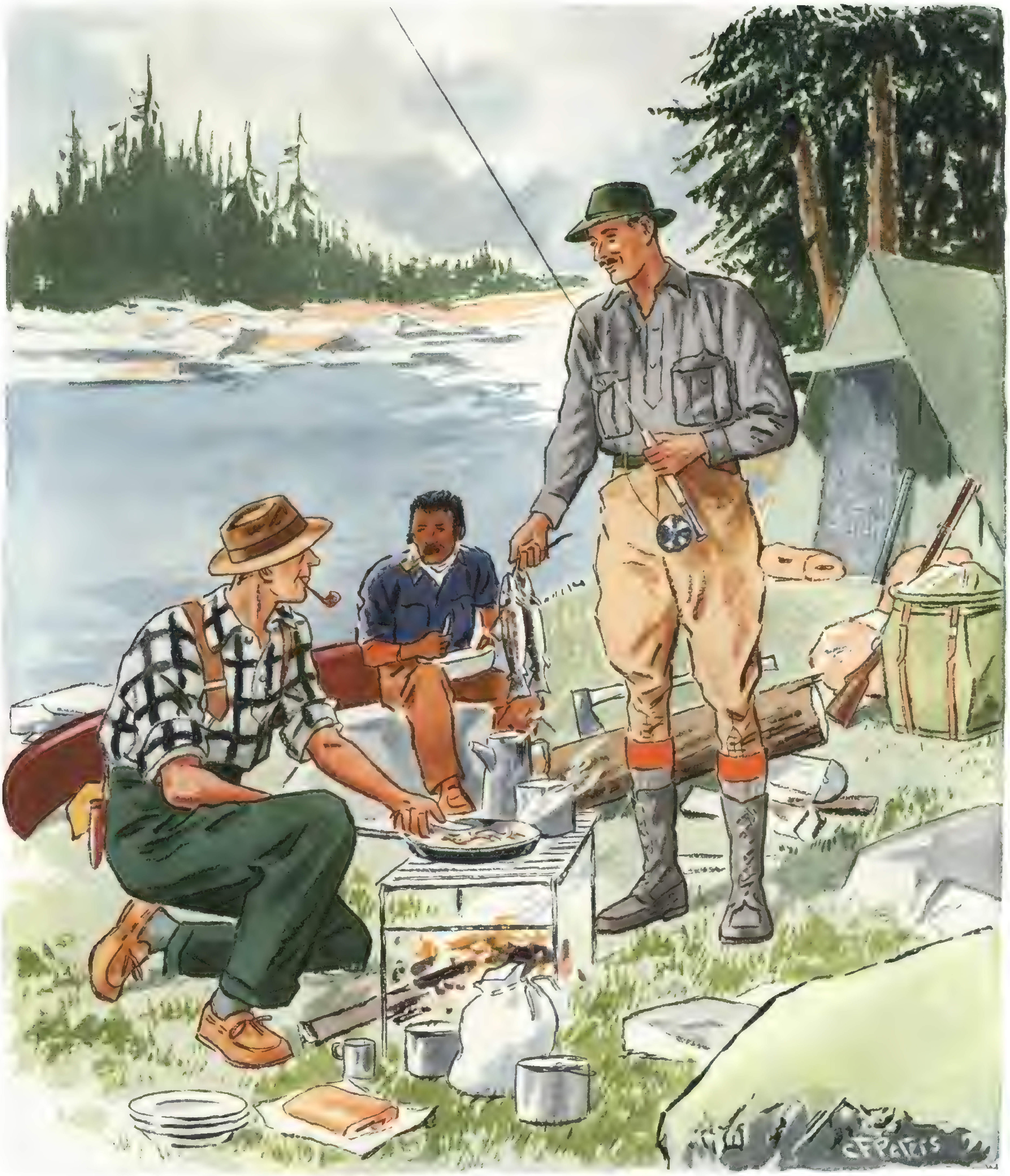
Airway shorts have the same de-luxe ventilating system as the shirts. Being Arrows, they have no center seam to plague your crotch. 65¢.

With customary thoroughness, Arrow has designed the above good-looking handkerchiefs in special colors to go with the Airway shirts. 35¢.

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

Arrow New Trump, world's most famous shirt, now has special soft collar that outwears any soft collar ever attached to a shirt. Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. The New Trump is $2.00

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



BRIGHT INTERLUDE IN A CANOEING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS

While there are fish in the hand there is bacon in the pan, a touch of realism that may save this page from being offensive to any anglers who have come back from expeditions of this sort with no more reward for their efforts than callouses and the recollection of breathing fresh air. The man on the left, who won't trust the bacon to the guide's tender mercies, is wearing a heavy plaid wool lumberjack shirt with wool trousers of forestry green, heavy wool hose and soled Indian moccasins. Notice the stout canvas braces which support his trousers. You needn't notice his hat which is about as nondescript as a fishing felt ought to be. The other man is wearing a heavy grey flannel shirt and breeches made of a very tough English cotton drill that has been waterproofed to shed rain; it has a smooth, suede-like finish and while practically untearable is soft and pliable too. His moccasin hunting boots are black waterproof chrome leather, worn with regulation wool lumberman's socks. In the background, by the way, is a waterproof and insect-proof ranger's tent with a screen ventilator in front and a hookless fastener center opening. The whole thing weighs about nine pounds. Notice also the practical and enormous Adirondack pack-basket which is carried, God help him, by the guide.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Your Hunting Rifle

Continued from pages 85-126-128

might be pushed off in shoving the rifle into a sole-leather scabbard. The use of the Lyman 48 rear peep sight acts as a shield to this safety and greatly lessens the danger of dragging it off in fighting brush. It interferes somewhat with a low mount scope except those of the long focus Noske type which mount forward of the bolt handle.

But in spite of this safety I am inclined to think this Model 70 one of the finest high-power bolt action rifles in the world in smooth action, materials, close tolerances, high accuracy and stock. The accuracy of these rifles, like that of the 54, is the accuracy of a match rifle, and that means that when fed with "match" ammunition the rifle will shoot close to that standard of match accuracy, the "minute of angle." Which means that it will come very close to grouping into a two-inch circle at 200 yards when fed ammunition capable of doing this in the special, heavy match rifles. Sporting ammunition in the .250, .270, .257, .220 and 30-06 rifles will rarely do worse than a four-inch group at 200 yards.

The kid of the family, firing a Model 54 with target stock added to it and weighing about the same as a sporting rifle, has run the heavy, special "Bull guns" a hot race for a number of shoots at long range, winning one match over the 600 and 1,000 course against the special heavy rifles, tying for second in the next one. In the course of it he ran 13 consecutive "V's," at 600 yards, which means 13 consecutive shots in the 12-inch V-ring inside of the regular bull's-eye. This, including wind and errors of holding, is a "2-minute angle" group. The 70 barrel is identical with the 54 and the new rifle, incidentally, makes use of the finest of "chrome-moly" heat-treated alloy steels, following the up-to-date practice of the finest motor car builders.

Early in 1937 the Winchester Company announced two new cartridges for its new rifle—new as far as any standard American rifle is concerned and for the first time giving the Yankee sportsman a powerful "all-round" rifle of nearly "elephant rifle" class. Elephants have been consistently bagged with much less powerful rifles than this new .375 Magnum to which I refer—Bell using the 7 mm. and other professionals using the .318 Mauser for open country shooting—but generally speaking the .375 is not an elephant rifle.

The two "new" cartridges consist of this .375 Magnum, and the .300 Magnum, both designed originally by the British firm of Holland & Holland, and using a rather queer "belted" case which gives the smooth and positive magazine feed of the rimless case with the positive stop and easily adjusted "head-space" of the rim sort of shell like the 30-30 or Krag. The belt is merely a little raised strip at the rear end of the case which butts against the rear of the barrel and stops the cartridge.

Both cartridges are longer than the 30-06 and require a special receiver as they run about a quarter inch more over-all than our longest military cartridge.

The .300 Magnum, fired in heavy match rifles, loaded by the Western Cartridge Company, took both the 1935 and the 1936 Wimbledon Cup match at Camp Perry; the 1936 win, at least, a world-record score; the first shot at 1,000 yards a hit in the bull, or five, the next nineteen all hitting the V-ring which is only 20 inches across. Civilian Rifleman Ben Comfort and Marine Gunner Crowe were the two shooters to bust up this ancient shooting match, having between 1,500 and 2,000 entries! Comfort shot a special rifle by Griffin & Howe; Crowe, 1936 winner, shot a Winchester 54 target rifle.

Many British hunters have decided that this .375 Magnum is the best all-round "big game" cartridge in the world, and when a Britisher talks about big game he is not referring to little black bear or 150 lb. flea-bitten Columbian black-tail deer. He means the entire gamut of game clear up to the rhino. The very high velocity and flat flight of the 235 gr. bullet makes it ideal for long shooting in open country; the 300 gr. in full jacket form is indicated, they say, for heavy, dangerous game at close quarters.

Recoil. I have shot quite extensively two rifles handling the .300 and .375, the first, a standard 30 S Remington of 8¾ lbs. rechambered by Griffin & Howe; the second, a .375 Holland, made from a standard military Mauser action, weight about the same as the Remington.

The man who does not mind the kick of the 30-06, will never notice that the .300 is any worse. The .375, if kept to weight less than 9 lbs., justifies a rubber recoil pad—and some elementary lessons in how to hold a rifle, which some worthy hunters never do learn. Adding the weight and resistance of the shoulder to the rifle by very firm pressure is a great recoil-brake.

And I now confidently expect to hear from Joe Doakes; Elmer Zilch and Luke McLuke that all this .300 and .375 stuff is the Nuts; that they have killed deer and bear all their lives without the need for any such cannon. To the Doakes-Zilch-McLuke school of thought, no gun should ever be built if they have not personally experienced the need for that gun. This also might apply to all polo mallets, racing yachts, or cowboy saddles.

I merely recite the fact of these new and rather surprising cartridges in my work as an arms commentator. ⧻

Half & Half Makes
ONE Swell Smoke!

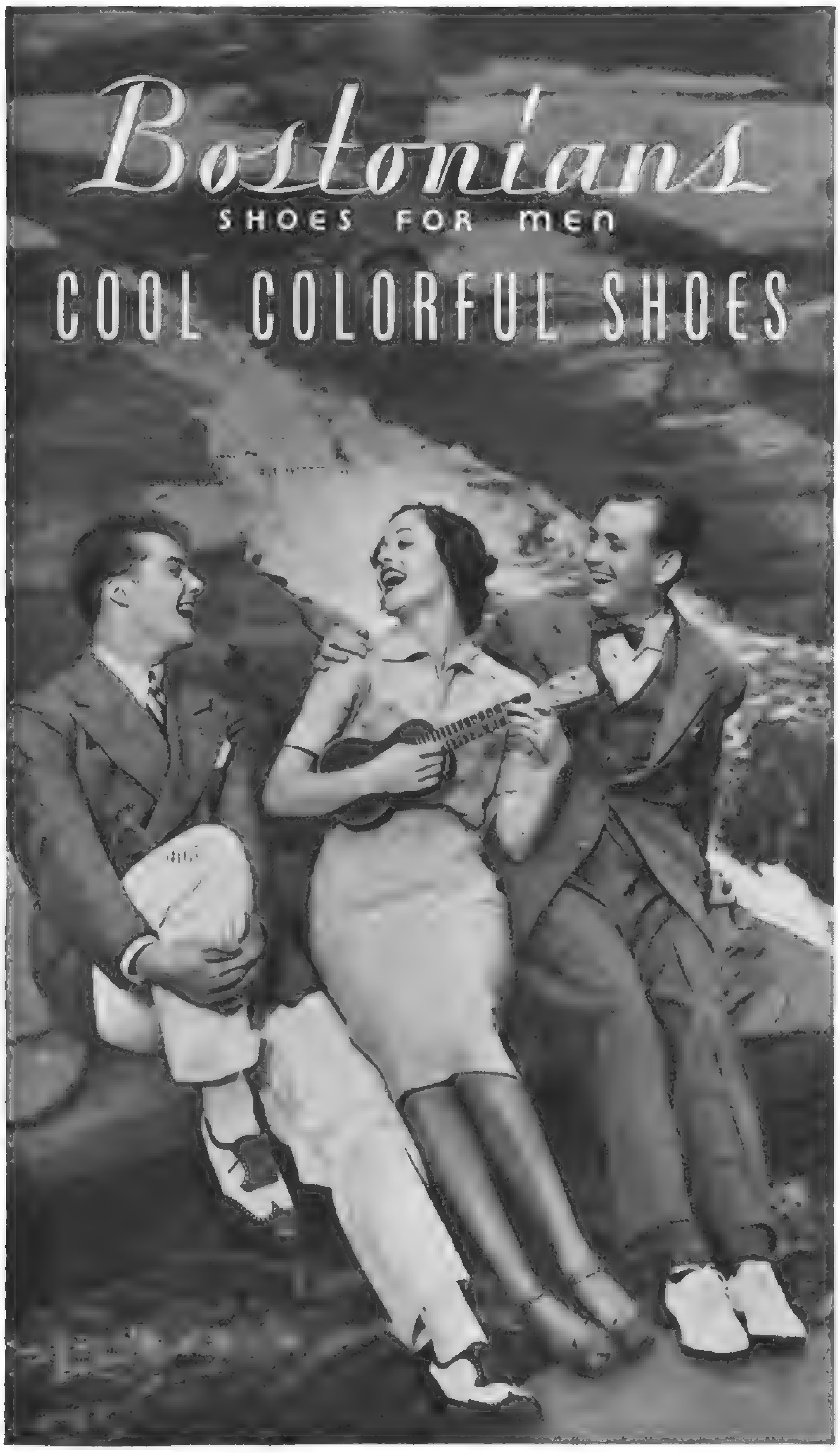
Half & Half makes working a pleasure. Cool as the chief's: "So you need a vacation!" Smooth as: "You've earned it. Take two weeks with pay." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue —in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Co.

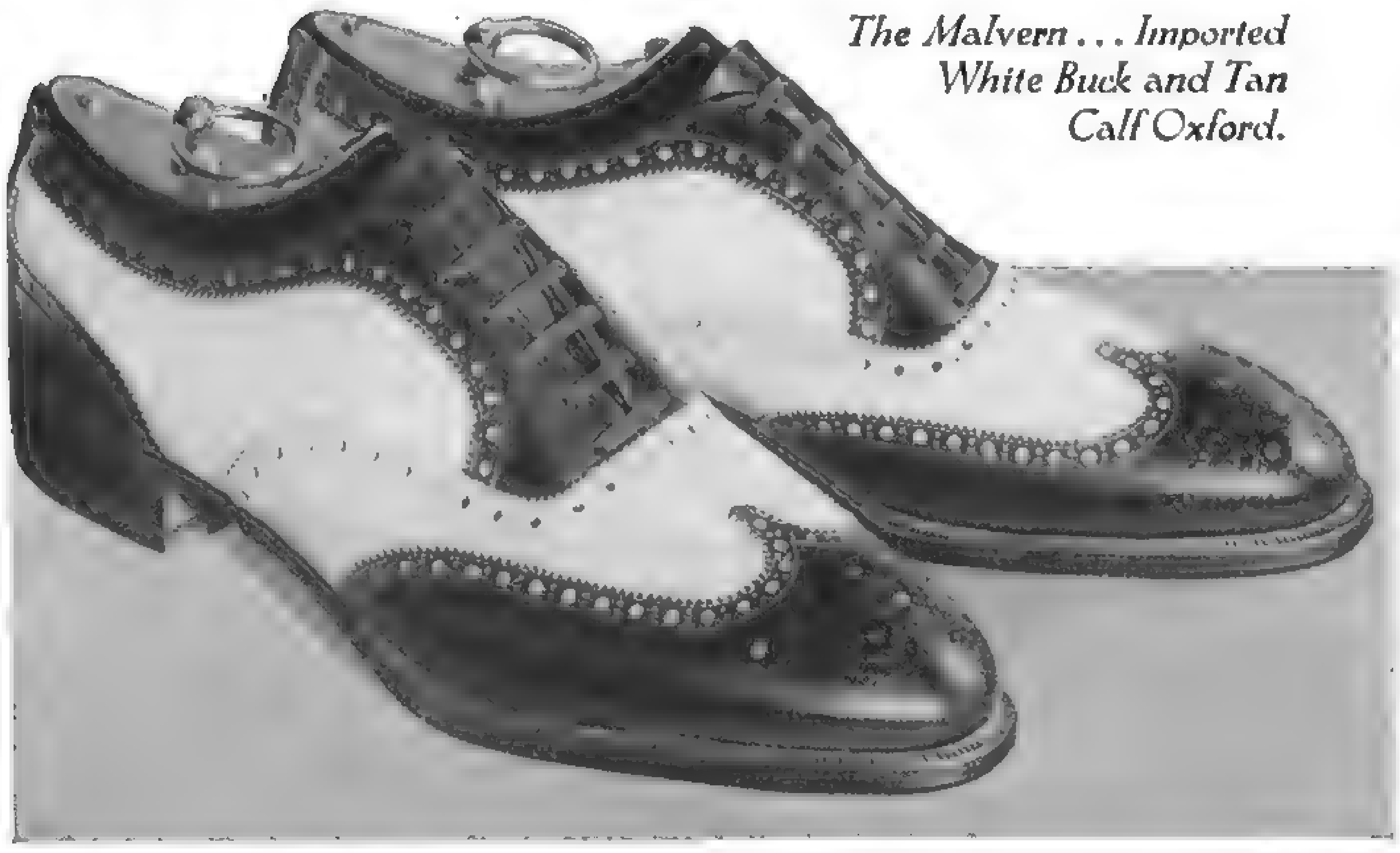
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



FOLLOW the sun in cool airy comfortable Bostonians during the sun-drenched months. Your feet will breathe...feel great... look right. Air-cooled Bostonians are sold by the leading men's wear and shoe shops... priced at $7.50 to $10.



Portrait of an Artist

Continued from page 69

ati—so practical the underscored nastiness to bring the belly-laughs of the groundlings.

I have thought of a second title for your book: *A Symposium of Impure Influences.* Pass it on to your publisher's advertising department. You concocted the thing like an insane bootleg cocktail, didn't you—shots of Proust and Hemingway and Virginia Woolf—not to mention the Edith Sitwell and T. S. Eliot quotations which your choice Stephen murmurs. And you even tried a flash of the D. H. Lawrence earth-earthy, and a bit of his silver cord theme—but you weren't up to it, any more than you were up to getting the real quality of the others. Where Lawrence is authentically natural, you are merely vulgar. And the Hemingway style in your first chapters is too obvious to fool anyone. You shouldn't have tried to mix the Hemingway manner with the later supposed stream-of-consciousness stuff anyway. You have written a cheap, vulgar melodrama, stamped with other people's trade-marks, pretending to be everything that it isn't. And you bid fair to glean a small fortune on it from a world which may be pretty much described in the same terms as your book.

Of course, people are giving me the queer look, wondering how much of your Dagvar you got from me. At first I took the artful resemblance as just a typically malicious, not over-subtle trick of yours. As I think of it now, I realize that you really believed that you had caught me in a full length picture. You think you understand me—that you walled me into the putrid flesh of that little bitch in your book. But that is the point, my wise Richard. She is a bitch, and I'm not. You failed to comprehend that distinction when you married me. You insisted on treating me as your heroic Stephen treats Dagvar. And I, not being Dagvar, wouldn't stand for it. And you think that you understand my reason—you think that you have explained me away for the world to laugh at in *Easy To Take.*

You are simply a damned fool of the most unpleasant variety. Your illusion of omniscience prevents you from awareness of your own asininity. But it is the motif of your whole being. It enables you to be scathingly ironical about all the values which everyone else holds, since nothing exists for you except your own piggish conception of the world as a supplement to yourself.

You are no more human in your writing than in your life. You are an animal, a rather disgusting animal, and an animal with a bunch of stock intellectual tricks. You are sensitive to nothing but flesh and catch-phrases. Your book has the same shallow pretenses of feeling you parade every day. You have only a body and an imitative intellect; you have no human feeling at all. Yours is the worst of all superficiality—the assured superficiality of smart statements of things which simply are not true. I am happy to be rid of you. I felt that you were a nasty brute, and your book verifies my feeling beyond all doubt.

How did your father receive your book? You know, I liked him. He didn't think much of me, but that was natural—and perhaps he was right. Still, I enjoyed those three days with your father and mother last Christmas more than any others of our blessedly brief married life. Some day I'm going to visit your parents again. I would go at Christmas, except that you will probably be there. Will you take that little slut, Jane, whom I hear you are keeping? Don't think I am jealous—but of course you will. She's good enough for you.

Why have I written all this to you? Certainly not in the hope of puncturing your impregnable ego. Perhaps it is just for the satisfaction of telling you that you never understood me at all, nor will you ever know the real reason why I left you. Your own blindness will prevent you from ever seeing it. You have missed every high and splendid possibility in your life, and you are degenerating more rapidly than you know.

I am doing nicely at the studio. I shall not ask you for alimony, now that you are rich, thank you just the same. I wish you the joy of your rotten book, the rotten money you get from it, your rotten woman, and your rotten life.

Quite sincerely,
Marian

New York, December 12
Darling Wonderful Dick,

I have just finished reading your terribly grand book, and I just must write at once to tell you how splendidly clever I think you are. And I am lonesome for you, too. It has been almost a week since you have seen your little Jane. Aren't you just a tiny bit lonesome for her?

But your splendid novel just awes me to nothing. Really, I don't know how you do it! How you do read us women, you naughty fellow! I shall always feel you know my innermost thoughts. You know so much, it just makes me wonder how you can ever stand little ignorant me. I can hardly believe that it is I whom the Famous Novelist, Richard Roberts, loves. You must always keep telling me it's true, or else I will begin to doubt it, because it is just too wonderful.

I don't see how you can think of such clever things for your characters to say. What a lot of deep ideas there are in *Easy To Take.* You are *so* original. And the style is just marvelous. Tiffany Thayer is not anyways nearly as good as you are. There is nobody like you in all the world—and to think that you love just me! I am awfully thrilled about your book,

Continued at top of page 134

In a hundred thousand homes —
the movie camera tells this precious story

"JUNE: *Three months old — and already he knows his daddy. Goes to him every time . . .*

AUGUST: *Sat up all by himself today—but fell over trying to reach his own toes. Gets cunninger every minute . . .*

SEPTEMBER: *Beginning to creep now. Creeps a little, then looks around to see if I'm admiring him. The darling! . . .*

DECEMBER: *His first Christmas. Played with his new Teddy Bear. Fell asleep holding it in his arms."*

WORDS TELL SO LITTLE. To tell the real story—so precious in every home—what can compare with a home movie camera? What else can bring back the actual moving, breathing, laughing baby—show him at every fascinating stage of his development?

Thousands of fathers and mothers are taking home movies of their children today. Such a record is absorbingly interesting to make at the time—and, in later years, becomes a treasure beyond all price.

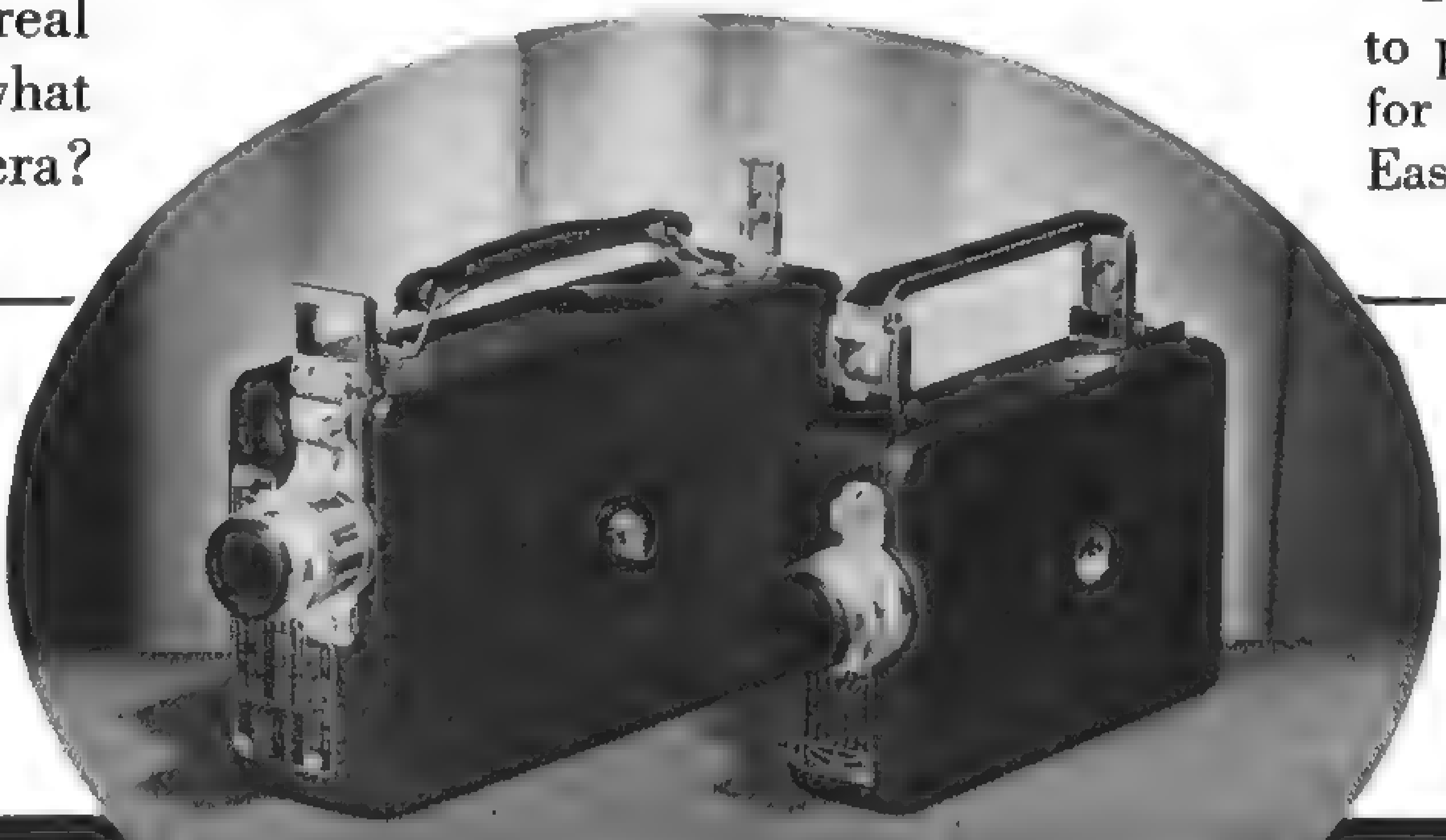
Eastman's two finest home movie cameras —Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it easy and simple for anyone to make home movies.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME

And now you can get the thing you've longed for as the sheer perfection of picture taking—movies in full, natural color. These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full, vivid color—just load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful new color film. No fuss, no extra equipment, simple to take as black-and-white.

Drop in at your dealer's today—he will be glad to put both these cameras through their paces for you. He has some great reels to show you . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100-foot rolls of 16 mm. film. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including carrying case, $100. A new low price.



MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover, and you're ready to shoot. You can switch films any time—the magazine keeps out the light. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

DON'T LET
THIS HAPPEN
TO YOU

"She loves me, she loves me not"

In the game of pulling petals from the flower, if it doesn't come out "happy ending," you can always toss the stem away, and pluck another posy.

But when the foliage falls from your head, it's a game of another rule. For hair once gone is gone forever, and you have the head for keeps.

Don't let this happen to you!

If dandruff litters your collar, if your hair is thinning at the temples and your comb gathers wool from your crown, if your hair is dry and brittle or too oily, use Kreml morning and night and call for it in the barber shop.

Kreml cleanses, refreshes, stimulates the scalp and growth of hair. Kreml removes every speck of dandruff, and its beneficial oils help maintain a normal oil balance of hair and scalp.

A wonderful dressing, Kreml lends a healthful luster to hair and keeps it obedient to the comb without giving it that greasy, plastered-down look. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure. Ask your druggist for Kreml Hair Tonic.

KREML *now greatly reduced in price*

REMOVES DANDRUFF · CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY · MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Portrait of an Artist

Continued from pages 69-132

and I just can't wait to talk to you about it. And to think that I am soon to be Mrs. Richard Roberts, wife of the Famous Novelist!

The apartment seems empty without you in it, Darling. Are you going to take me out to visit your folks on Christmas as you said? I would just love to go. I know I will adore your father and mother, and I hope that they will feel the same way about me. How proud they must be of your success!

I sit here writing at your desk, and all at once I think of how this is the very desk on which part of *Easy To Take* was written and I am positively thrilled. I am so happy for your success, and I just *know* the book will sell tremendously.

Now this is a very long letter for me to write, so do come back soon, because I am very lonesome without you, and your terrible old business in Florida ought to be out of the way by now. So I will say good-by now, my Famous Novelist. With lots and lots of love,

Your own,

Jane #

Rattlesnakes in the Bag

Continued from page 66

He had struck so fast that my eyes scarcely could follow his movement. I aimed the stick again and jabbed at his middle. He met the attack with all the force of his heavy coils and threw it off. I jabbed again and this time the scissors closed over the reptile's body. With all my strength I pulled on the rawhide and held it tight as a twisting, churning four-foot bundle of steel fibers was dragged into the open, then, carefully, inch by inch, into the collecting bag.

I got twenty-three snakes out of that gulch. One other was a Blacktail, and I had the good fortune to get a Tiger—even more rare than the Blacktail. The only trouble I had was with a bunch of Diamondbacks. I saw three of them on a ledge, sunning themselves. I had some difficulty getting on the ledge. I had to maneuver around from the side, slip around a projecting boulder. When I did this I found myself confronted, not by three snakes, but by five. The first one whirled to defend himself, but I caught him with my stick and he went sailing over the ledge. The four others coiled belligerently, and the warm Arizona air hummed with the weird, quadrick chorus of the rattles. Quickly I grabbed two more (one at a time, I don't want to brag) and golfed them out into space. The fourth squirmed away into a hole. The fifth was a huge fellow, about five feet long. I got him in the neck with the stick, but he got caught between some stones and I couldn't budge him. I had a bear by the tail. I worked my way around, then leaned over and one by one, very carefully, took the stones away. He followed the others. I went down into the creek bed below and caught all of them.

Well, here it was midday and I had a bunch of snakes, but I hated to go home. Why go home when there are so many snakes loose? It must be the call of the wild. Anyway, I decided to go on up to Madera Canyon, where a couple of boys at a CCC camp there had made a small collection of live snakes. When I got there only one of the lads was around, and he was in bed. And now, my friends, we come to what you have been waiting for. We come to a snake bite. The CCC boy, Jim Riedy, had it. He had it plenty. Here is what a snake bite is like:

He had seen a Green Rattler in the rim rock. A Green Rattler, if you have been following me, is rare. Jim's true collector's heart did a pitty-pat, as whose wouldn't? He put a stick across the snake's head to pick him up. Now who, I ask you—I mean Jim Riedy asks you—would expect to find two Green Rattlers in one month, let alone one day? It's just not natural. But Jim found two of them. It was easy. There was the one he had under his stick, and there was the one in the clump of grass right beside it. That makes two, doesn't it? Jim saw the second one just after it had bit him in the hand.

A sharp pain flashed all the way up his arm. First he ripped a piece from his shirt and made a tourniquet. He reached into his pocket and found a knife, with one blade purposely kept sharp as a razor. He slashed, twice, once across each little hole. While the blood was running out he thought of the snakes. There they sat, watching him and grinning (I put in that last). Jim took time out to club both of them to death before he got all bitten up—and besides, his collector's instinct was still working.

He walked back to camp, sucking at the two knife slits all the way, watching the tourniquet on his wrist so it kept tight, but not so tight as to completely stop the circulation. By the time he got to camp he was sick: just plain sick, all over. Pains were shooting up and down his arm. He was dizzy. He went in and flopped on a bunk and passed out cold.

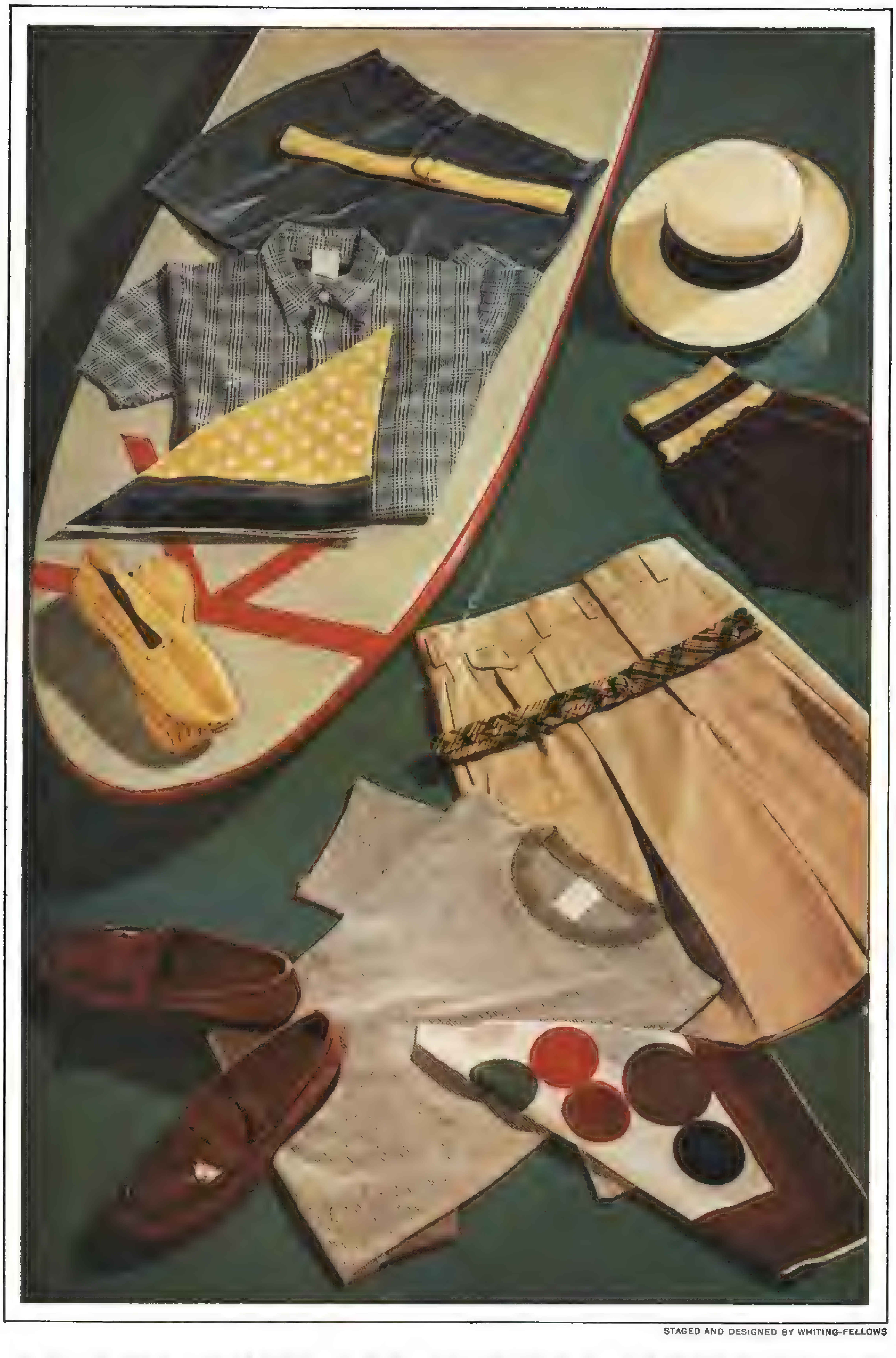
When his buddies brought him around he was exceedingly sick, and his arm was swollen up like a balloon and was every color from pink to purple. There was a suction outfit in camp and they used this, and put on a better tourniquet. They used the suction bulb all over the arm by making little cross cuts here and there. It took out poisoned blood. Then they took him to the hospital in Tucson and gave him some serum

Continued at top of page 137

By Jove!
I'll have
whiskey and . . .

White Rock
WATER

Notice at cocktail hour how many people are now calling for whiskey and White Rock. That's because it's not a sweet mixture, but a dry, keen-tasting drink . . . a real appetizer . . . on the alkaline side. Give your highball the benefit of a *mineral* water mixer. Call for whiskey and **White Rock**



STAGED AND DESIGNED BY WHITING-FELLOWS

RECOMMENDED FOR SUMMER SPORT USAGE

The background item in the upper left-hand corner, in case it confuses you, is nothing but a surf board, against which are displayed what we were told to describe as blue-grey gabardine shorts and a blue Glen plaid beach shirt but seem to have suffered a sea change (perhaps during the process of photographing and plate making) into something greenly strange. The belt is of woven yellow string and the polka dotted handkerchief is linen, oversized, to be worn as a neckerchief. The yellow espadrilles have rope soles. The band on the Jippi-Jappa hat is blue and pleated. The swim trunks are woven wool with elastic beltline. In the foreground shorts for beach and resort wear, of brown cotton, with a pleated belt of an India print fabric, closed with a ring buckle, a lightweight crew-necked woolen beach shirt with short sleeves, a linen neckerchief and Norwegian peasant leather slippers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Rattlesnakes in the Bag

Continued from pages 66-134

and the worst of it was over. They brought him back in five days, practically as good as new, and still a snake collector.

I was going to tell you about all the snakes I got that day. Well, I got the rest from Jim. Jim could walk, and we went down to his snake pit, where he had about twenty beauties. Most were Diamondbacks, but he had two Blacks, one Green, one Bleached Rattler, and one rare Spotted Rattler. I wanted some of them, and Jim said all right, he'd let me have what I wanted, but I'd have to help him milk one of the Diamondbacks. I said all right.

The Diamondback was a monster: nearly seven feet long and with a middle like a prize fighter's arm. He'd been in the pit for months, and Jim wanted to see how much venom he had in him. We got to work.

We got him out of the pit and I pinned his head with the stick. Jim held him while I grasped him just back of the jaws with my right hand. Then Jim released the head. The huge body began to thrash. I held on until the muscles of my arm ached. The rattler opened his mouth and worked the fangs back and forth in every effort to reach my fingers. My knuckles were white and my arm hurt and perspiration dribbled down my forehead. I may as well pause at this point to tell all non-collectors that the only thing to do in a case like this is to hang on. You hang on whether you can or not. Even when your muscles are completely gone, you hang on. To let go is bad luck.

At last he quieted down a bit and Jim handed me the collecting jar: a small glass with a rubber membrane stretched across the top. I held it in front of the snake's mouth and he snapped his two great fangs through the rubber. Two streams of amber venom spurted into the jar. Then I milked the snake. Ever milk a snake? Oh, it's a picnic. With your thumb and forefinger you massage the two large muscles of the upper jaws, forcing out the rest of the venom. Milking a snake is easier than milking a cow. It doesn't take so long.

We got about three cubic centimeters of swell, amber venom. A very pretty sight, enough to warm the cockles of the snake collector's heart.

I got the Green, the Bleached, the Spotted, and one of the Blacks from Jim. He let me have them cheap. I'm beginning to doubt Jim. I bet he's thinking of going out of the business. Some people just don't know beauty when they see it. #

One-Eyed Jacks Wild

Continued from page 65

"there was another home plate on second base, think how many more home runs would be hit!"

"Oh, Mr. Hornblower!" she shrieked. "You think of the *funniest* things."

"Or if," mused our president, "the goals were only fifty yards apart in football, think how many touchdowns!"

These observations established him as a wit, and the two young women giggled appreciatively while awaiting a new *bon mot.*

On the next draw he stood pat and raised with such an air of authority that nobody cared to see him. Whereupon he received another severe moral shock as Miss Gotz took the liberty of turning over his discarded hand. "Why, you didn't have a single pair," she murmured reproachfully, "and I laid down three kings!"

The two young women agreed that feminine intuition could nearly always detect a man when he was bluffing. And besides, Miss Gotz said, it seemed selfish and secretive for the winner not to show his cards when everybody was so curious.

Here Mr. Brubaker complained that in two hands he had drawn nothing higher than a full house; as a remedy he suggested that one-eyed jacks also be made wild, in addition to the deuces and joker. Our president glared pointedly at him but was voted down in the chorus of approval.

In my description of these first few deals, gentlemen, I have tried to give you some faint idea of the mental anguish to which Mr. Hornblower was subjected all the rest of the evening. His self-control during the next two hours will always remain a miracle to me. For he did not explode even when Mr. Brubaker, who smelled objectionably of the tonics and lotions he purveyed, remarked with a patronizing air, "Once you catch on to our kind of poker, I'm sure you'll never want to go back to the old-fashioned way—"

But Miss Gotz interrupted, "Why, Mr. Hornblower! You've bitten your cigar in two and it's burning my new Oriental rug."

It was already dawning upon me that something unpleasant was about to happen, so I submitted that the game come to an end after another deal around the table. This ruse would doubtless have succeeded except for the next climactic deal. There was something electric in the very atmosphere as Mr. Brubaker opened for the limit and the rest of us stayed after spirited tilting. The mahogany was well decorated with dimes and quarters before the draw.

Mr. Brubaker, who drew two, led off by betting a quarter. Miss Eisenkorn quickly raised on a four-card draw. Our president, standing pat, raised in his turn; while Miss Gotz, after having taken three cards, likewise sweetened the pot. It would have cost

Continued on page 138

BRIGHT SPOT IN THE RAIN

GALECOAT
BY ALLIGATOR
Galecloth, an exclusive Alligator fabric that looks like a perfectly tailored, fine worsted, yet is lightweight, windproof and water repellent. Here is the popular double breasted, belted model with convertible collar, **$15.75** and **$18.50.**

Same model in an
ALLIGATOR
RAINCOAT
Guaranteed waterproof, dustproof and windproof by Alligator's exclusive process in which no rubber is used. At all better stores, **$5.75** to **$15.75.**

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Wembley
Presents
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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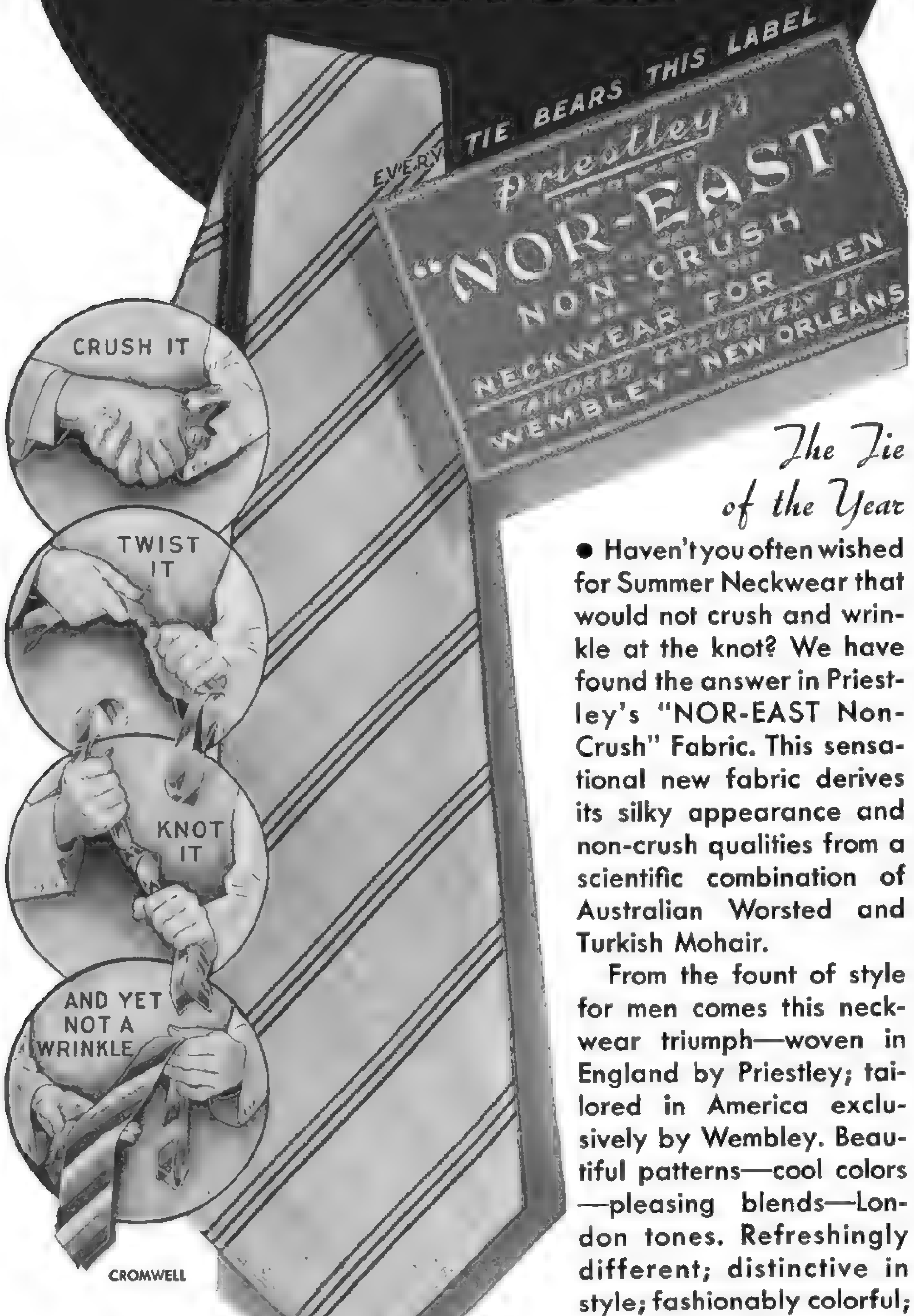

The Tie of the Year

● Haven't you often wished for Summer Neckwear that would not crush and wrinkle at the knot? We have found the answer in Priestley's "NOR-EAST Non-Crush" Fabric. This sensational new fabric derives its silky appearance and non-crush qualities from a scientific combination of Australian Worsted and Turkish Mohair.

From the fount of style for men comes this neckwear triumph—woven in England by Priestley; tailored in America exclusively by Wembley. Beautiful patterns—cool colors—pleasing blends—London tones. Refreshingly different; distinctive in style; fashionably colorful; correct for the season. Hard to muss, easy to clean.

ONE DOLLAR

"NOR-EAST"*
NON-CRUSH* TIES

*·REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WEST SURREY
WINDEMERE
DONNYBROOK
STANBOROUGH
WENSLEYDALE

One-Eyed Jacks Wild

Continued from pages 65-137

me a dollar to stay, and I did not deem a mere straight worthy of the investment in a deuces-wild game.

No such inhibitions troubled the other contestants and a battle royal now began. Like a merry-go-round playing its monotonous tune, the refrain circled the table, "It's boosted again!" or "Up another quarter!" Nobody hesitated, except for making change, and gradually the coins gave way to dollar bills.

After a dozen times around, without a hint of weakening, the limit was extended to a dollar on Mr. Brubaker's suggestion. And still the betting continued in the same spirit of confidence! It was plain that each thought his hand too high to be topped; and a small, crumpled pile of five-dollar bills soon appeared in the pot.

At last, out of sheer weariness rather than uncertainty, the moment came when all four tacitly consented to call. There was that usual tense, awkward silence while each player eyed the pot and waited for the others to show. Then for the first time our president relaxed the frozen immobility of his features. An awed expression came over his face as slowly, very tenderly, he turned them up—the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs!

As might be expected, gentlemen, he was overwhelmed by memories while gazing down at this first royal flush of his life. It would have been only fitting if the rest of us had tiptoed out of the room, leaving him with his reveries, but the silence was shattered by Miss Eisenkorn's shrill, excited voice.

"I, too, have a royal flush!" she cried. And she exposed to view the king, queen and ten of hearts plus a pair of deuces.

After a stunned pause Miss Gotz appeared to take umbrage from these rival claims. "I must say!" she exclaimed icily, laying down the jack and ten of diamonds backed up by a deuce, the joker and a one-eyed jack. She looked daggers at all of us. "How about *my* royal flush?" she demanded.

At this juncture Mr. Brubaker began to laugh. For such a dapper little man he had an astoundingly loud guffaw, and I noted that our president's ears were turning red from suppressed emotion. It was some time before Mr. Brubaker was able to speak, but at last he wiped his eyes and stood up to ease his aching sides. "Folks," he said, not seeming to sense the hostile atmosphere, "I've got you all beat."

He reached for the pot as he threw down three aces, a deuce and a one-eyed jack. "See these!" he gloated. "*I've got five aces!*"

And now, gentlemen, came the climax which the newspapers have chosen to misrepresent in such a sensational fashion. But if there is a single poker player on the jury which decides Miss Gotz's heart-balm suit, I am sure she will not receive one cent of the $200,000 she is asking.

Considering that our president is a trifle overweight, he went into action with surprising alacrity. Like a mastiff pouncing upon a Pekingese, he grasped Mr. Brubaker by the collar and shook him until coins and bills flew in every direction. Then almost in the same motion, he gave Mr. Brubaker an emphatic push which sent him rebounding from the table into Miss Gotz's lap.

The two young women screamed for help, but our president paid not the slightest heed to the pandemonium. In the most careful and methodical fashion he began transferring the money from the jackpot into his coat pocket. When the table was bare he got down on his hands and knees to pick up his rightful winnings from the floor. Justice having been done, he glared a moment at his panic-stricken audience before finding his voice.

"You are all three of you," he said at last, "a lot of one-eyed jacks." There was a pause in which the dropping of a pin would have sounded like a brass band. "You are one-eyed jacks," he repeated, "pretending to be straight flushes." Another long pause followed while these words were allowed to sink in. "And so," he concluded, glancing earnestly at Miss Gotz, "you can take your roadster and your bungalow and you can—"

But it scarcely behooves me, gentlemen, to repeat impolite sentiments uttered under extreme emotional stress. As you know, our president is the soul of chivalry toward the fair sex, and only such an exceptional provocation as five aces could ever have caused him to forget himself. Indeed, he began to feel reactions from his high blood pressure on the way home, and I felt it prudent to summon medical advice.

As a result the doctor has ordered that Mr. Hornblower recuperate for several weeks during the period of this regrettable publicity. Meanwhile he will be very busy conferring with his lawyers, and it becomes our duty to maintain the sales up to their usual high standard. I am confident, gentlemen, that I can depend upon you to fulfill the solemn trust and responsibility.

I feel confident, furthermore, that you will all wish to join me in offering our president some token, some memento, to express our loyalty in this hour of trial. With such a possibility in view, I fortunately retained enough presence of mind at the bungalow to rescue our president's last five cards, which you see here wrapped in cellophane. For what, gentlemen, could be more befitting than a handsome silver frame, engraved with the date, in commemoration of our president's royal flush?

VAT 69

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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THE PERFECT SUMMER HIGHBALL

Better Taste — and Milder, too.
That's why, in every clime,
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by
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PARIS
Smart
Cool
Comfortable

● Gentlemen, keep cool and look the part. Enjoy these new "Tropix" Paris Garters styled for summer comfort. Your legs won't know they're on . . . but your smooth sox will look better and feel better, too. Unwrinkled sox are cooler!

To summarize...be summer-wise.

Get several pair...prolong their wear by daily change. Your cool, comfortable new "Tropix" Paris Garters in a variety of smart, summery colors at your dealer's . . . now. Comfortably priced . . . Most styles, 50c. Others to $1.

Styled by the makers of "Tropix" Paris Suspenders and Sport Belts

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Not So Soft Ball

Continued from page 73

eighteen teams used about fourteen different sets of rules. With some difficulty, a code was worked out for use in the tournament, which was won by a Chicago team. With the games finally out of the way, the managers decided to do something about standardizing rules of play, and so was born the Amateur Softball Association.

Now through its efforts about ninety-five per cent of the country's teams use the same rules—the product of a body known as the Official Softball Rules Committee, which meets annually with representatives from the Amateur Softball Association, the Y. M. C. A., the National Recreation Association and other groups sponsoring the game.

Principal dissenters are the teams sponsored by George Sisler, famous one-time major league star, who has reputedly made a fortune out of the game—probably the only man to cash in on the popularity aside from the manufacturers of sporting goods. George built a number of lighted parks in St. Louis, where through the hot summer nights he plays before big crowds.

His organization is known as the American Softball Association and has made some headway in several states, although its strength is principally in and around St. Louis. The rules of this group differ in some respects, principally in making the pitching distance only thirty-five feet. The pitchers like it! California also plays slightly different rules, using a ball thirteen inches in circumference.

The big show of softball has been conducted annually in Chicago since the tiny beginning at the World's Fair. Last year the event, now bearing the all-comprehensive title of "world's championship," was staged at Soldier Field, scene of the Dempsey-Tunney fight and many historic football games. Paradoxically the tournament was scheduled for three days, lasted for five and was run off in two. Rain was responsible for the topsy-turvy condition. A downpour the first two days, Saturday and Sunday, gave the sponsors a headache and caused the condensation of play into two days, which was increased to a third by another visitation from old Jupe Pluve.

The team representing Kodak Park, Rochester, New York, won the men's championship. A group of young ladies from Cleveland, sponsored by the National Screw and Manufacturing Company, took the women's title. Seventy teams in all competed, covering the nation from California to Massachusetts and from North Dakota to Texas. For a sport which has been formally organized for only three or four years, it was something to make athletic leaders rub their eyes in amazement, especially since the seventy teams in the championship tournament represented only the survivors of more than 50,000 which took part in preliminary play in their respective areas in order to qualify.

More than 100,000 words of telegraphic copy were sent from Soldier Field during the tournament, with numerous home towns broadcasting play-by-play reports when their representatives were in action. A coast-to-coast hookup was scheduled for the championship game, but that was washed out by the rain.

Softball seems to have caught on to such a surprising extent for several reasons. It is easy to play, despite the difficulty of hitting some of the good pitchers. Equipment is inexpensive as compared to baseball. Most important of all, especially in large cities, it requires a playing space about half the size of that needed for baseball.

The game also is rapidly developing its heroes, its colorful stars. Everyone in the sport, and many out of it, have heard of Matt Ruppert, who probably has pitched a hundred no-hit games, and has struck out every opposing batter on numerous occasions. Last Summer, in Chicago, he topped his record with a game against a leading Negro semi-pro baseball team in which only he and a catcher were in the field for his side. One opponent hit the ball, which was a home run since there were no fielders to catch it, but the rest struck out. The softball players, who took their turn at bat as usual, won the game.

"Windmill" Watson, of Phoenix, Arizona, is another celebrity of the sport. His forte is a peculiar type of pitching in which his arm spins round and round, sometimes speeding the ball plateward on the first turn, sometimes on the third. Crowds love to watch him.

"Shifty" Gears, a bespectacled youngster who screws himself into a knot before he lets go, is another of the celebrities of the game. He works in the Kodak Company plant at Rochester, New York, and pitched its team to the world's championship in Chicago last summer.

"Cannonball" Baily, a veteran Cincinnati twirler whose nickname describes his style; Harry "Coon" Rosen of Chicago, who pitched two games at St. Louis last year, allowed one hit and lost both; "Sox" Wainwright, a 46-year-old Cincinnati veteran; Harry Eggleston of Toronto, Ontario, who hurled two consecutive no-hit contests in the 1936 world's championship meet—these are some of the names now known throughout the land to the followers of the sport.

The major leagues, who are gradually turning toward night baseball, began to take the nocturnal pastime seriously when they saw the success of arc-lighted softball parks. George Sisler's

Continued on page 143

New places, new faces
See them with Ethyl . . .

Over 100,000 gasoline dealers throughout the United States and Canada say: "Our best grade for summer driving is marked Ethyl because". . .

1 You get more anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline. That means a *cooler* running engine.

2 You save on oil as well as gas by preventing knock and overheating.

3 You get all-round quality that is *double-tested*—by the oil company and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corp.

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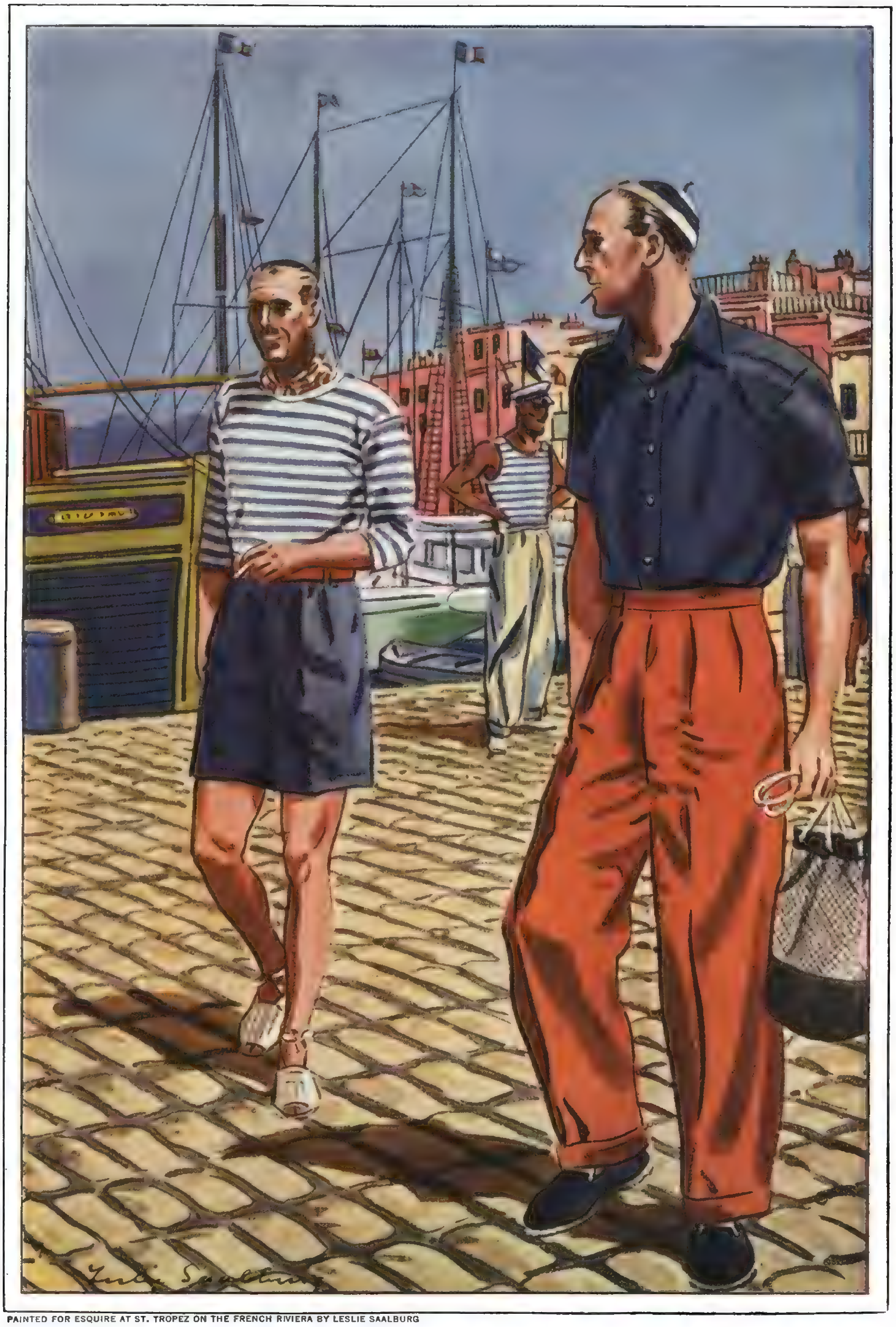

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT ST. TROPEZ ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA BY LESLIE SAALBURG

St. Tropez, a tiny fishing village on the Coté d'Azur is an international harbor where yachtsmen gather to watch artists paint, to pick up unusual beach clothing and to patronize the numerous outdoor cafés along this waterfront street where hundreds of yachts are lined up daily during the season. There are no hotels in this village.

PUTTING IN FOR POTABLES AT ST. TROPEZ

EVERYONE fishes or sails. There is no beach and no swimming. The clothes worn here are both more colorful and more informal than those worn at at any other Riviera resort. The costume on the left is typically French; the cotton basque shirt with crew neck and horizontal stripes is regulation in the French navy, the shorts are butcher blue linen with a wine color elastic belt, the colorful neckerchief is cotton and the sandals are twine with leather soles and heels. The other shirt is plain blue silk and linen, with sailcloth slacks in St. Tropez red, and canvas espadrilles with rope soles. The knitted blue and white skullcap, much smaller than the once popular beret, is another item that owes its origin to St. Tropez, where the villagers knit them. They are comfortable and keep the hair in place when sailing as well as affording protection from the sun. The French beach bag is for swimming clothes, etc.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Not So Soft Ball

Continued from pages 73-140

chain outdraws the two St. Louis major ball clubs by quite a margin over the period of a season, with the result that they're going in for night games this summer. Cincinnati, the first major league club to try the experiment, didn't need much convincing after that baseball team drew 500 fans one afternoon and a softball aggregation played before 5,000 the same night.

There are so many organized and unorganized teams in both the United States and Canada that it is almost an impossibility to estimate the full extent of the game's popularity.

However, here are some figures which should cause a bit of eye-opening, especially since they are about as official as one can obtain.

According to the annual report in *Recreation*, the organ of the National Recreation Association, 616 American cities in which there are recreation directors reported last year a total of 6,896 softball diamonds. From 329 cities which had some means of checking, the report showed 9,344,035 participants in the game—total, of course, and not individual. According to 162 cities, a total of 525 new softball diamonds were being built.

But wait—that isn't all! The WPA program has found in softball a splendid medium for its recreational and construction program, and the same report includes figures from this angle, which make the total even more amazing. In 189 other cities where recreation programs are conducted by the WPA, there are 800 softball diamonds. In 105 cities checking participants, the total reaches 800,217. And finally, 77 cities report that 245 new diamonds are being built.

Add them all together and you get this for the past year:

7,696 softball diamonds in 805 cities.

10,144,252 participants in 434 cities.

770 new diamonds being built in 239 cities.

These figures are verified by the annual census taken through the state commissioners of the Amateur Softball Association, which showed in 1935 a total of 92,545 organized teams and the astounding total of 1,850,900 games played in leagues and tournaments. Add to these the hundreds of thousands of unorganized players and their informal games—and you have a pastime whose recent growth has dwarfed anything in the history of American sports.

What effect is the game having on baseball? Strange as it may seem, it is generally felt that the widespread interest in softball is proving a help to baseball—or hardball, as they've begun to call it, for the sake of distinction.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, high commissioner of organized baseball, a couple of years ago was spotted by this reporter getting an eyeful of a softball game in Chicago. Asked about what was then being called "the softball menace," in his characteristic manner the Judge replied:

"Ridiculous! Anything that helps sports in general helps baseball. Softball draws crowds and makes sports fans. People don't sit around at home waiting for sports events to happen. They get educated into going to them —and whether it's softball, football or any other variety, if they draw crowds they make new fans and baseball gets its share."

That was three years ago. Since then the Judge hasn't said much about softball because it naturally has been taking its quota of boys who might otherwise play baseball, and many small towns which formerly supported baseball teams have turned to the softball game. But recently, with baseball picking up in interest, the hardball folk are inclined to give softball some credit.

Lew Fonseca, one of the American League missionaries who presents the League's motion picture before clubs, colleges and other groups, in one of his talks, admitted this much:

"Softball is interesting many boys in playing a game similar to baseball—batting, running and throwing. Naturally many of them later are turning to baseball. So far as their skill is concerned, they aren't harmed in the least. Some of them, in fact, are helped considerably, unless they've played softball too long and too much."

The game, by the way, isn't exclusively a masculine pastime. The girls also find it an ideal recreational sport—and some of the good feminine teams can show the men a few things about hitting a ball, fielding grounders and flies and tossing the pellet around. The shorter distance between bases makes it much easier for them—and the colorful silk and satin uniforms they wear make 'em a real magnet for spectators.

Illinois and Ohio so far lead the lady softballers, with the national championships divided between the two states during the past four years. Twice teams from Chicago have won the title and twice it has gone to representatives of Cleveland.

Another variety of softball is also gaining in popularity among older players, especially in the larger towns and cities. This variety is played on a smaller diamond—45-foot baselines—and with a larger ball, usually sixteen inches in circumference. Pitching must be at a moderate speed, which places the emphasis on fielding, rather than the twirling. The result is a game of action, with players making almost impossible stops and many sensational plays.

Baserunners in this game are allowed to take a lead off a base,

Continued at top of page 144

WHEN DOES A COLLINS SING
... WHEN IT'S A
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JOAN BENNETT, co-starring with Warner Baxter in **"Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."** Watch for this picture — the screen's first fun-and-fashion comedy in Technicolor — and see Joan's brilliant smile.

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A star's teeth are precious as jewels. Only a superb dentifrice gets the job of protecting and polishing them.

Many prominent Hollywood stars —following the advice of dentists— have chosen *powder* for brushing their teeth. But not just *any* powder. The Hollywood choice is the *safer, softer* powder—Calox.

Take a cue from Hollywood. Decide to change to Calox—today. Then —watch ugly stains disappear. Watch Calox bring up a high mirror gloss on your teeth.

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1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH. Five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients get to work!

2. DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT IS...DOUBLE SIFTED through 100-mesh screens. It *cannot* contain any grit or pumice.

3. RELEASES OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.

4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE by McKesson & Robbins who have supplied drugs to physicians since 1833.

Not So Soft Ball

Continued from pages 73-140-143

which they are not permitted to do in the fast-pitching variety. And thereby hangs a tale. In order to prevent runners from pilfering the sacks at random, the pitcher is not restricted by a balk rule as he is in baseball. In other words at any time during his windup he may stop and throw to a base. As a result, some of the hurlers have developed pitching motions which are as deceptive to the eye as a sleight-of-hand trick.

It seems that one pitcher in Chicago had developed his freak motion to the point where even he seldom knew where he was going to throw when a runner was on base. Finally came an important game. A batter reached first base with one out and the home team only one run ahead. The heavy slugger was at bat. Foul ball—strike one! Foul ball—strike two!

The big moment had arrived. The pitcher began his windup. Up and over, around and behind, here and there—and finally he let go. The batter took a toe-hold, a hefty swing and struck out. But the catcher never received the ball. The pitcher had thrown it to first base, and the runner there was doubled off to retire the side.

And then there's the companion classic about the fast-pitching contest where the pitcher was really fast. He was faster than that, as a matter of fact. He was terrific! Finally, in the last inning—it always happens in the last inning—with the winning run on third and two strikes on the batter, the pitcher decided to vary his style. So he threw a slow ball —one of those leisurely, indolent pitches which sort of deliberates on its way to the plate. Caught by surprise, the batter swung heavily and missed the ball, but the momentum of his terrific effort carried him completely around in a circle and on the second trip across the plate the bat connected with the slow pitch and drove the ball over the fence for a home run.

The pitcher naturally claimed that the man had struck out on his first swing and that what happened afterwards didn't matter. The other team insisted that he was still at bat and entitled to what he could get. The umpire went home. And they're still debating on what it should be called.

Truly, softball is a wonderful and amazing game! ╫

Assistance Flight

Continued from page 74

on that surface and survive.

Up until this point I had been hopeful for the success of our mission but now I knew that we were defeated. I had had too many years of Coast Guard flying experience to be misled by any motive of pride or overconfidence. When, after a short interval of searching, we had located the trawler, I dispatched a message to the base: "HAVE LOCATED TRAWLER HENLEY IN POSITION 41-38 N 67-30 W PERIOD IMPOSSIBLE TO LAND DUE TO SEA CONDITIONS PERIOD REQUEST YOU ADVISE HER TO PROCEED TO THE LEE OF MONOMOY POINT WHERE WE CAN CONTACT HER AND REMOVE SICK MAN FOR HOSPITALIZATION."

This alternative, while not by any means as helpful to the sick man as my original plan would have been, would still get him to a hospital at least five hours sooner than the ship could get him there. This interval might mean the saving of his life.

I circled the bobbing, spray-washed little vessel waiting for her to receive my circuitous message, which ironically enough, would have to travel three hundred miles or so to get to her. In a few minutes a figure emerged from the pilot house, nodded its head violently and waved in the direction of Monomoy Point. Apparently they had got my message and approved of the plan. I left the vessel and returned to Salem Air Station.

Due to the distance of the trawler from shore we were now afforded a good five-hour interval in which to thaw out the plane, change oil and spark plugs and otherwise check over the engine in the warm hangar of the air station, before departing to meet the vessel as we had planned.

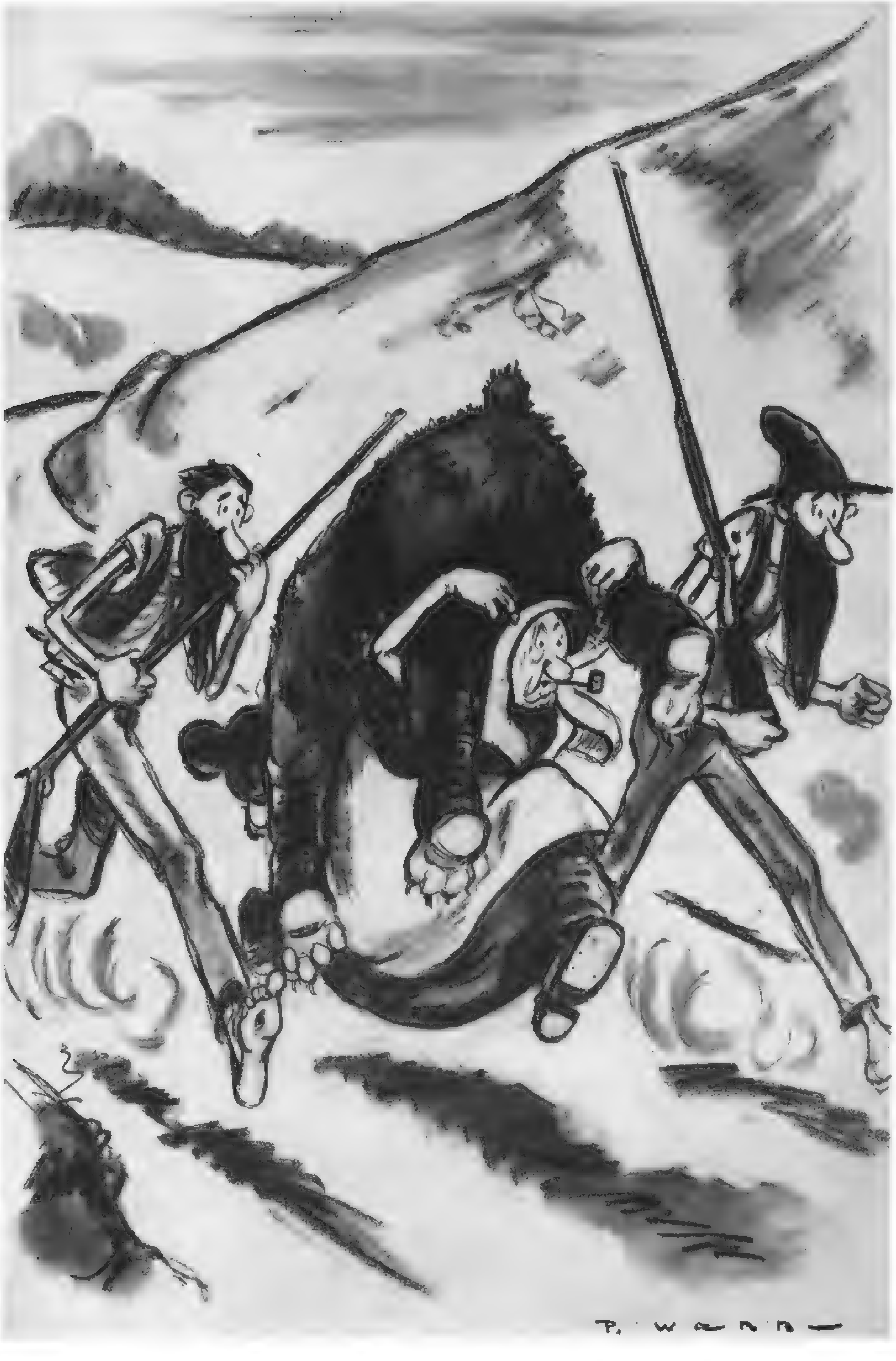
During this time the snow, which had continued unrelentingly since early morning, threatened to seal us in. A crew of men struggled with shovels and snow plows to free the hangar doors and keep a path across the apron open for our plane.

When the time came for our departure the visibility had been reduced to scarcely more than five hundred feet. This time I called for volunteers to make the flight. There was no dearth of them. One young man, I afterward learned, actually paid another for his place in the plane. From the list of volunteers I chose three of the more experienced hands, one radio man and two mechanics, and set out again. The take-off was virtually a blind one due to the driving snow and salt spray that froze on the cabin windows as soon as we had begun to surge ahead.

The run to Monomoy was comparatively uneventful, there being water beneath us nearly all the way, thus enabling us to remain sufficiently low to avoid penetrating the ceiling. Upon arrival at Monomoy we chose a good lee about a mile inside the point, landed, and anchored there to await the *Henley*.

This wait proved to be the most trying portion of our experience thus far. A man's life, we knew, depended upon his getting to a

Continued on page 146



"Ef they ain't willin' tew trade us tickets tew 'MOUNTAIN MUSIC' for this b'ar, Ah reckon we'll jest have tew shoot our way in."

Paramount brings you the first hill-billy swing opry, "MOUNTAIN MUSIC," with BOB (Bazooka) BURNS and MARTHA (Funnel Mouth) RAYE plus an extry special cast right off them Hollywood hills. Robert Florey directs.

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KEEP YOUR POISE With Y-FRONT Shorts
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FAMOUS Y-FRONT CONSTRUCTION
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SUPPORT FROM THE BELT

Your dealer has varied lengths for your selection

Obviously, a canoe is no place for squirming. But is there *any* place for squirming? If you squirm, you're *out*—of polite society, as well as a canoe. So don't.

If you've been uncomfortable because you buy your underwear to fit only at the waist, try the *streamlined* Coopers with the Y-Front. Then you'll be sure to include Y-Fronts in your vacation wardrobe. They give gentle support, yet absolute freedom for outdoor action—golfing, tennis, rowing, bicycling, sailing.

Look at the picture at the left. See *why* Y-Fronts eliminate squirming. See how they fit throughout. No excess material anywhere to bunch up when you sit down. That's streamlining! The masculinized Y-Front, an exclusive Coopers feature, gives comfortable and relaxing support. You can sit for hours in Y-Fronts—or play tennis or golf all day—or dance all evening—and never be conscious of your undergarments. That's *comfort.* No bunching, no binding, no buttons. Varied lengths: Jockey (illustrated), very brief; above the knee; knee; calf; and ankle. Shirts—sleeveless or short sleeve. The garment 50 cents and up at your favorite men's store.

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HOSIERY • SPORTSWEAR

Assistance Flight

Continued from pages 74-144

hospital and getting there quickly. So far we had failed him, and failure in a rescue mission is something for which a Coast Guardsman does not easily forgive himself, even though the blame might be due to circumstances beyond his control. We hadn't even the distraction afforded by hard work now—all we could do was to wait and curse the sluggishness of the trawler.

This state of mind left me unaware of a change that was taking place. The snow suddenly ceased falling and, almost as abruptly, the easterly wind which had kept our plane tugging at its mooring line, slackened and died out. Our strut thermometer began to rise. I opened the cabin hatch to find out what this all meant—it soon became apparent. A breeze, coming gently at first, wandered in desultory fashion across the bay, then straightened itself out along a path from the south. On its heels rolled huge patches of dense fog, blotting out everything along their course. Coming in an ever-tightening mass, they swallowed up the shore line of Nantucket Island, Monomoy Point, the bay, and our plane. I slammed the hatch in disgust.

"Collect the weather from every station south of Cape Cod Canal," I told the radio man, "and ask the base to find out where the *Henley* is."

There was a chance, though remote, that this fog condition was only a local one, and would pass off with a change in wind or temperature. If the radio report should contain such encouraging information, and the *Henley* were not too far away, we could effect transfer of the sick man during an interval of clearing and get away before another snow storm descended upon us.

I watched the operator's practiced hand click off the message I had dictated to him and felt glad for this contact with the outside world. His message finished, he tuned his receiving set, took up his log book and pencil, and stood by for an answer. Presently he began to scribble. I watched the page over his shoulder. "THE TRAWLER HENLEY SAYS SHE HAS ROUNDED MONOMOY POINT AND IS ABOUT TO ANCHOR PERIOD IS UNCERTAIN OF HER POSITION DUE TO DENSE FOG—"

A sudden rattle so close at hand that it seemed to come from our wing tip, startled everyone in the plane. The *Henley*! She must have missed running us down by feet! There was still danger that she would collide with us when she began swinging on her anchor chain. We opened the hatch and yelled at the top of our lungs—a really useless measure, because in that blind fog there was little the *Henley* could do but hope she would swing in the right direction. We could hear the voices of the men shouting on her decks and the noise of the chain slithering in the hawse pipe, but were unable to get so much as a glimpse of the vessel.

"Whew!" sighed one of the mechanics, after a few minutes of breathless waiting. "That was close—guess she's brought-to now though."

"A swell wind-up to this job *that* would have been!" agreed the radio man. "The trawler'd a been rescuin' some of us, instead of us them!"

He stepped back to his set and put on his ear phones again.

"Continue collecting your weather," I reminded him, unnecessarily.

The excitement over, we settled down again to our dismal imprisonment. The impenetrable fog seemed likely to hold us captives indefinitely—surely would as long as the wind continued from the southward. We might remain glued to this spot for hours, throughout the night even, powerless to assist the unfortunate whose life depended upon us. I began to weigh our chances of getting off the water—presupposing the possibility of getting the sick man on board our plane. In that blind take-off we might collide with a buoy or a vessel at anchor—even hook a wing against a wave and capsize. If we should be lucky enough to get into the air, my flying instruments would not be sufficiently up to speed to be relied upon. No! It was out of the question—unfair to my crew, unfair to the sick man himself, to expose them to those hazards!

I glanced at my watch—it was half-past two. We couldn't hope for more than an hour and a half of remaining daylight.

I was startled in the middle of this dismal contemplation by a loud halloo from the direction of our wing tip. The sight that greeted my gaze filled me with a mixture of amazement and consternation. A small grey pulling boat lay drifting just forward of our right wing. Two men sat on the thwarts, their oar blades lifted clear of the water. Another man in fishing togs stood in the stern sheets with a long steering oar propped under his arm pit. A figure wrapped in blankets lay on the bottom boards at his feet.

"Here's yoor sick man!" he announced blandly, "Vere do you vant us to come along side?"

"My God, man!" I yelled when I had recovered from the surprise, "we can't get off in this fog—take that man back on board your ship before he dies from exposure! Wait a minute—can you find your way back?"

"Yah, ve can do dot, olright," he answered. "Ve trailed a line from our stern. Ve're only vun hundred ya'ds off yoor quarter, anyvay."

"Listen," I said, "tell your skipper to take this man on into Vineyard Haven or New Bedford himself. We might be held here all night!"

"Oh no, he vouldn't do dot," he returned. "Ve couldn't go up dot channel in vedder like dis."

"For Christ's *sake!*" I was too exasperated to appreciate the compliment. "Well, take him back anyway—he's better off in his bunk than on board this freezing plane. Don't lose any time!"

"Olright." He waved, and began taking up the slack of his trailing line. In a few seconds the boat had disappeared in the fog.

"There's a northeast storm warning out, sir," announced the radio man. "It's hit Eastport, Maine already. They expect it around Boston in a couple of hours."

"Northeast wind—that'll clear this fog out in a hurry! Radio the base and have them tell the trawler to send the sick man back to us the minute it clears. In the meantime we'll try to shout those instructions to them ourselves—but I don't suppose we can make ourselves understood."

Almost before I had finished talking we could feel the change taking place. The plane began to heel gently and to swing on her anchor chain. The fog thinned slowly at first, then more hurriedly as the wind increased. First, the trawler took shape off our starboard quarter, then the visibility increased so that we could make out the dim outlines of Nantucket Island, but the ceiling did not rise to more than a thousand feet.

Within thirty minutes after the shift had begun the trawler's dory was alongside our plane again. Its hapless burden was lifted over the plane's bow and passed through the forward hatch to the main compartment where a stretcher, lashed securely to the side frames, was made ready to receive it. The anchor was hoisted, the motors started and the plane taxied in circles to bring the engine oil and cylinder heads up to running temperature.

There was no time to lose—the temperature was falling and the wind increasing, and while the air was clear enough now for flight, there was no assurance that it would remain so. A northeast storm was due to strike in scarcely more than an hour. We couldn't weather it in our present location, nor could we afford to encounter it en route to Boston. Our one hope was to reach the safety of a hangar at Boston or Salem before it struck.

I taxied furiously around the bay in an attempt to warm the engines up to a point where they would be safe for flight. It soon became apparent that the temperature could not be attained as long as the plane remained on the water; the only course open to me then was to take to the air, and hope that we did not blow a cylinder head in the process.

As soon as we had cleared the water I throttled down to a point where the power was just sufficient to keep us in the air, and watched the oil pressure gauge with my fingers crossed. Happily, the pointer on that instrument, which had at first seemed glued to the upper limit of the dial, began to fluctuate and then descend. It was safe now to advance the throttles and climb.

Leveling off because of the inadequate ceiling, at an altitude much lower than I should have desired, I flew a northerly course over Chatham Roads and the desolate snow-covered southeast portion of the Cape into Cape Cod Bay. As we advanced toward the open water end of the bay I noticed a marked increase in the wind force; it whipped the water below us into a barred mass of spray streaks and set our plane scuttling across them like a bird blown to leeward. I headed for Boston Light Vessel, from which point I planned to stand either for Salem or Boston, as the conditions should dictate.

We had crossed the bay and were just gaining the shores of Scituate, when the gale struck us. Never before or since have I seen a blizzard of such fierceness. The snow traveled with such force that it seemed to be driven in lines like the spray points in a shower bath.

The visibility dropped to almost zero, and I was forced to descend practically to the water in order to retain a reference point. To resort to blind flying in a wind of that strength would have been a fatal error. I crept as close to land as I dared and tried following the tortuous shoreline toward Boston. Wharves and shacks on the beach grazed my wing tip, and often I was forced to jerk the plane's nose into the air to avoid striking abrupt rises in the land contour or promontories along the shore. The venturies iced over within a few moments after the snow struck us, and I thanked Heaven that I had not tried to fly by instruments. After passing Nantasket, the shoreline took on such a writhing, twisting, senseless configuration that skirting it became next to an impossibility. To have landed in that boiling sea, however, would have meant certain destruction—we could only continue as we had been, and look for a sheltered spot of some kind.

With scarcely fifty feet of altitude, I flew in the general direction of Boston Harbor, keeping the land on my left side as well as I could. Straining our eyes in an attempt to penetrate the maze of swirling snow, a mechanic and I each covered the limited sectors afforded by our side windows. Often the land swung so suddenly in front of our path that I was forced to pull up into a violent chandelle to avoid crossing over it; at such times all view of the water or any other reference point, was lost, and with my instruments gone, I was mortally afraid of losing control and spinning into

Continued on page 148

Tops in Smart Straws

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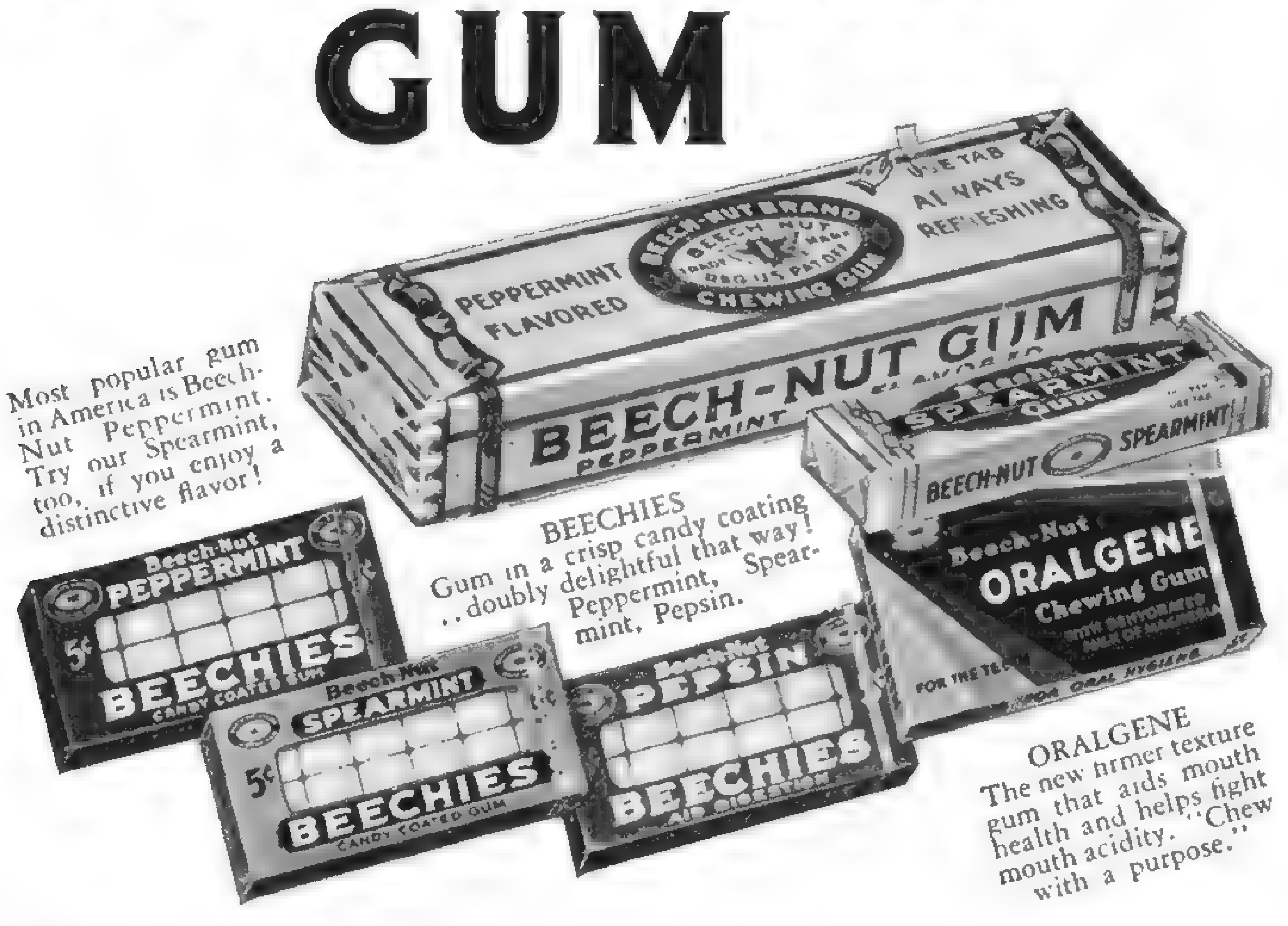
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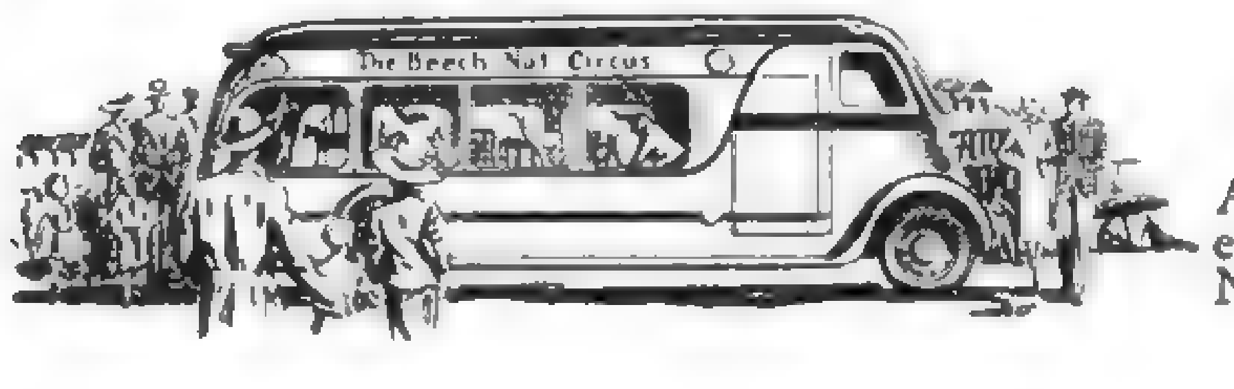

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Assistance Flight

Continued from pages 74-144-147

the water. In each case I made these turns into the wind to avoid being swept with it over the land and possibly dashed against a tree or tower. The nervous strain brought sweat to my forehead in spite of the cold.

Suddenly my mechanic yelled —I saw it almost at the same time—there just forward of our right wing—the sinister skeleton of a steel radio tower rushing to destroy us. I seized the only course open and kicked the ship into a steep flipper turn down wind. Trees, wires, and buildings rushed under our left wing tip with terrific speed. We had escaped death by a matter of a few feet, but our position now was scarcely less perilous. In the path of the wide circle we were making there might be any number of invisible objects to crash against. I tightened the flipper turn to the danger point. In that attitude my compass was next to useless and I could not guess whether to continue circling or to straighten out and run the chance of heading further inland. Suddenly there flashed under my wing tip an object so welcome that I almost shouted my relief—water—and apparently a fairly generous amount of it. I cut the throttles and glided down into what was evidently a narrow bay although its actual character could not be determined in the heavy snowfall.

It was clear, however, that we were too near a nasty looking lee shore to think of anchoring in the spot where we had landed. I pushed the throttles forward, intending to taxi out of this dangerous position and to see if I could locate the opposite shore. One of the engines responded—the other did not—and I glanced up to find that it was dead. A tug at the heat control lever told me what had happened—the carburetor air intake had become so choked with snow and ice that the engine could no longer get a combustible mixture. The remaining engine might follow it any time. I taxied ahead as best I could with this one-sided power, my chief thought being to get far enough away from that lee shore so that if our anchor should drag (and it surely would in that terrific wind) it might at least delay our piling up until help could arrive.

My one motor began to belch black smoke and run unevenly; I leaned out the mixture to help counteract for the shortage of air. I was having a bad time taxiing. I ordered a mechanic to stand by the anchor. Then I saw dim shapes ahead, which proved to be the weather shore. We were as far up wind now as we dared go. I ordered the anchor dropped, and throttled back the motor, intending to keep it running at idling speed as a safeguard against dragging. It died as soon as the revolutions had been reduced. Full scope of line was given to the anchor to aid its attempt to hold us against the gale. Obviously we were drifting toward the lee shore. A spare anchor was the only thing that could help us now; being towed to safety was out of the question for attempting it in that gale would have torn us to pieces. A small fishing craft passed by us headed for shelter. She was having too great a struggle of her own to permit her trying to help us. One of the figures that were huddled in the lee of her pilot house extended his arms in a gesture of apology.

As we had not yet learned the name of our location the radio man sent an amateur frequency broadcast, asking anyone who had seen or heard our plane circling low over the land or alighting on the water, to advise the Coast Guard division of our position immediately. This bit of ingenuity probably saved our lives for it brought help just as darkness was closing about us.

Seldom have I felt such gratitude as I did at the sight of that Coast Guard patrol boat emerging from the gloom; at hearing the reassuring voice of the boatswain-in-charge promising to carry out a spare anchor for us to prevent our being dashed to pieces on the rocky beach; at knowing that our patient would at last be taken safely ashore.

Two members of my crew who had been wet through by a breaking sea while handling the anchor I sent, protesting, on board the patrol boat, along with the patient. One mechanic remained with me to ride out the storm.

Throughout the night our plane strained at her mooring lines, rolled and pounded in the sea. Sometimes it seemed certain that she would break to pieces. Salt spray froze over her wings and fuselage, coating them with a thick layer of ice. The interior of the cabin became indescribably cold. Huddled in cramped positions underneath our blankets, we spent the night awaiting in apprehension the lurch that would tell us our plane had snapped her moorings.

In the early hours of morning the gale began to lose its force. By dawn the snow had ceased and the wind markedly diminished. Toward noon the wind and sea had moderated sufficiently to permit our being towed and a crew from the patrol boat set about weighing our anchors. In a short time we were on our way to Boston. At the foot of the ramp at Boston airport the patrol boat cast us loose, turning us over to the airport crew who towed us up the ramp and into the safety of a warm hangar.

While we were thawing ourselves out in the generous warmth of an old-fashioned coal stove, I received the gratifying news that our patient had been hospitalized and given a blood transfusion, in time to save his life. ⧺

Avoid Rancid Hair!

It's *so* unpleasant...*so* unnecessary

You can't wash your hair every day—as you do your face and hands—naturally it collects dirt. Naturally its excess oil turns "sour"—offends—while the natural acidity of perspiration gets in its destructive work. Men—women too—are subject to unpleasant, "Rancid Hair".

If you could smell your own head you'd know if you were an offender. Cleanse your hair regularly with Pinaud's Hair Tonic and play safe! There's nothing in it that is sticky, gummy or greasy. It *can't* seal in the stale oil, perspiration and dirt. It removes impurities, dandruff, dust and natural accumulations—and it destroys rancid odors. Use Pinaud's Hair Tonic daily for refreshing cleanliness, for perfect scalp and hair hygiene, and for finer appearance. Insist on the genuine.

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AVOID "RANCID HAIR"

PINAUD
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"I could go for you,

Old Fellow—

. . . if you had a Barbasol Face"

Naturally, women prefer the man who has a "Barbasol Face." (Try Barbasol for just two weeks, and the wonderful good it does your skin will tell you why.)

For the "Barbasol Face" is a youthful face with the skin kept soft and firm and youthful looking by the after-shaving benefits of Barbasol.

With Barbasol there's no brush, no lather, no rub-in. It's quicker—it's handier—and it leaves your face smooth, for Barbasol contains no harsh alkalis to dry your skin and hasten wrinkles.

Just ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. Use it for two solid weeks, and you'll see how the years slip away from your face—it's a cinch you'll never go back to old-fashioned shaving methods. Large size, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And for 15¢, 5 scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades.

For modern shaving
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub In
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

Punch and Duty

Continued from page 98

the cow evidently came from the wrong side of the hill or was the wrong vintage, but no alibis were accepted. Again champagne and Rhine wine and seltzer filled in the deficiencies of our culinary skill.

Steak cooked this way is the best week-end device that we know of, so it will bear repeating.

Get from your butcher his best cut of steak, at least two and one-half or three inches thick. Take a bag of medium coarse salt and moisten it until it will stick. Cover the steak with a quarter-inch layer of salt on both sides. Put several paper napkins on both sides to hold the salt firm. Put the steak in a strong grill with a long handle and place over a bed of charcoal or wood embers. Cook from eight to twelve minutes on a side, depending upon the heat of the fire. Take from the fire; the salt will fall away in one piece. Now put the steak on a board, cut down into thin filets, throw these into a pan of hot, melted butter. Have prepared half slices of bread, dip these into the butter on one side and serve the steak, a filet to each slice.

This can become a pleasant ritual along about sundown. Especially if there are several stooges among your guests who have never eaten steak prepared this way and are willing to flatter the cook. It goes well with beer, better with a dry gin drink of some sort. If you have guests in number, it is wise to make a large bowl or cup where everyone can dip in as the mood indicates. The simplest one I have ever tried is made as follows:

1 gallon dry white wine
  (foreign or domestic)
1 bottle of gin
1 cup of green tea
3 lemons sliced

This can be stepped up considerably by the addition of one cup of heavy rum or brandy.

There used to be a man who made a living doing these steaks for smokers and picnics. His port was Paterson, New Jersey. Done with all the flourishes, the steak should be preceded by plenty of scallions and radishes and followed by a broiled baby lamb chop, served as a sort of dessert. In Connecticut, it goes without saying, the affair is preceded by an afternoon of horseshoe pitching. It is often followed by a life class, the open season in that state for artists being from March to November. This can be more fun than it sounds. Just as everyone is a latent crooner, so everyone is an embryo artist. Get the most shapely girl in the group to don a bathing suit and pose. Allow ten-minute poses and award a bottle of champagne, rye, or Scotch for the one who makes the best drawing. If you can persuade the winner to share the prize, the contest becomes better as it goes on.

A new drink we picked up in the Caribbean is yours if you are of an adventurous spirit. The natives seem to relish it and live happily ever after. Get a coconut, bore out one of the eyes, and drain off the milk. Mix half milk and half Jamaica rum, ice, and fill with charged water.

Since you have the coconut you might as well try the native dish. I first came across it after the amazing trip up to Christophe's Citadel, three thousand feet on mule back, from Milot. If you have forgotten your history, Christophe was the black Emperor of Haiti who was the pattern for Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*. Christophe in the early 1800's built this impregnable palace to house ten thousand troops, to fight off the French. But no one came and he shot himself with a golden bullet.

When you get down from this trip, the natives await you with all sorts of things, avocados as big as melons for five cents apiece, native beer and a strange dish. I got the recipe and have tried it several times. It's great to try on week-end guests.

Sauté a few sliced onions, and one bud of garlic in butter until slightly brown. Meanwhile boil a pound of rice. Grate about one-fifth of your coconut. Get a large can of kidney beans (to avoid the necessity of long cooking). Add a peppercorn to the onions, then add the milk from the coconut. Then mix, rice, beans, grated coconut and sauce.

This goes excellently with a Reisling or dry white wine or any of the seasonal fruit cups.

Speaking of fruit cups, one of the simplest is made from any man's kitchen. Take whatever fruit you have on hand in season, one or two of each, such as peaches, strawberries, plums, raspberries. Wash the fruit, slice, put in a bowl with half a cup of sugar and one cup of brandy, or rye if no brandy is available. Let it stand over night and when ready to use pour into a gallon of chilled Chablis, Pouilly Fuisse or the best dry domestic white wine available.

The drink of the tropics, gin and tonic, is now happily available to the local citizens. To me it is the best summer drink in the whole list as a pickup on thirst quencher. A local firm writes in, after a recent complaint that only the British furnished tonic water and that at too high a price, that they have been making the water for years. Their trade, however, has been in the tropics, shipping a great deal of it to India. On account of the American Drug laws the product cannot be labeled a "tonic" but has to be called "quinine water." This mitigates somewhat against its local popularity. But try it and see if the equatorial folks are right. A heavy jigger of gin, juice of half a lime and a half bottle of quinine water.

Several worthy drinks for your files if you have not heard of them:

Continued at top of page 153

CASSIA FROM CHINA!

Once gift to an Emperor now a new thrill for your cocktails!

Only in the fertile valleys of China grows a tree whose bark yields a fabulous fragrance. Cassia! Marco Polo circumnavigated the globe to procure it as a gift to his king — and we do the same thing to give a new piquancy to your cocktails and tall gin drinks. Blended minutely into Dixie Belle Gin along with other exotic herbs and berries from romantic lands, cassia adds its bouquet to the gin with the international flavor. A world voyage for us — a world of enjoyment for you!

Continental Distilling Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dixie Belle
Sloe Gin
Continental Distilling Corp. Philadelphia, Pa.

Round the world

—TO BRING YOU BETTER GIN DRINKS

AMERICA — for golden, sun-ripened grain.

ENGLAND — for fragrant coriander root.

SPAIN — for thin, Seville orange peel.

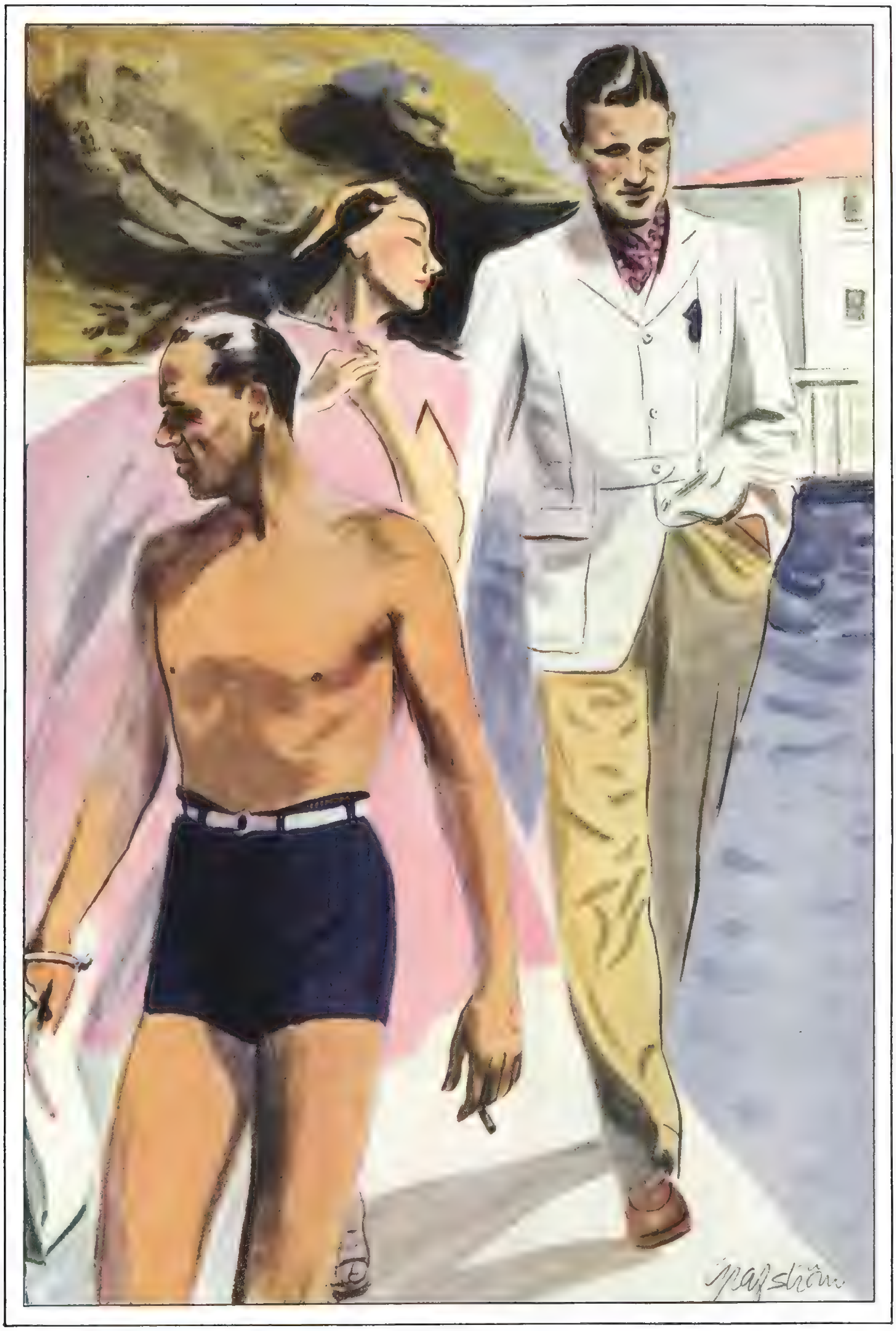
ITALY — for juniper berries and orris root.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA — for aromatic angelica.

CHINA — for the pungent cassia bark.

DIXIE BELLE *Gin*

THE GIN WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR



REVIVAL OF THE OLD-FASHIONED NORFOLK

The lightweight linen jacket pictured here is the old-fashioned Norfolk style with all-around belt, a model that has been kept alive during the past twenty years only in the shooting clothes of some of the crustier and more conservative country squires but that has lately been revived by fashion leaders for use in tropical fabrics for general knock-about resort wear. In this instance, the jacket is worn with a pair of pale yellow mohair crash beach slacks, Norwegian peasant slippers with leather sole and heel and a lightweight silk foulard handkerchief as muffler in lieu of shirt collar and tie. Mohair crash is an established fabric for beach slacks, but the pale yellow color is newly popular, as of this past winter resort season. In the foreground are the knitted ribbed swimming trunks that have gained an important acceptance in the past three years. The white belt has a small celluloid cinch buckle.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Punch and Duty

Continued from pages 98-150

East India Cocktail

1 teaspoon of curaçao
1 teaspoon pineapple syrup
1 jigger brandy
2 dashes Abbott's bitters

Stir with spoon, serve with cherry in cocktail glass.

Egg Lemonade

Fill your shaker half full chopped ice, add one fresh egg, one teaspoon sugar, juice of one lemon, one jigger of brandy. Shake well, strain into large glass and fill with soda.

Boston Fish House Punch

(For fifty people)

1 tumbler melted sugar
1 tumbler lime juice (or 1½ tumblers lemon juice)

Dissolve together, then add:

1½ bottles Jamaica rum
1 bottle of brandy
1 tumbler peach brandy
3 quarts of champagne

Chill with plenty of ice.

Sinclair Lewis's Favorite

One-third pint lime or lemon juice
¾ pound of sugar dissolved in water
Half a pint of cognac
¼ quart peach brandy
¼ pint Jamaica rum
2½ pints carbonated water

Add large piece of ice and serve from punch bowl.

Orange Cup

(For 12 people)

Juice of six oranges
2 pints carbonated water
Sweeten with sugar and put in punch bowl
16 ounces of rum
2 ounces of curaçao

Rum Ice Cream

Beat three eggs and add four tablespoons of sugar. Add one pint warm milk and boil the mixture. Allow to cool and add one-half pint cream and two tablespoons of rum. Stir well and freeze.

Empire Punch

(As served at Casino Bar, Dieppe)

In a large tumbler put three or four lumps of ice, then add:

1 teaspoon curaçao
1 teaspoon Benedictine
1 teaspoon brandy
1 wine glass of claret

Fill to top of glass with champagne, stir well, decorate with fruits.

The Flying Codonas

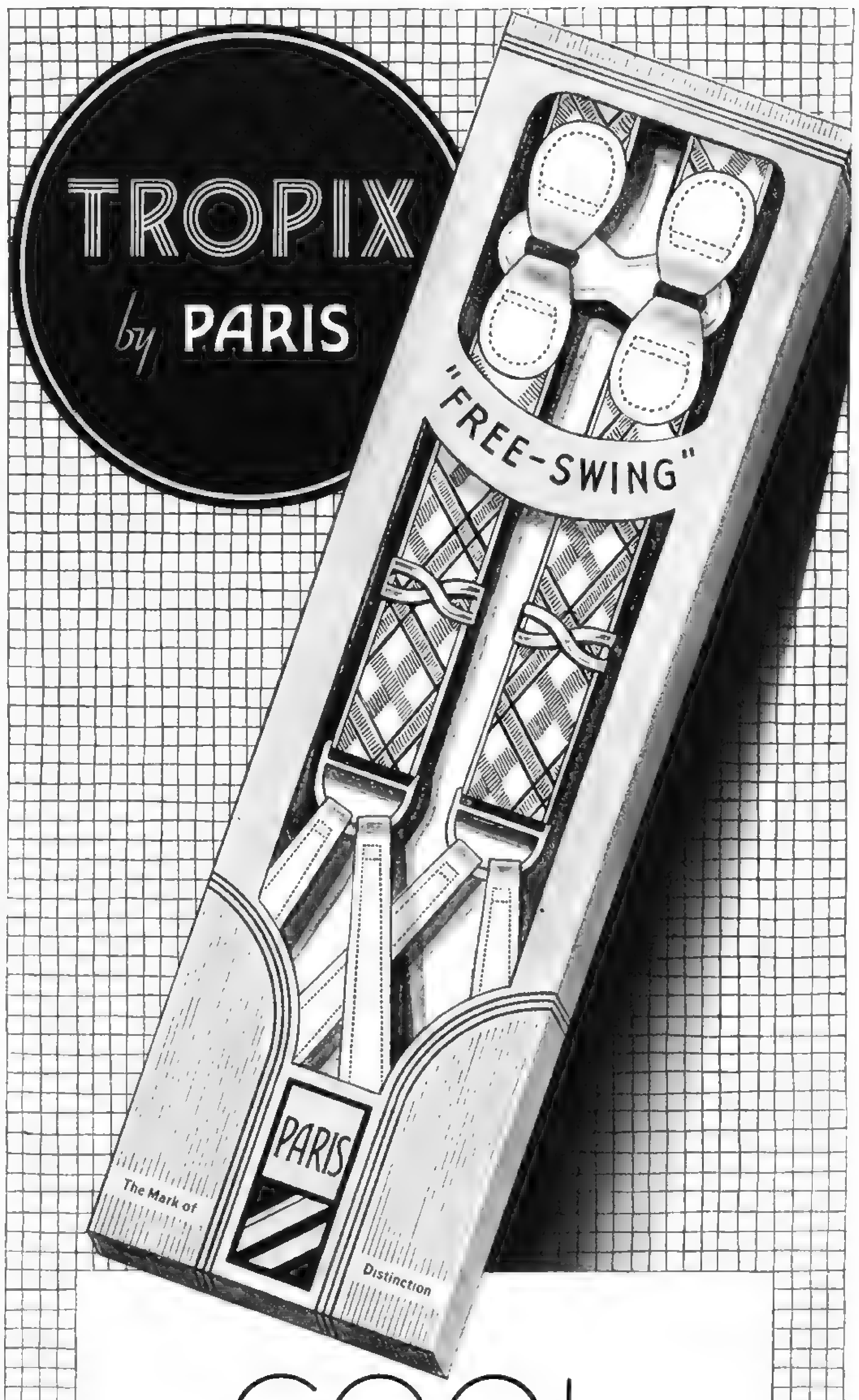
Continued from page 94

fredo went back to the circus: it was his living, his bread and butter, and besides he loved the life. Today the bad shoulder has removed him from the ranks of the active but he cannot divorce himself entirely from the show business, the smell of sawdust and tanbark, the nomadic life, and in one capacity or another he will travel along with the troupe, particularly since Vera Bruce, trapezist, now his wife, will be in the big top. It was with Vera Bruce, herself a child of a circus family, Singapore-born and convent-bred, once a bareback rider, that the brothers Alfredo and Lalo executed the aerial trick known as the "double pass." In this act Lalo, the *Fanger*, hangs from the bar by his knees, at the same time swinging the girl member of the act by the ankles. Alfredo, the *Fleiger*, swings from the other trapeze by his hands, as he does in his famous triple somersault. The trapezes swing toward each other until they are the proper distance apart and then Lalo releases the girl's ankles! She sails through the air to catch the bar of Alfredo's trapeze—for at the instant that she leaves Lalo's hands Alfredo shoots over the top of his trapeze and *above* the body of the girl. While he is passing above her she catches the bar of the trapeze he has just left and he hurtles toward Lalo who, having a split second ago let loose of the girl's ankles now seizes his brother's wrists and swings him to safety. There are less strenuous ways to earn a living but apparently not for these circus folk who accept it all as part of the day's work.

Has Alfredo Codona known the fear that an ordinary individual might experience attempting a dangerous feat? Alfredo nods and smiles. Fear is what makes the world have a wholesome respect for death. Yes, he has known fear. "Sometimes," he says, "I would lie awake at night and find myself thinking how we did our tricks. I would think: I swing so high, then I leap and turn my somersaults, one, two, three, and there I throw myself toward Lalo, waiting for the clasp of his wrists around my hands—I tell you the sweat would break out on me thinking of it. Supposing this—and supposing that—I tell you I was scared. And when I would think of our double pass in mid-air with Vera Bruce and myself in the air at the same time, one above the other—" He shrugs. "But we do not think of any of that when we get up there to do the act. Really we do not think of anything. We try to keep our minds clear, so that we may act quickly in any emergency. The tricks themselves must be done almost automatically. With a split second to go one has no time to stop and think in mid-air of what he should do next." He laughs a little as he thinks of it.

And well may he laugh. For he has known the circus, its sorrows and its joys for nearly forty years, having begun his training when he was no more than two years old. In Long Beach, where the Codonas now make their permanent home, Edward Codona, their father, used to display to friends the little clown suits that Lalo and Alfredo wore when they were toddlers and the smallest members of his troupe of performers. And there, declares Alfredo, lies the secret of success in aerial gymnastics: Be born in it. Does heredity contribute a timing sense and a capacity for accomplishing the difficult? Alfredo scoffs at the idea. Purely training and environment, he insists. A child born to circus people, as he was, becomes accustomed to the life. He learns to walk on his hands or to stand on his head sooner than he does to walk on his feet. While his

Continued on page 154



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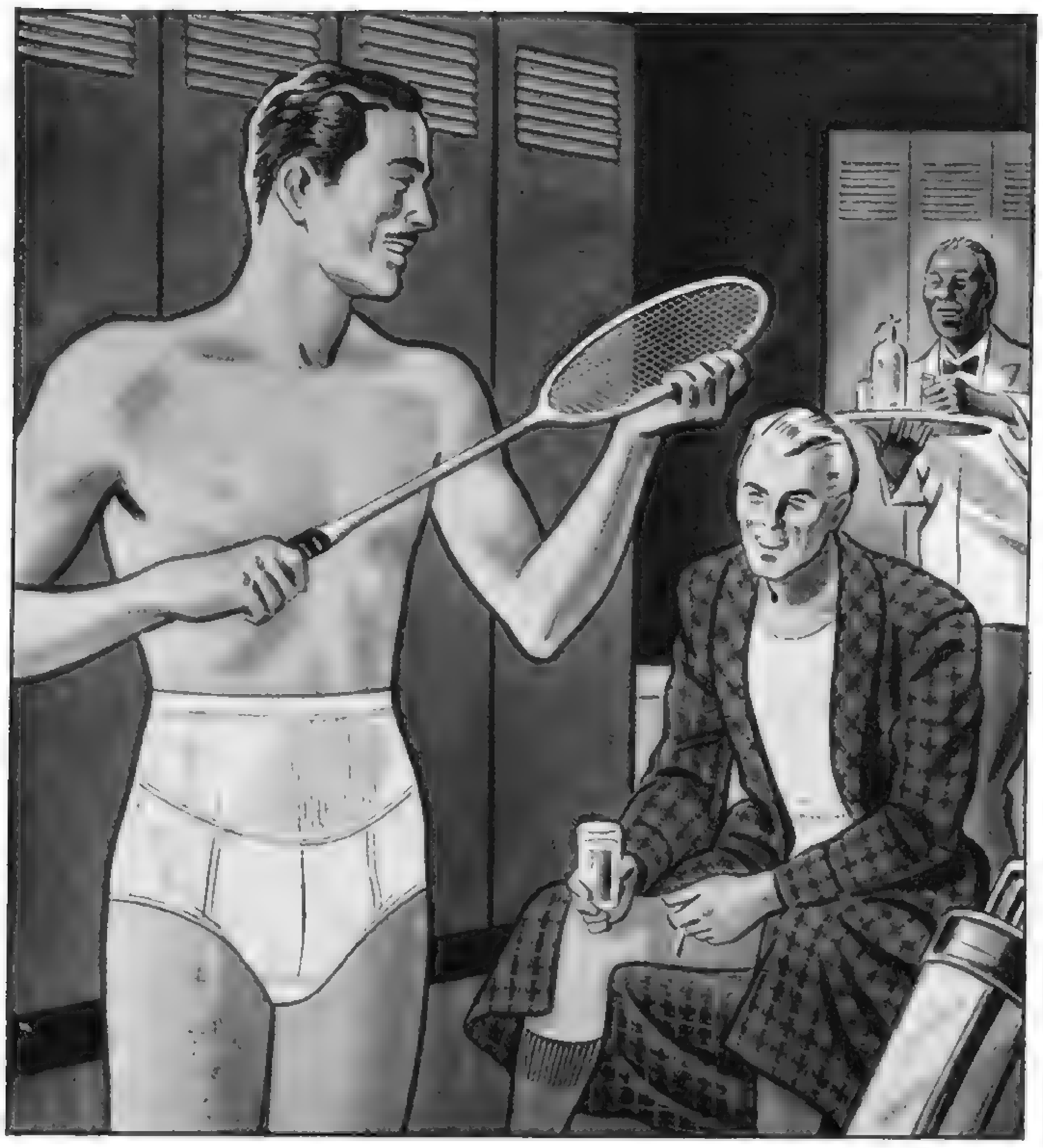

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The Flying Codonas

Continued from pages 94-153

body is still flexible he learns to perform minor tricks, aping his elders. Somersaults and cartwheels are almost second nature and as he grows older the trapeze becomes more and more a part of his life, and the more perfect he becomes in execution the higher the bars are raised until he is as much at home in the air as he is on the ground. He learns to take bumps and bruises, to prepare himself to take a tumble or a fall intelligently, an accomplishment that will in later years save him many broken bones and ofttimes his life. Even psychologists who scoff at the thought of native instincts are agreed that there may be one fear that is inborn, which every creature inherits at birth, the fear of falling. Perhaps the sensation of falling causes the air to escape from the lungs in a sudden rush and the fear of falling is really a fear of suffocation. Does the circus performer experience this fear? The candid gymnast declares truthfully, "Yes, I am afraid of falling. However," he amplifies, "I differ from the untrained person in that I am not afraid that I am going to fall. I know that some time or other in my work I am bound to fall and I prepare myself to fall with my body fighting to break the speed of the drop so as to sustain as little damage as possible on the way down."

The average person in the audience sits secure in the thought that the safety net makes the aerial work safe. That is far from the truth. Performers have plunged through the net and been killed. The net, some sixteen by twenty feet of loops and square knots of hard linen rope, is only intended to break the speed of a bad drop; the rest is up to the performer himself. Despite the net the brothers Codona have made many trips to the hospital for the repair of lacerations and broken ribs. A number of years ago in Buenos Aires Alfredo missed in his triple pirouette. Traveling at great speed from one trapeze to the next the aerialist must in this trick make three complete revolutions with the body in a *vertical* position. His arm struck the bar and numbed it and his body was carried far over the apron of the net. He fell twenty-two feet and despite all his skillful maneuvering in the air sustained severe injuries, so severe that after three months his surgeons considered his right thigh hopelessly crippled. But through exercise and perseverance plus the marvelous recuperative powers of a healthy, well-trained body, he rejoined the act in another eight weeks. It is with that mishap in mind and with the memory of many others as well, including the times that he has deliberately made out to miss his catcher in order to give some friend in the audience an added thrill. that Alfredo considers his peaceful retirement from aerial gymnastics as something bordering on the miraculous.

However, he comes by his courage and daring honestly. His grandfather, Harry Codona, was one of the most famous tumblers in Europe. His father, Edward Codona, led his own troupe of performers all over Mexico and Central America. Alfredo was born in the province of Sonora in Mexico. Despite the Italian cast of his name he is of Irish-German and French extraction. There were twelve children in the family and all were taught to absorb gymnastics almost before they learned to walk properly; however, only six became performers. Before Alfredo's day the Codonas were known as *Las Cometas*, or The Comets. It was Alfredo who contrived most of the difficult acrobatic tricks he has performed and who gave the family name to the act. It was he who secured permission for John Stuart Curry to travel with the Ringling circus and paint; Curry's oil *The Flying Codonas* may in time become as famous as the subjects who posed for it.

Yet the first time Alfredo saw his own triple somersault done was when he attended the premiére of the UFA picture *Variety* in Berlin and saw himself do it on the screen. For in *Variety* Alfredo played the part of a circus performer while his brother Lalo doubled in the air for Emil Jannings, the famous German actor. Later in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Polly of the Circus*, starring Marion Davies, the entire act worked, Vera Bruce and Alfredo doubling for the star in various tricks while Lalo doubled for Guinn Williams.

Probably the most widely exhibited picture in which the Codonas appeared was *Tarzan of the Apes*. When Tarzan leaped and swung from tree to tree and did sixty-feet dives—that was Alfredo doing his stuff with rigging concealed in shrubs and foliage. When Tarzan yodeled his Swiss-African yodel—that was not Alfredo. But when Tarzan carried his mate, in this case Maureen O'Sullivan, from tree to tree—that was Alfredo and the mate was Vera Bruce. When it was finally released Alfredo went to see the picture and at first couldn't find himself, so skillfully had the film been made to convince the spectator that the Tarzan who yodeled was the Tarzan who did the stunts.

The most interesting film employing the talents of the Codonas was the Pete Smith short called *Swing High*, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1932. Here the two brothers and Vera Bruce demonstrated why they are the champions of the trapeze world and the camera recorded faithfully all the difficult feats that have made the name Codona im-

Continued on page 156

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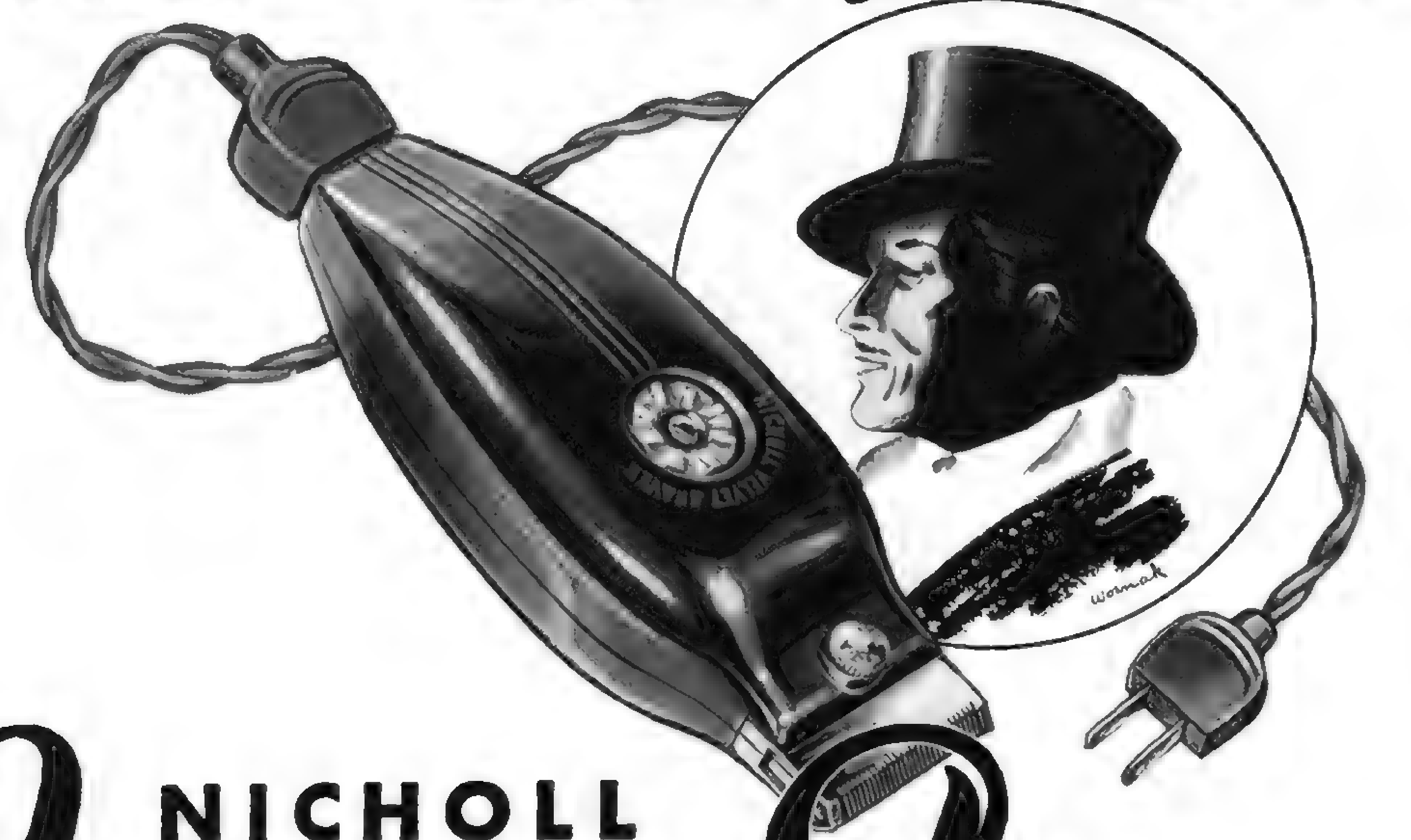

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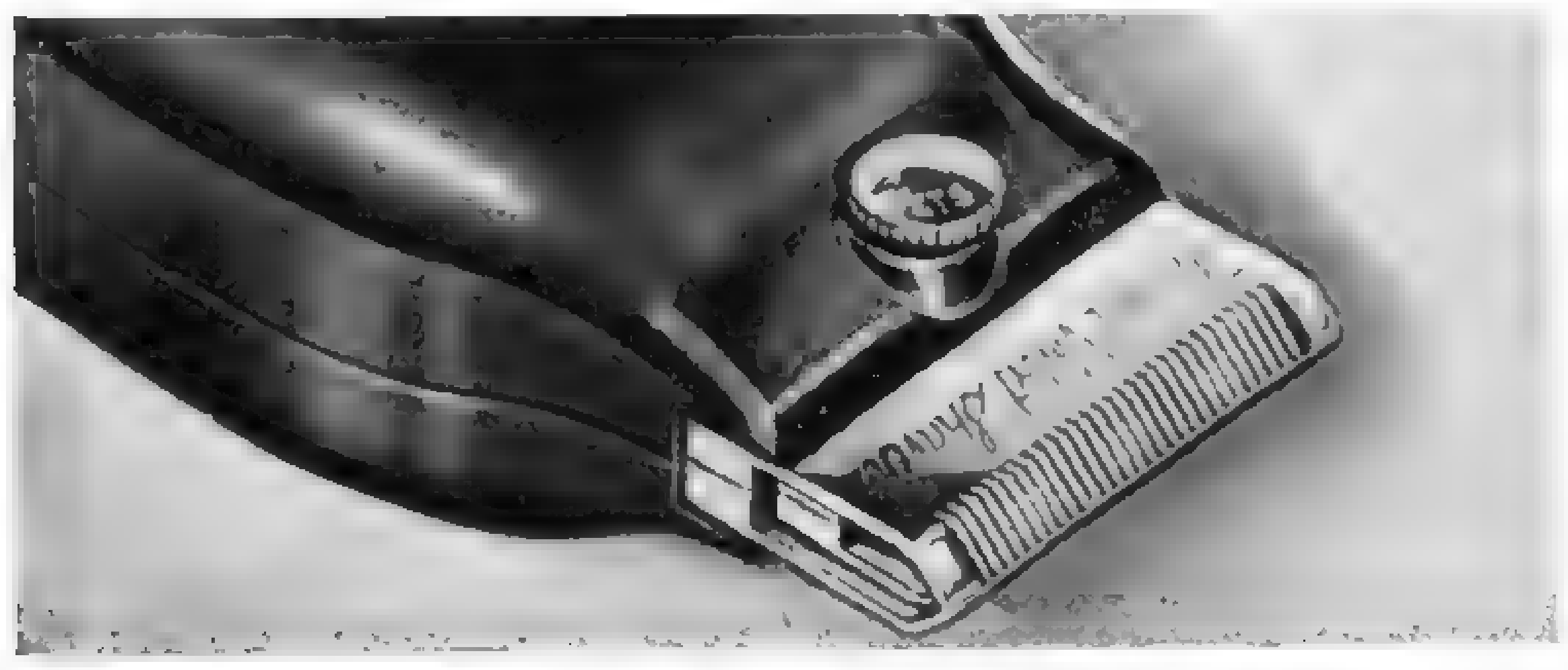

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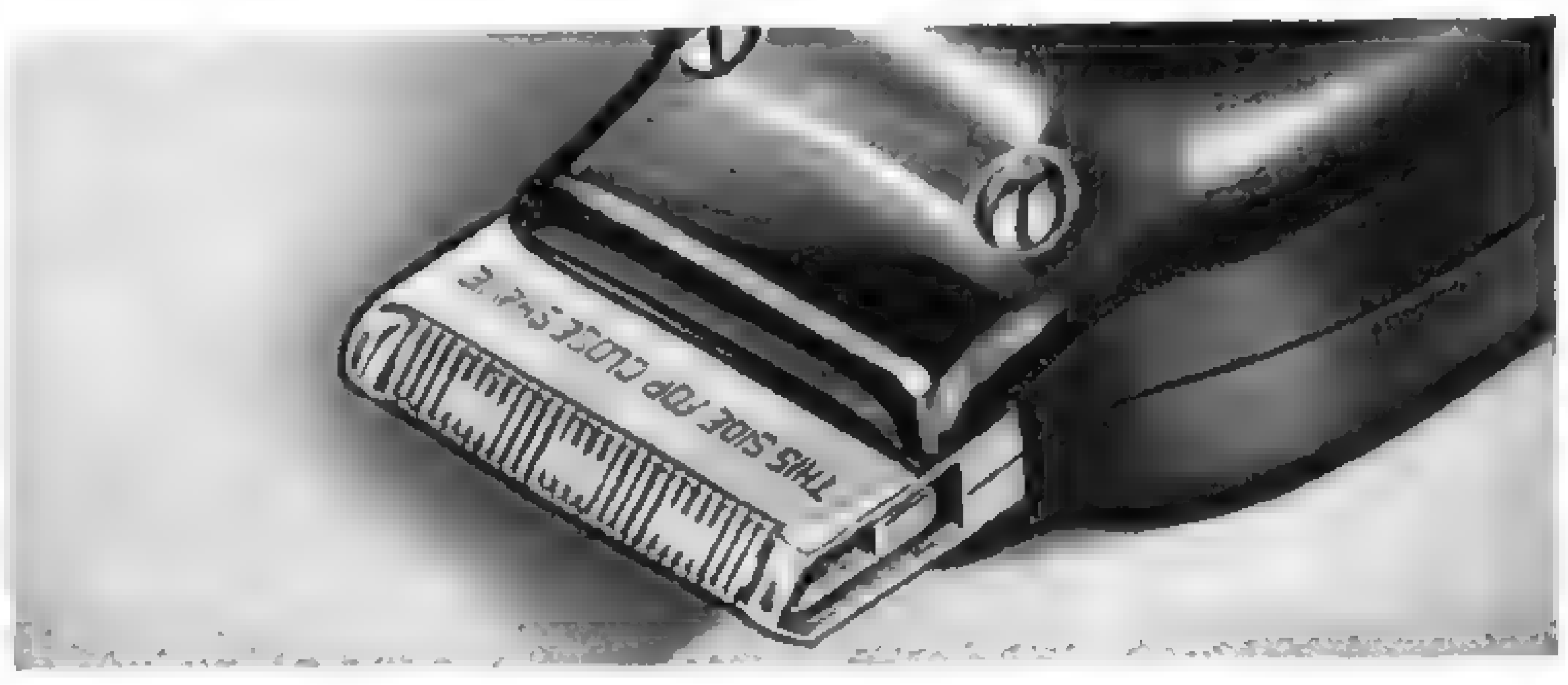

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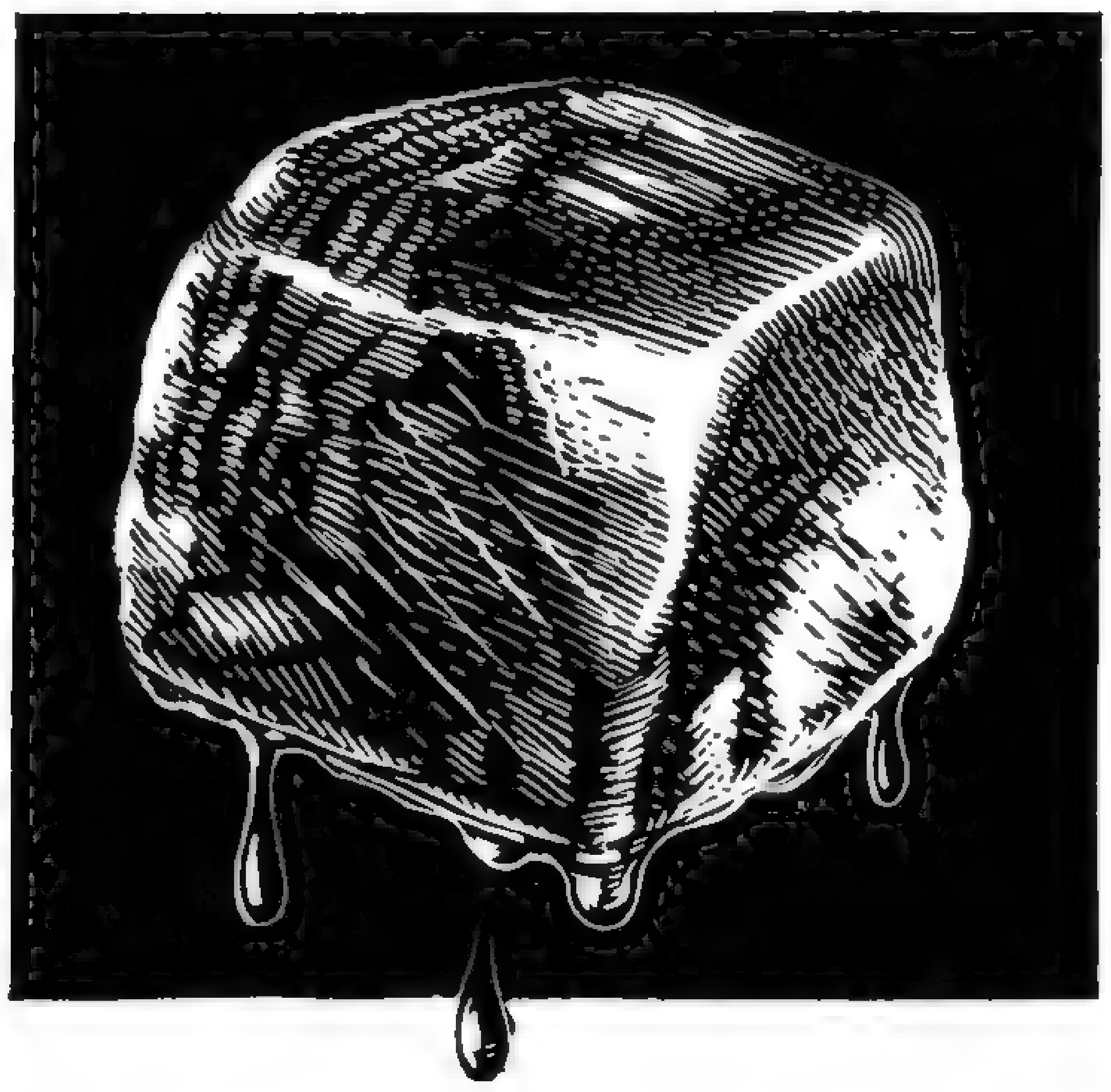

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2 oz. Seagram King Arthur Gin, juice of 1 lemon, juice of ½ lime, 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1 spoonful grenadine. Shake well with ice and strain into large glass, adding ice cubes and soda to fill glass. Decorate with slice of orange or pineapple and a cherry. • *Seagram Distillers Corp., Offices, N.Y.*

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The Flying Codonas

Continued from pages 94-153-154

mortal in the circus.

As often as he has thrilled thousands Alfredo Codona declares that he himself has by his own work only been thrilled once. That happened in Chester, West Virginia. To please one of his friends Alfredo performed a fake fall into the net. That is, in hurtling to Lalo he caused himself to miss the *Fanger's* hands and drop through space. A woman in the audience, who had been voiceless many years, was so terrified by the aerialist's apparent fall to his death that she screamed out loud and thereafter regained her speech. Members of the woman's family sent their thanks to the performer in a letter which thrilled him to tears.

In a matinee performance at the Madison Square Garden in New York a twenty-three foot python managed to free its head and sink sharp fangs into the forearm of its chief exhibitor, then lash out in a furious attempt to free itself from its handlers. First to rush to the rescue was Alfredo Codona. He grasped the jaws of the reptile and attempted to pry them open and off the arm of the victim. Half a dozen property men closed in to help but before the python was removed Codona and the exhibitor were cut and bleeding. However, with medical aid applied and his wrists and fingers bandaged, Alfredo insisted on going on with his act. In a circus anything may happen and, the performers shrug, one does his best.

Looking back today, Alfredo Codona sees that whatever future there may be for the people of the circus, it hardly lies in this country. However, he is resigned to the situation. Long before the theatre there was the circus. Perhaps it was the outgrowth of the institution of the king's fool or jester; at any rate it was the first institution to provide spectacle and amusement for not only the highborn but also the masses. Those were the days when a man's personal daring and dexterity were held in esteem and were well-rewarded, the days before mechanical progress. But today we are so accustomed to the mechanical thrills of the motorcar and the aeroplane, alive to stunting of every sort on the screen, hardened to the "fix" in the prize ring, on the wrestling mat and on the race track, that we look with bored eyes on the difficult work in the top of the big tent. We have forgotten how difficult it is to train our bodies at all to say nothing of training them to perform feats with split-second timing. So the United States, where long before vaudeville decayed, gymnastic work was considered, as Alfredo Codona says with a tolerant smile, "dumb acts," is lukewarm to all personalized athletics, save gruelling contests like dance marathons and six-day bicycle races that provide "big money's worth," and England is downright cold and disappointing, whereas Germany, a nation that has always prized discipline, offers aerial gymnastics the most appreciative audiences. Portugal is a close second in this respect, Czechoslovakia and the Slavic lands follow. The Latin countries have always shown a lively interest in feats that involve daring, grace, skill and finesse.

Since his retirement Alfredo has trained one gymnast, a cousin, Clayton Beehee, to take his place in the Codona act, for the work is bread and butter and the show must go on. But it took two years to train this able athlete to take his place for a few of the great tricks in the Codona repertory. What are the opportunities for any daring young man who yearns for a career on the flying trapeze? Alfredo shrugs. A famous dancing school lately offered him a position to train young people for acrobatics. He refused to consider the offer. It is not work that can be done against a school schedule; it demands years and the old-fashioned idea of apprenticeship from earliest childhood to maturity: Less than that would be a waste of time and effort on the part of both teacher and pupil.

Does he regret that though he is still young his circus career is over? A smile is the answer to that. Need one ask the question? Does he regret that he was not taught another profession? But in what other profession could he have reached the top while still in his youth? What other profession would have allowed him to travel forty times across the Atlantic and half that many times across the Pacific, to visit sixty countries and be hailed as an idol in each? If medals are a criterion of merit Alfredo Codona possesses nearly as many as General Goering. And, as he points out soberly, he acquired an education while he was traveling to earn his living. Today he speaks and reads a half-dozen European languages and writes in several. He is content, he declares.

Nevertheless when the circus leaves winter quarters he will accompany it if only to be with Vera Bruce. Watch for him when the aerial act is ready to go on. He will be the short, slender but wiry man who will give the net a final check, who will stand offside to watch with critical eye the performances of the flying Codonas. Standing below he will, with heart and pulse racing, go through every swing, every vault, every pirouette of the performers above. And he will be watching the circuses of the world, too, for the youth who will succeed him to the aerial crown—if there is any youth in this mechanical day willing to dedicate half a lifetime to master a bagful of death-defying tricks and risk his neck each night performing them. ⵣ

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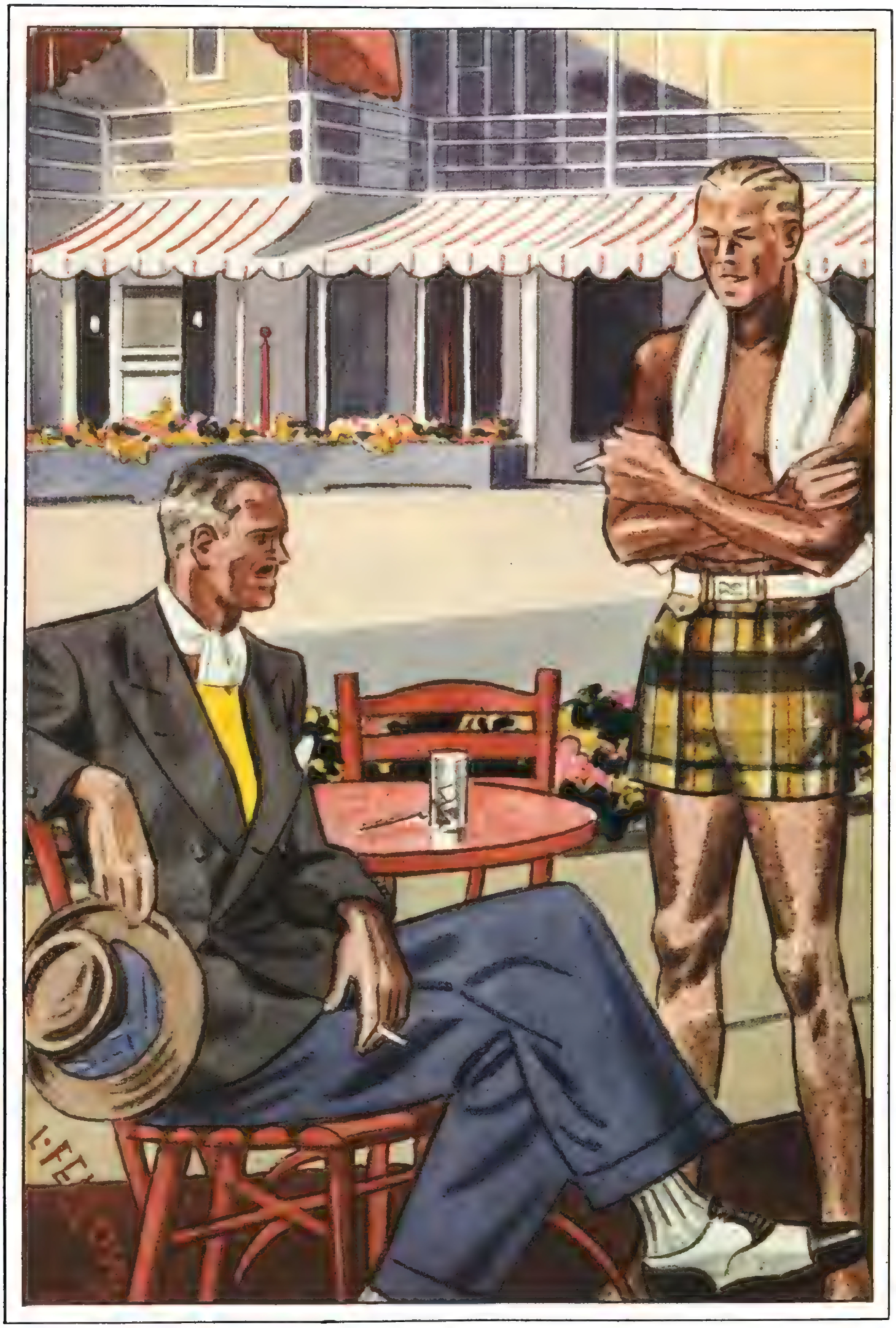

AFTERNOON AT THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB

The man on the left is appropriately dressed for informal sitting around, not only at a beach club but at any country or seashore resort on a summer week end. His double breasted grey flannel jacket belongs, at other times, to an ordinary grey flannel suit, but it is worth noticing that it has but four buttons instead of the usual six-button front. With it are worn a pair of blue lightweight beach slacks, a crew-neck lightweight cotton shirt with half sleeves, white silk foulard throw-over scarf, short white wool anklets and brown and white shoes with crepe rubber soles and heels. The hat is a coconut straw with puggaree band. The India madras shorts, previously confined to infrequent appearance at Southampton and Newport, were first seen in great numbers at Nassau this past winter. The colors run, but they are supposed to, and after a few times in the water they become set and subdued.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 87

Concise Oxford was "hemoglobin." It is a word one becomes familiar with in the study of physiology in grade school. In fact it is so familiar that I had forgotten whether it was spelled "hemaglobin" or "hemoglobin," and to have trusted to my knowledge that the word in part derived from the Greek *haima*, meaning *blood*, would (as it turned out) have mislead me. "Hemoglobin" is not in the *Concise Oxford:* it is there in another form, twelve pages ahead of where it ought to be, if you know how to look for it, as "haemoglobin." I listed it as a missing word in pencil in the back of my copy of the book and shortly thereafter added, in succession, "androgyne," "masochist," "olla podrida," and "antipasto" and then I gave up reaching for the *Concise Oxford* as I had been doing because it was light and handy but reached, instead, for the best small dictionary I have ever encountered—a revised Webster once sold by Montgomery, Ward & Co., by mail order only, in imitation leather with your name stamped on gold on the cover, for, I believe, seventy-nine cents but now discontinued by that company and obtainable only through P. F. Collier & Sons as a magazine subscription premium. Next to it and even alongside it I should place (and have placed on my desk) Vizetelly's revision of the *Webster's Standard Desk Dictionary.*

Of course English partisans of the C.O.D., will parry me by saying that "olla podrida" is Spanish and "antipasto" is Italian; but these are now English words also, as English as "boulevard" and "bourgeois," and they are to be found in most of the American dictionaries, even the smallest ones. Moreover, many of the pronunciations given in the *Concise Oxford* are untenable in America, and some of the definitions are as bad. Most people know that the English have the oddity of maltreating the Greek "che" by pronouncing *schedule* as "shed-ule" but not many are prepared to learn from the *Oxford Concise* that *chimera* is pronounced "shimera"; and unless there has been a whopping proof-room oversight in the C.O.D., one learns that the English say "tshloral" for *chloral* (just try to pronounce "tshloral") "tshlorine" for *chlorine* and "tshloroform" for *chloroform.*

The *Oxford Concise* was adapted by those otherwise marvelous brothers, H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler, from the *Oxford Dictionary.* They made the most felicitous of all translations of Lucian, and H. W. Fowler is the author of the most entertaining work of lexicography (excepting Mencken's *American Language*), *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage,* that was ever written. But even in this last named book, H. W. slips up. He uses the abominable, unnecessary, second "which" after "and" on page 296: "It is stated in the OED, which does not often volunteer such remarks, and which is sure to have documentary evidence . . ." and in his dissertation on "the Mute E" he says that "judgment" should always be spelled "judgement" and declares for "hinging" instead of "hingeing," while quite inconsistently insisting upon "singeing," which he should, to distinguish the word for a slight burning from the word for making noises across the epiglottis. In print, "hinging" doesn't look like a word having anything to do with "hinge"; it looks like the word Yid comics like Lou Holtz and Willie Howard say for "hanging."

While I am in this pernickety fault-finding mood I might as well get something off my chest, namely, that the *Columbia Encylopedia,* the huge one volume work recently issued by the Columbia University Press, is the worst excuse for a work of reference I have ever (I give you my word) encountered. A one-volume encyclopedia would be a most welcome, most desirable thing if it were done well, and I was hoping this one would be, but I haven't gone to it for a thing yet without finding that what I sought was omitted. The first information I sought from it was the first name and precise period of the man whose name is attached to the most famous edition of the classics, the Bohn Classical Library. His name was Henry George Bohn; he was a London publisher and art collector who issued his "guinea catalogue" of books including 23,208 items in 1841 and in 1846 he began the series of reprints and original translations of the classics—over 600 titles in all—with which his name is identified. He isn't in the *Columbia Encyclopedia.* Neither is Henry Blake Fuller, the Chicago novelist, whose novel *The Cliff Dwellers* was a pioneer work of American realism, although one and a half inches of space is devoted to Rheta Childe Dorr, one of the collaborators on the *Columbia Encyclopedia.* The name of Governor Goebel of Kentucky is missing although his assassination was the culmination of one of the bitterest political feuds in the history of the country. The pronunciations of Huysmans, Moréas and Maurras are all incorrectly given, and for a work of reference the Editor, Clarke F. Ansley is lamentably careless about dates. Inasmuch as I merely tumbled upon these inadequacies of the *Columbia Encyclopedia* by the accident of requiring information, what a picnic that volume offers for some research worker with a pedant's mind for minor errors!

The two most useful and reliable of the less expensive works of general reference, by the way, are *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* and the even handier Funk & Wagnall's *New Standard Encyclo-*

Continued on page 160

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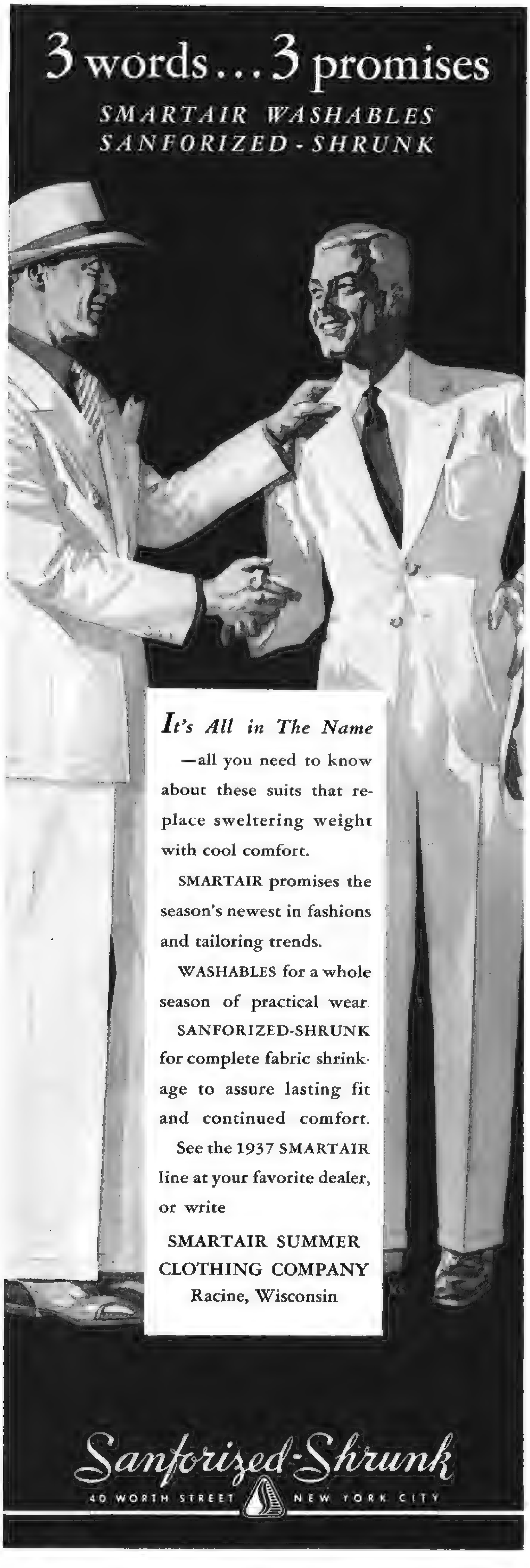

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-159

pedia of Universal Knowledge, prepared under the editorial supervision of Frank H. Vizetelly. Unfortunately this latter veritable treasure among works in kind, which appears to have everything, down to biographies of Babe Ruth and George Gershwin and the clearest, concisest articles on Fascism and Communism, is available only as a premium for subscribing to *The Literary Digest*. It should be made available to those who are already subscribers to *The Literary Digest* but got a different premium or who take in another weekly news magazine or who read the newspapers.

While we are on the subject of reference books, hold your ears while I give a yell of delight for *A Handbook to Literature* by William F. Thrall and Addison Hibbard, a book which costs only two dollars and unfortunately is now available only in stores which deal in textbooks for colleges and secondary schools but may be ordered, I believe, through your bookdealer. This book is as entertaining to read as Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* and as a work of information it is immensely more useful and valuable. It is a dictionary of literary and rhetorical terms and an outline of English and American literature down to the present time; but because of the learned felicity and sly wit of the authors' minds and style it is much more than that. Even a casual reading of the book would give you, I believe, more than you would get out of a four year course in college on English literature and composition and if you are vague on any rhetorical term, literary school or allusion, the information is there, concisely, authoritatively, gracefully put. For the editor and writer it is as surely a "must" book as the *World Almanac* and a fairish dictionary.

In 1925 Robert S. and Helen Merrill Lynd, with a staff of trained research workers, descended upon Muncie, Indiana and quietly made an exhaustive, detached sociological study of every aspect of the community. They went about their work as scientifically and as exhaustively as if they were making an anthropological study of a hitherto unknown tribe in central Asia but with the immense advantage of not only knowing the language but of being in many respects very like the people they studied. The result was *Middletown*, a book probably not so generally read as its sales indicated but a book so prized by sociologists, specialists in American culture and folkways, advertising experts, commentators on political and economic events, etc., that it was universally conceded to be a wonderful, unique and valuable contribution to history.

The authors returned to Muncie in 1935 and have just completed and published *Middletown in Transition* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $5). I have found this book even more exciting than the first. When they wrote *Middletown* the prosperity boom, which resulted in the spectacular stock market rise and crash, had not yet started. The orgy of speculation has since intervened with its culmination in the October, 1929 crash and the resultant long depression, from which few Middletowns have yet recovered. In this second book the plan of the Lynds is the same as it was in the first, the research as carefully documented and as thorough, the information as interesting; but whereas they were completely detached and reportorial in the first book, they are now troubled with intimations and misgivings. It is their conclusion that not only have the kindly, good-natured, average Americans of Middletown not learned anything from the crash and depression but that the worst features of their social and economic prejudices, working philosophy and points of view have been intensified by it. With the Middletonians money is still the measure of success in life; in the face of painfully obvious evidence they have had to the contrary, Middletonians who have jobs, even if they have just got them after periods of unemployment, are of the belief that any man who is willing to work can get a job, that it is a man's own fault if he is dependent in old age, that the chance to grow rich is necessary to keep initiative alive, that most foreigners are inferior, that the most intelligent man is the man who has made the most money, etc., etc.

The Lynds devote eighty-four fascinating pages to the "Middletown Spirit" and to the articles in the credo of the average Middletonian, that is to say the average American. Many, perhaps most, of the articles in this credo are salutary, commendable, common sense items of belief and prejudice; but there are some which fill the Lynds with misgivings. In their hopeful, democratic, idealistic, fraternal sort of way of looking through rose-colored glasses, denying the realities right before their eyes, the Middletonians could be easily panicked, the Lynds believe, by any further squeeze or threat upon their security into following any resourceful and forceful demagogue who makes impossible promises, not only into a quick surrender of their boasted liberty but into concerted acts of terrorism and acknowledgment of a tyrant's dictatorship. The emotional trend of the average small-town American, the Lynds reluctantly and dishearteningly surmise, is toward Fascism and so great is even the average American manual worker's antipathy to Communism, so firm is his faith that a chance or a break may make him a millionaire, that he would quickly embrace Fascism

Continued on page 162

does the *consumer* pay for national advertising?

Why, of course he does. And that's not all he pays for. The consumer also pays executive salaries and workers' wages. His eloquent dollars even buy the factory machinery and equipment. In fact, erect the very plants themselves.

Yes, the consumer (like the woman) pays and pays and pays. But the consumer (also like the woman) gets and gets and gets. And because the consumer pays and because the consumer receives—today, as ever—his is the most important function in big business, his is the only tribunal that determines success or failure for a product.

The great advertising agencies of America have one most important client in common. It's the American consumer. In the mass, he is discerning, persisting and relentless in his buying decisions.

Does the consumer foot the bills for national advertising? Here's how he does it. For example, he pays 1/3 of a cent per dozen for the national advertising of oranges produced by a group of growers on the coast; about 1/10 of a cent per package of nationally famous crackers retailing for 10¢: and 1576/100,000 of a cent, to be exact, for a refreshing soft drink that's nationally sold for 5¢.

Did the consumer not pay so *little*, he would not receive so *much*. The return to the consumer, in ultimate buying economies, far transcends the trifling investment he's originally called upon to make.

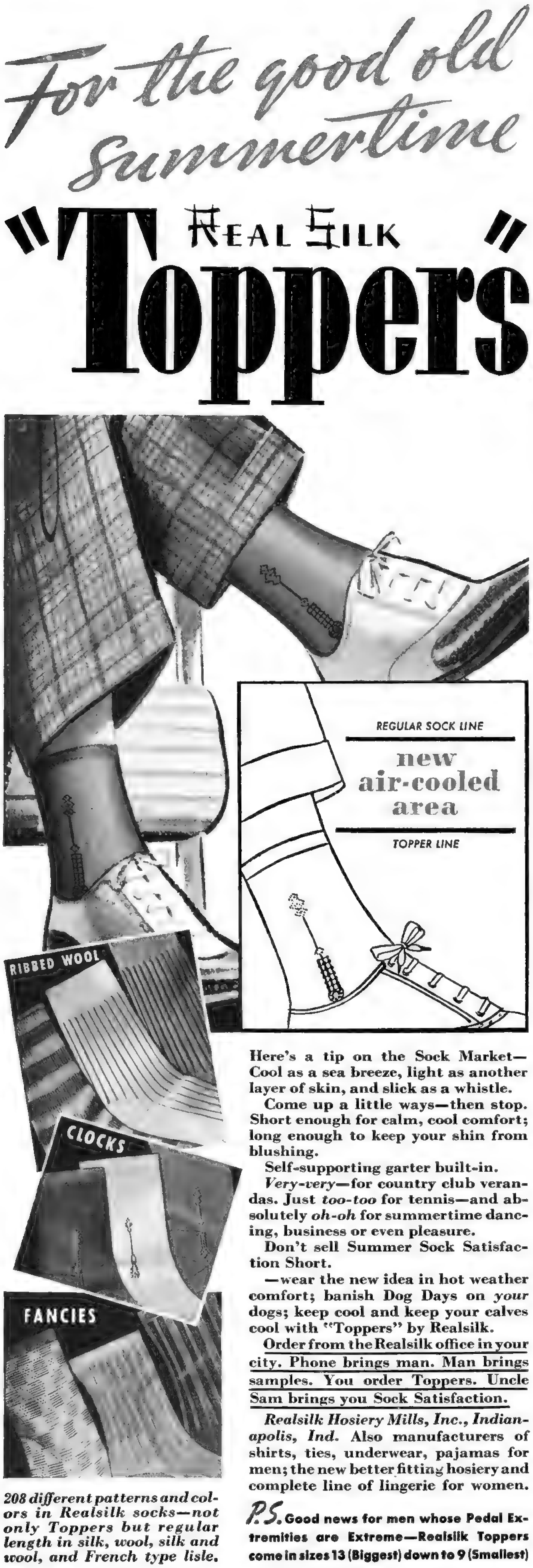
For good national advertising has a way of stimulating distribution, speeding production and, hence, actually lowering retail costs. And good national advertisers know that neither Boards of Directors, nor national commissions, nor lush dividends, nor any of the like, are industry's bosses.

The big boss of big business and hence the big boss of national advertising, is the consumer... and no-one nor anything else. Selfishly, if for no other reason, industry's captains cannot afford to let the big boss down.

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

now over 600,000 net paid



For the good old Summertime

"Real Silk Toppers"

REGULAR SOCK LINE

new air-cooled area

TOPPER LINE

RIBBED WOOL

CLOCKS

FANCIES

208 *different patterns and colors in Realsilk socks—not only Toppers but regular length in silk, wool, silk and wool, and French type lisle.*

Here's a tip on the Sock Market—Cool as a sea breeze, light as another layer of skin, and slick as a whistle.

Come up a little ways—then stop. Short enough for calm, cool comfort; long enough to keep your shin from blushing.

Self-supporting garter built-in.

***Very-very*—for country club verandas. Just *too-too* for tennis—and absolutely *oh-oh* for summertime dancing, business or even pleasure.**

Don't sell Summer Sock Satisfaction Short.

—wear the new idea in hot weather comfort; banish Dog Days on *your* dogs; keep cool and keep your calves cool with "Toppers" by Realsilk.

Order from the Realsilk office in your city. Phone brings man. Man brings samples. You order Toppers. Uncle Sam brings you Sock Satisfaction.

***Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.* Also manufacturers of shirts, ties, underwear, pajamas for men; the new better fitting hosiery and complete line of lingerie for women.**

P.S. Good news for men whose Pedal Extremities are Extreme—Realsilk Toppers come in sizes 13 (Biggest) down to 9 (Smallest)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-159-160

if some demagogue should promise him a better chance of becoming rich even at the expense of others like himself; for the Middeltonian is, whatever his regimentation and standardization in actuality, emotionally and temperamentally an individualist. . . . Let us hope that the Lynds are unduly alarmed and that the cardinal tenets in the Middletonian credo will triumph over the more disturbing ones. These cardinal beliefs are:

In being kind.

In being honest.

In being friendly.

In being loyal, and a "booster" not a "knocker."

In being simple and unpretentious.

In prizing things that are common and "real" and "wholesome."

In having "common sense."

In being "sound" and "steady."

In being a good sport and making friends with one's opponents.

In being courageous and good-natured in the face of trouble.

In being, when in doubt, like other people.

In adhering, when problems arise, to tried practices.

Among the new books that I have read or sampled I recommend these: *The Miracle of England* (Harper, $3.75) by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles, as a most readable short history of England by a sympathetic but critical admirer of England and the English, concisely related without the obtrusive wisecracks of a Guedalla, without the disenchanted, tired thesis of a Strachey, without the heaviness of the usual historian. This is an agreeable work of literature which also happens to be orthodox history; even if Maurois is of the belief that the miracle of England is about to end, that Macaulay's New Zealand barbarian standing on the ruins of Westminster is not far away, that England's fine, isolated security is threatened on every hand. Maurois' thesis in conclusion is, curiously enough, somewhat the same as André Siegfried's remarkably sane, calm, informative book *Canada* (Harcourt, Brace, $3), a most enlightening book about our neighbor. The all-important fact about Canada, Siegfried says, is that it is American, not English, not European; it is American, *i.e.*, of the Western Hemisphere and of North America, geographically, physically, economically, temperamentally, culturally, even in idiom, accent, fundamental beliefs, prejudices—all arising from factors not only remote from England and the European continent but actually opposed to them. Siegfried sustains this thesis throughout his careful study of Canada and the Canadians.

Damien the Leper (Sheed and Ward, $2.50) by John Farrow—an inspiring story of selfless devotion and benefaction, which gives us Father Damien's early history in Belgium as well as his work among the lepers of Molokai.

The Wind in the Mountains (Putnam, $2.50) by Tygve Gulbransson—A sequel to *Beyond Sing the Woods* which may be read independently and is even more refreshing than Gulbransson's lovely first novel translated into English. This novel carries on from the marriage of Adelaide and Dag in that charming epic of the ancient feud between woodsmen and townsmen, and thus brings the story down to the present generation in Norway.

The Gaudy Empire (Knopf, $2.75) by Alfred Neuman—A continuation of the author's dynamic and dramatic *Another Caesar* which told of the spectacular and incredibly fantastic *coup d'état* and accession of the man Victor Hugo called "Napoleon the Little."

Incredible Messiah (Little, Brown, $2.50) by Robert Parker—People elsewhere may find it hard to believe the actualities of this occurrence in New York City, where an uneducated Negro has convinced thousands of white people as well as Negroes that he is God Himself incarnate, a homely preacher who by no means that are demonstrably fraudulent or dishonest, has gained control of millions of dollars worth of his followers' property and, displaying no wealth, feeds hundreds of the hungry regularly, who has come through unscathed in police investigations, law suits, accusations about his private morals, two arrests and constant ridicule. A strange, often comical story of the workings of the will to believe.

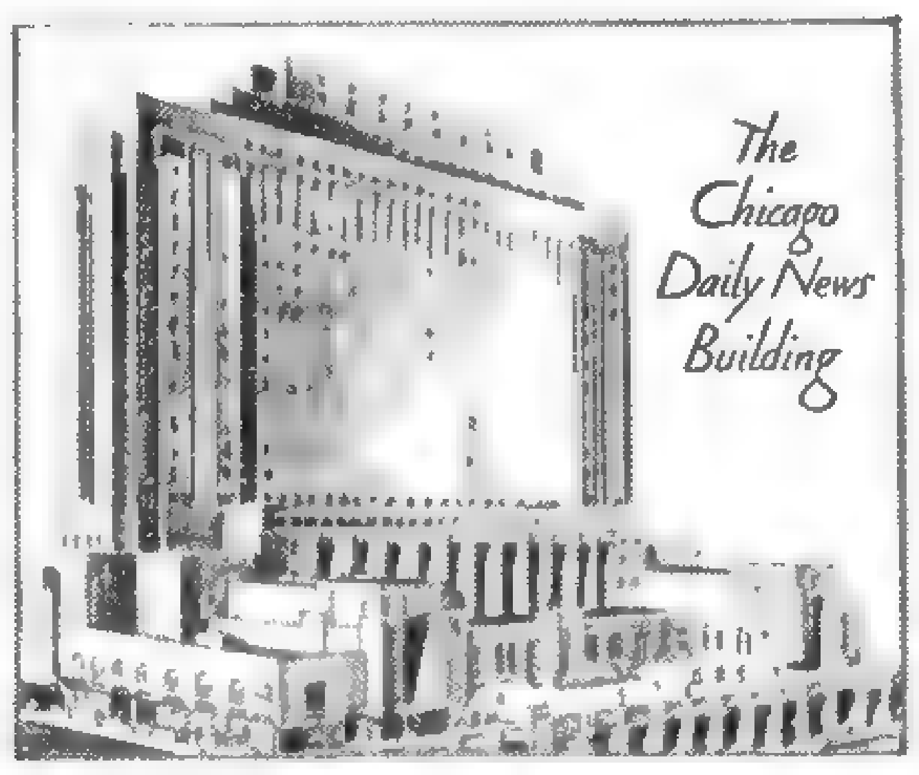
Three Comrades (Little, Brown, $2.75) by Erich Maria Remarque—The author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* writes here of the tragedy of the generation that has grown up in Germany since the war. It is a pathetic, a ghastly story, full of tenderness and pity, rather more moving, perhaps than Remarque's embittered novel of the war.

Northwest Passage (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) by Kenneth Roberts—This vigorous and superb novelist-historian of America's past, tells here in his inimitable manner of the French and Indian Wars and of the great conflict between the magnificent leader Towne and the colonial administrator Sir William Johnson.

The Outward Room (Simon & Schuster, $1.25) by Millen Brand—This is a full length first novel, despite the price, which is a publisher's experiment in an effort to break the standard $2 and $2.50 price for novels. In order to sell below $2 per copy most novels would have to have a several times greater sale than the average even well-received novel enjoys for the publisher to break even. Backed by resounding words on the novel's high merits from Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Fannie Hurst and Grace Lump-

Continued at top of page 165

MORE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS


The Chicago Daily News Building

LEADERSHIPS

DUE TO SUPERIOR ADVERTISING RESULTS

■

DURING 1936 AND THE FIRST QUARTER OF 1937
THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CARRIED MORE

TOTAL
RETAIL ADVERTISING

AND MORE

MEN'S RETAIL CLOTHING ADVERTISING

THAN ANY OTHER CHICAGO NEWSPAPER—
MORNING, EVENING OR SUNDAY

SOURCE: MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

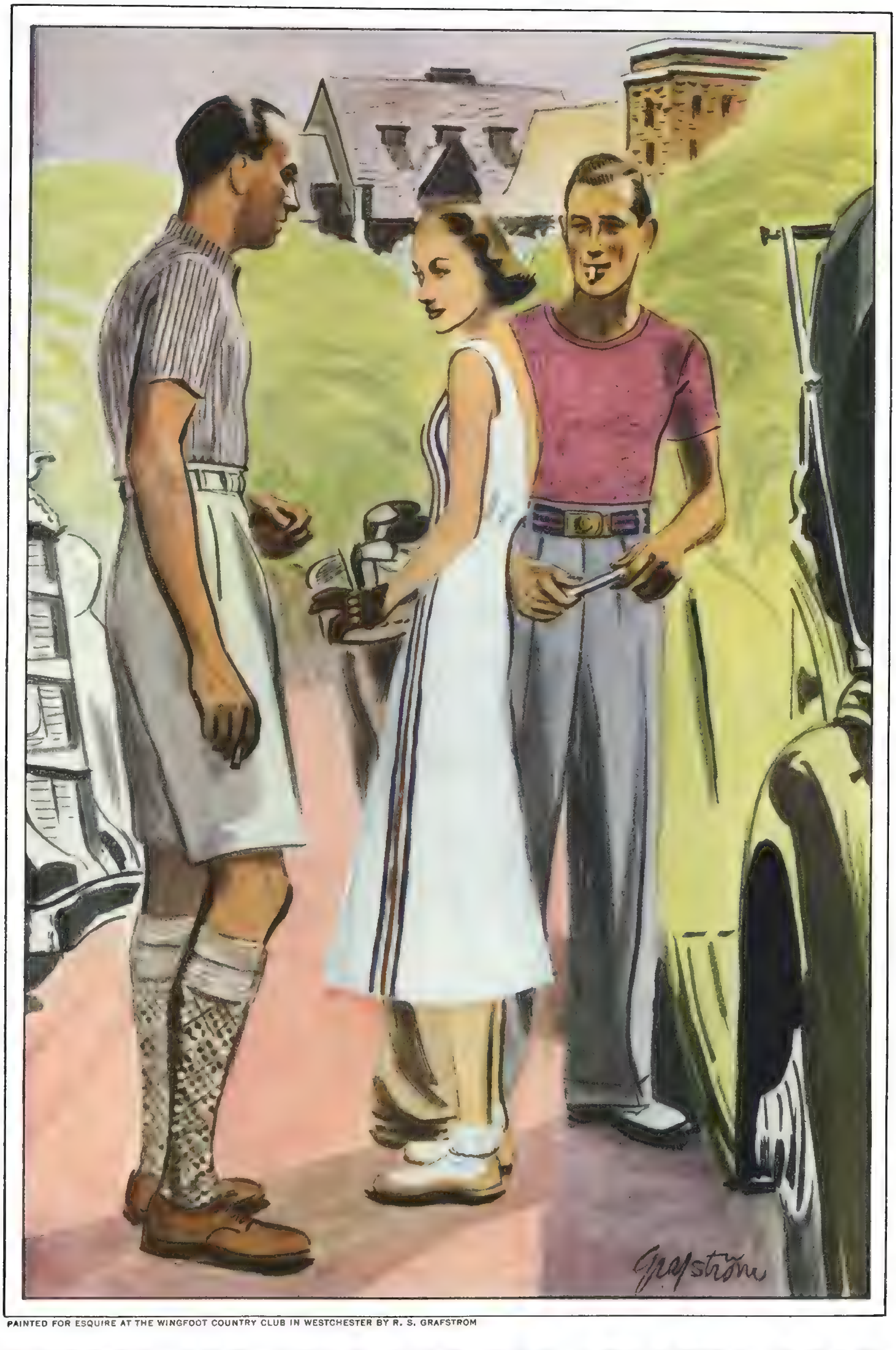
■

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., *Eastern Advertising Representatives* • *444 Madison Avenue,* **NEW YORK** • *12 South 12th Street,* **PHILADELPHIA**
JAMES L. LENOX, *Eastern Representative, Photogravure, Color Comics and Retail* • *444 Madison Avenue,* **NEW YORK**
J. RAY SCOLARO, JR., *Manager Detroit Office* • *4-119 General Motors Building,* **DETROIT**



The Wingfoot Country Club at Mamaroneck, New York is one of the most important Eastern fashion centers, frequently checked by style scouts as a gauge of the degree of acceptance (and probable rate of dissemination) of new items and trends in sports clothes.

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT THE WINGFOOT COUNTRY CLUB IN WESTCHESTER BY R. S. GRAFSTROM

SHORTS FOR GOLF AND FOR COUNTRY WEAR

The resemblance to underwear which was generally blamed for the early demise of white linen knickers would seem to be even more pronounced in the now fashionable white shorts, but they were extremely popular for general sports wear in the West Indies this past winter and are seen in steadily increasing numbers in smart suburban centers around New York. Those shown here are rather a longish model; they may be of cotton or flannel. The sport shirt is of jacquarded lightweight wool with half sleeves and sport collar. The golf hose are wool in a plaid pattern worn with reverse calf shoes. The other outfit consists of lightweight grey flannels, a fine lightweight wool crew-neck sport shirt, black and white moccasin type golf shoes, and a new wider shaped belt in a colored striped wool web fabric with a new type of leather button. George VI and the Duke of Windsor have popularized shorts.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-159-160-162

kin, the publishers are preparing an initial outlay of $3,500 in advertising and are printing a first edition of 50,000 in the belief that they can sell that many. I believe they can, too, even if the theme of the novel is not popularly attractive. It is about a woman who went insane over a brother fixation, emerged normal and happy after a sympathetic, tender, intelligent understanding of her case. It is an unusual love story and a haunting study of the beyond-the-border experience of the human mind.

Henry of Navarre (Dutton, $3.50) by Marcelle Vioux—A robust and hearty story in the Dumasesque manner about the gallant and glamorous Hank.

I Can Get It For You Wholesale (Simon & Schuster, $2) by Jerome Weidman—Here's a tip. A first edition of this book a year hence will be bringing in the open market a lot more than you paid for it. I have never gone wrong in one of these prophecies and I am particularly self-confident about this one, for Weidman is an apparition of great consequence to contemporary literature, comparable to the appearance of a Sherwood Anderson or an Ernest Hemingway. This astonishingly mature twenty-three-year-old product of the Ghetto in New York writes like a genius with a perfect craftsmanship, an uncanny insight, a deep intuitive wisdom. His first novel is the finest (I have no hesitancy in using this adjective here), most excoriating, thorough study of a clever, resourceful s. o. b. I know of in literature, not excluding Bourke White's famous exercise in sustained irony, *The Book of Daniel Drew.* The squeamish are warned, however, to beware of it.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 97

The taboos are broken only by those works of art which are so strong in merit as to be undeniable. And while *A Star Is Born* is not really a work of art, it is comparatively such in the motion picture world. It is, to date, the most honest picture of life in the Hollywood film colony; and as is consistent with good self-portraiture, it conveys the feeling that it could not have been as well done in any but this film medium. Just as the novel seems best adapted to portray the complicated cerebral and emotional mechanism of the writer; just as the painting seems best adapted for the simpler emotional pattern of the plastic artist, the motion picture here appears as the closest medium for expressing the action-pattern of Hollywood life.

It takes no complicated psychology to explain a motion picture actor. By this I do not mean that actors are as a class unintelligent, for the development of the motion picture art-industry has brought forward a personnel of constantly rising level; I mean rather that the colossal drive of motion picture production is such as to smother individual causation. A person doesn't make things happen, so much as they happen to him. And the motion picture medium, as developed in Hollywood, is best adapted to telling this type of action story: to the presentation of a series of events as they happened upon an individual, with full documentation of background; rather than to the showing of growth of character under stress of circumstance.

The rich appeal, the tenderness, and the reality of *A Star Is Born* is due to this happy circumstance. Here is the simple and hackneyed little glamor tale of the small town girl who comes to Hollywood to make good, who is told that success comes to only one in a hundred thousand, who says "maybe I am that one," and lo! she is that one.

Only, this once, the producers have swallowed the bitter beer of *Merrily We Roll Along*, and they would tell of the emptiness, the tragedy of success. What do you get but a broken heart. And banality is avoided because they really believe that's true. And the film attains a sort of dignity, close to art, for that they are honestly sad and brave about their tough soft world.

It is, as I have pointed out, closest to the Kaufman type of meretricious tragedy, employing the weep-for-the-has-been effect he used for the once-a-movie-star character in *Dinner At Eight.* Norman Maine, acted with sterling earnestness by Frederic March, is that constant ghost of Hollywood, the star who for some unaccountable reason "lost his draw." The reason, we all know, is that he never was an actor, and personality does not sell forever; and the reason Mr. March is still with us is that, though he doesn't always get a chance to use it, Mr. March has acting power. He uses it notably in this picture.

Had *A Star Is Born* been a novel, there might have been fine psychologic tracing of the disintegration of Norman Maine, due to an inmost knowledge that he never was an actor and that somehow the public had caught up with him. The little scene where he hands his producer the slot-machine check labelled "Good For Amusement Only," and says, "Let this be my epitaph," has a touch of penetration into this problem, which must be the real basis of much Hollywood unhappiness. But in a motion picture, a consistently maintained action-mood can substitute for psychologic penetration, so we accept *A Star Is Born* as deep, sad stuff, without inquiring too deeply into the tragedy. This is popular philosophy:

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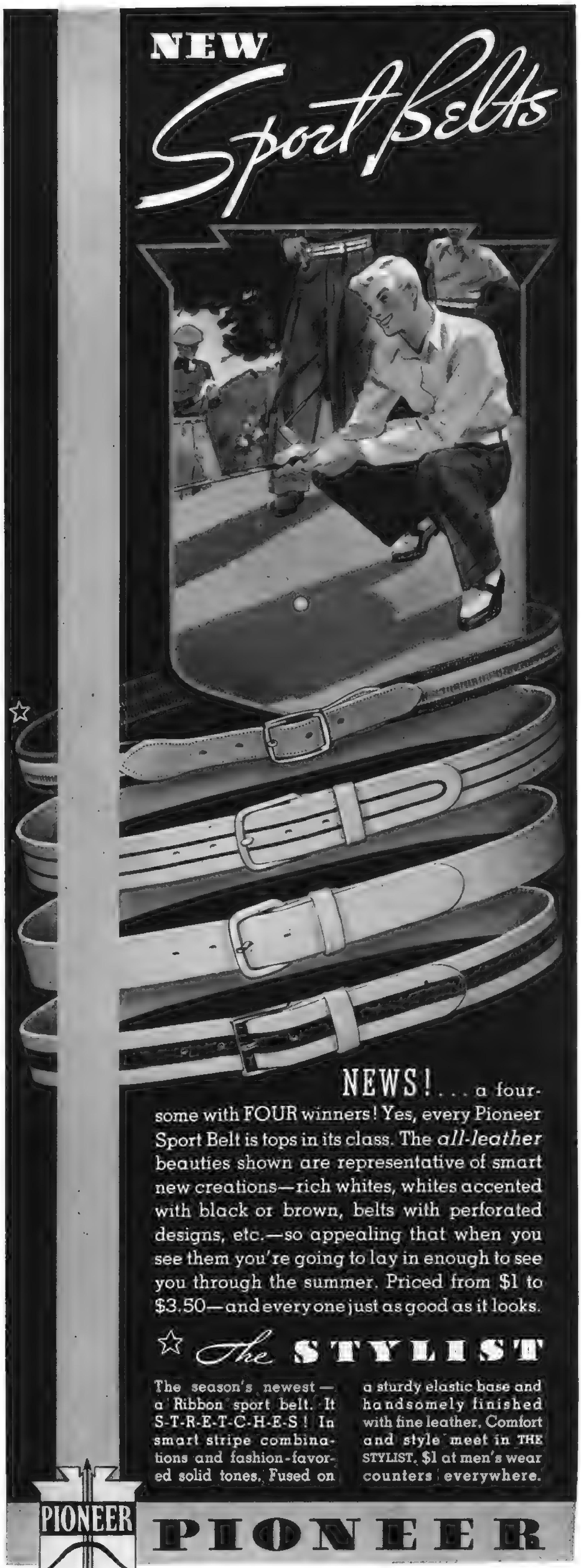


NEWS! . . . a foursome with FOUR winners! Yes, every Pioneer Sport Belt is tops in its class. The *all-leather* beauties shown are representative of smart new creations—rich whites, whites accented with black or brown, belts with perforated designs, etc.—so appealing that when you see them you're going to lay in enough to see you through the summer. Priced from $1 to $3.50—and every one just as good as it looks.

☆ *The* **STYLIST**

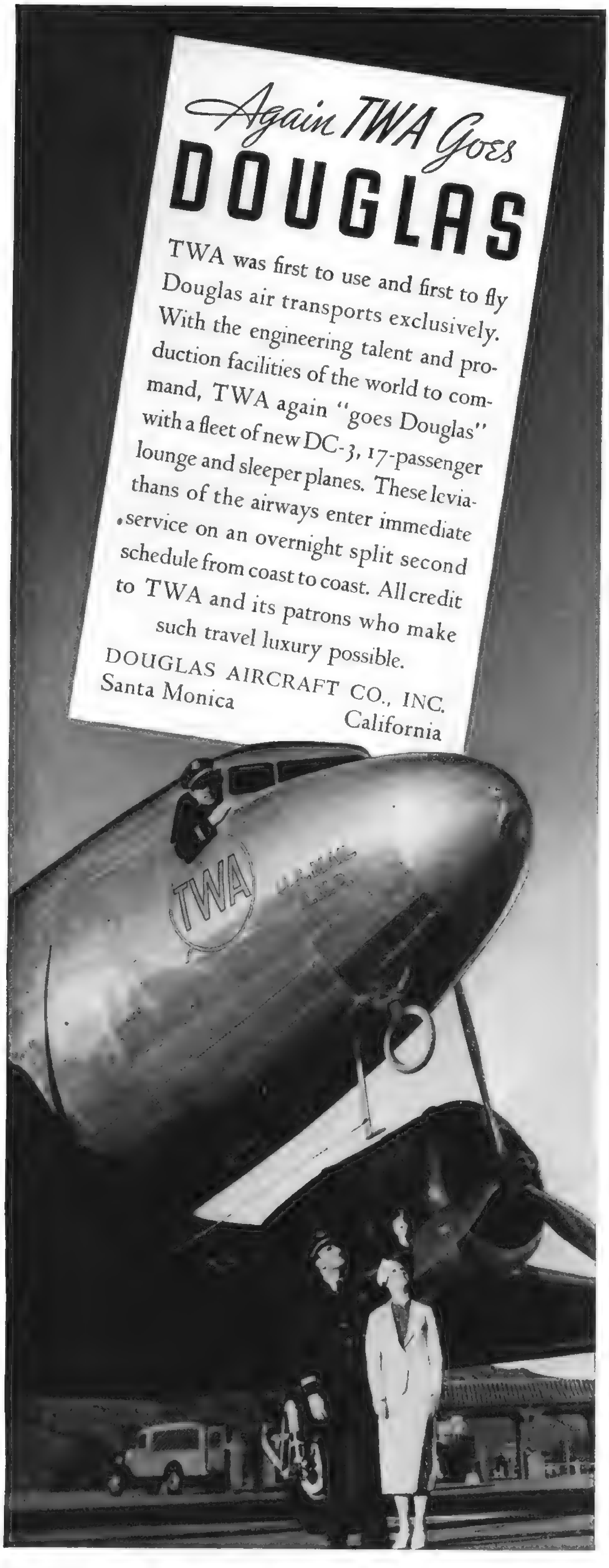
The season's newest—a Ribbon sport belt. It S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S! In smart stripe combinations and fashion-favored solid tones. Fused on a sturdy elastic base and handsomely finished with fine leather. Comfort and style meet in THE STYLIST. $1 at men's wear counters everywhere.

PIONEER

PIONEER

BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES

Dependable Quality · Correct Style · Since 1877



Again TWA Goes
DOUGLAS

TWA was first to use and first to fly Douglas air transports exclusively. With the engineering talent and production facilities of the world to command, TWA again "goes Douglas" with a fleet of new DC-3, 17-passenger lounge and sleeper planes. These leviathans of the airways enter immediate service on an overnight split second schedule from coast to coast. All credit to TWA and its patrons who make such travel luxury possible.

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC.
Santa Monica California

GO "DOUGLAS" WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

AMERICA: American Airlines Inc... Eastern Air Lines... TWA... United Air Lines... Pan American Airways... Braniff Airways... Western Air Express... Wilmington-Catalina Airline

SOUTH AMERICA: Pan American Grace Airways

AUSTRALIA: Australian National Airways Pty. Ltd.

EUROPE: OELAG, Austria... Deutsche Lufthansa, Germany K.L.M. in the Netherlands... L.A.P.E. in Spain... Avio Linee Italiane in Italy... LOT in Poland... C.L.S. in Czechoslovakia ...Swissair in Switzerland... A. B. Aerotransport in Sweden

ORIENT: Japan Air Transport... China Nat'l Aviation Corp... K.N.I.L.M. in Netherlands Indies

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 97-165

some go up and some go down. Norman Maine gets a girl her start and she becomes a star while he goes down, down, down. Very sad. He takes to drink. Meanwhile he has married her and though their love is true and fine, it is tortured by the cynical, mercenary standards of the Hollywood harpies, who taunt the man because his wife is working, while he is a has-been. His wife is the great Vicki Lester, and he can't bear it when a messenger-boy calls him Mr. Lester, so he leaves his sandals on the beach and goes for a swim and soon we have a shot of the sea lapping over the sandals.

Then Vicki (Janet Gaynor, surprisingly mature) would forsake her career as an actress and go back to the old home town and cherish memories of Norman and what Hollywood done to him, but granma comes and yells life must go on, at her, and Vicki goes back into the Kleig light.

Hollywood has told this story so many times that the story has become true. There should be more to their lives than this, but they are truly a little bitter about themselves for having discovered that their lives really are like this. Private swimming pools and "is my fan mail slipping?"

What the picture conveys is a certain intimacy about motion picture folk, through direction, through simple mounting and slight irony, slight self-caricature. It conveys their hunger for human feeling, for friendship, their huddling toward each other; Adolphe Menjou best gets this quality in his scenes with March and Gaynor. One must remember that practically everyone who lives and works in Hollywood is uprooted. Their personal standards are completely upset. They've never lived that way before: in such riches, in such feverish and competitive splendor. Everyone seems to have a knife out. They don't know whom to trust. No home town friends, no childhood friends, whom they can safely measure because they know what street they lived on back home. And it is this chaos which frightens them, makes them brittle and lonely. *A Star Is Born* is the first picture in which this is admitted; the glamor, still there, becomes acceptable when it has this realistic basis.

The whimsical, self-caricatured application of this glamor is most perfectly felt in the sequence where the girl is being groomed for pictures. The insane screen-test scene, with everybody shouting "Quiet!" and with cameramen sticking tape-measures into the face of the agonized girl, does great credit to Director William Wellman, (who, incidentally, was co-author of the script). Those scenes carry their own authenticity, but it is rather enlightening to compare them to some reports I have from a girl who is going through exactly that glamorizing process, in Hollywood. These notes are simply impressions spontaneously recorded in letters.

"I've been going to the ——— salon here for work in carriage, posture, and massage, as well as street make-up. My deah, the place is really too charming and so modern and efficient. Frankly, once you get used to it it's o. k., but a trifle overpowering to start with. They herd me in—give me a dressing room and I whip into a gray bathing suit, sheet, and slippers. Then an hour's exercise (and fearfully strenuous, too) on a blue satin mat in a large room painted robin's egg blue—supervised by a disgustingly lithe and beautifully proportioned teacher clad sweetly in a pale blue tunic. When I get to a state of limp and trembling semi-nausea, they rewrap me in a sheet and trot me down to a primrose pink room where a merciless Swedish masseuse beats and pounds and pinches me for another hour. Then into showers and the same masseuse plays 2 hoses of 35 lbs. pressure each, hot and cold, upon my anatomy. They weigh me out and that's all for today. Bear in mind that all during that time I am being given glasses of hot lemon water, vegetable broths, and having unnumbered creams and lotions rubbed into my face and form. Once I got a bath consisting of being thoroughly sealed in hot paraffin —like a glass of jelly, wrapped in blankets and left to sweat it out while someone creamed and iced my face.

"The stuff in street make-up is a little world of its own. I counted four different colors the woman applied as eye shadow one day. If they expect me to do that all the time, I am doomed. I shouldn't have gone into such detail if I hadn't felt that it was something you really *ought* to know about—"

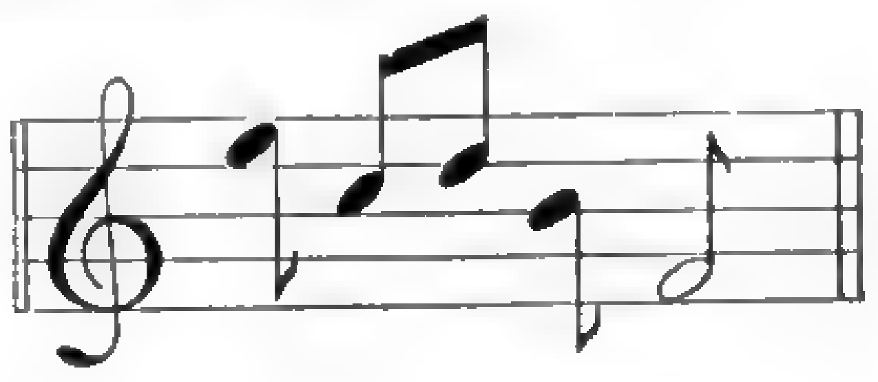
And there is the training of another Vicki Lester, or another of the hundred girls a week who are put through the routine and dropped. The story of *A Star Is Born* is really the story of those who are dropped by Hollywood, for even though they succeed they feel that they have lost their true lives. They have nowhere else to go, the film-factory town has become home, without ever giving them the fullness, the place-feeling of home.

A note about color. This is the first Technicolor production with a strong cinematic story, and one of the few in which color has been used without ostentation. It is the first unreserved Technicolor success from the Hollywood point of view. And one scene brings out the progress of acceptance of color. It is the movie within a movie sequence. The characters go to a screening of Vicki Lester's first picture, and we, who have been seeing a full-color film, suddenly see a black-and-white film with them. The black-and-white film seems shockingly antiquated. #

Murder Is a Minstrel

Continued from page 63

and lodged in the parish jail, whence they were snatched by an irate mob and strung up to convenient trees, as street urchins gaily whistled:



Who kill-a da Chief?

The old West, of course, was a breeding ground for numberless frolicsome ballads celebrating the Dalton brothers, the James boys and other rococo banditti. My favorite is a threnody composed on the occasion of the shooting of Jesse James. The verse sets forth:

This song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive.
He said there's no man with a gun in his han'
Could have took Jesse James alive.

Jesse was a man, a friend of the poor
He could not see a man suffer pain.
He was born one day in the County of Shea
And he came of a solitary race.

(Here Mr. Gashade, in his hysterical grief, quite forgot to make the line rhyme.)

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man
He stopped the Glendale train.
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor.
He'd a hand, a heart and a brain.

(*Chorus*)

Jesse James had a wife who mourned for his life.
Three children they were brave.
The dirty little coward who shot "Mr. Howard,"*
Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

The hanging of the Chicago wife-slayer, Frank Levandowski, is a beautiful instance of the scaffold psychosis. His execution was the first duty of the newly-elected Cook County sheriff, the fastidious and patrician Mr. Thomas Barrett. Knowing his squeamishness, neighborhood funsters plastered shop windows with posters announcing:

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY!
THOMAS BARRETT PRESENTS
FRANK LEVANDOWSKI IN HIS
FAMOUS SPECIALTY NUMBER:
THE FLOORLESS DANCE!

I do not include in this study the sob ballad written around newspaper headlines. It has no legitimate place in the literature of the gallows for it constitutes an industry rather than an inspiration. When an Al Capone enters Alcatraz or a Mrs. Creighton poisons her lover's wife, minute-men composers like Art Young and Jimmy Rogers dash off a song about it in a twinkling—one of those hill-billy, guitar-strumming, crooning laments. Rogers had one on tap long before Huey Long was shot.

They are popular in *Tobacco Road* communities throughout the country and thousands of gramaphone records sell annually at a pretty profit to their composers. Among the better known are *The Wreck of the R-14*, *Floyd Collins*, and *Little Mary Phagan*. Mary Phagan, you may recall, was a 14-year-old Georgia girl with whose death Brooklyn-born Leo Moses Frank was charged. He was convicted, given life, and lynched by a mob who penetrated Georgia State Prison. A tabloid tragedy of rape, bloodshed and mob fury, it was particularly well suited to the bathetic measures of the sob balladeer.

II

In England the idiom of the macabre achieves its finest flowering. The average Englishman has a relish for a good murder which exists nowhere else in so great degree. It expresses itself in the thousands of bawdy broadsides hawked in Fleet Street since Gutenberg printed his first A. But always with a restraint and feeling for understatement characteristic of the best—and the worst—in English letters.

Thus Sir Walter Scott was captivated by the quiet simplicity of a quatrain about a card cheat, whom his victims slew near Gill's Hill Lane in 1823:

They cut his throat from ear to ear.
His head they battered in.
His name was Mr. William Weare.
He lived in Lyon's Inn.

In 1832 Edinburgh was appalled by the excesses of William Burke and William Hare, grisly pathans who murdered with icy detachment and sold the corpses to a medical school under the famous Dr. Knox. They would cover the mouths and noses of their victims with pitch plaster and hold them down until they smothered to death. The kindest thing which can be said of Dr. Knox was that he probably thought his clinical subjects had been snatched from the graveyard. It is equally true that in his scientific fanaticism he did not care very much where he obtained them. The following lines are still crooned in Scottish nurseries:

Up the close and doun the stair
But and ben wi' Burke and Hare.
Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief,
Knox the boy who buys the beef.

From these two verses it is clear that the broadside was functional rather than aesthetic, a medium of public censure. When Mr. Charles Bravo, living in Balham with his wife and her lifelong companion, Mrs. Jane Cox, was mysteriously poisoned by a bottle of Burgundy, a murder charge was brought "against person or per-

Continued on page 168

Alias Jesse James, which makes it all rather confusing.

Again TWA Is
FIRST

TWA was first to launch the Super "Skyliners" — "Skyclubs" by day, "Skysleepers" at night. There are and have been other planes of the Club and Sleeper type, but none match these leviathans in size . . . 24,800 pounds; in power . . . 2,440 horsepower; in speed . . . coast to coast in 14 2/3 hours; in luxury . . . $10,000 interiors, custom seats costing $500 each, berths longer than a Pullman, wide as twin beds. On your next journey fly TWA. Non-stop "Skyclubs" between New York-Chicago; "Skysleepers" overnight Coast to Coast.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.

TWA IS SHORTEST...FASTEST...COAST TO COAST

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

HENNESSY
HENNESSY and SODA

84 PROOF

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Hennessy-and-Soda

is a pleasant and highly refreshing drink. The inimitable flavour of Three-Star Hennessy and the exhilaration of charged water make a beverage of unique appeal, especially when the weather's hot and you like your drinks icy cool. Try Hennessy. Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. Ja^s Hennessy & Co. Established 1765.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Murder Is a Minstrel

Continued from pages 63-167

sons unknown." But this is how the public felt about it:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds her husband in the way,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can turn him into clay?

The only means her aims to cover,
And save herself from prison locks,
And repossess her ancient lover,
Are Burgundy and Mrs. Cox.

Frequently English criminals have sired their own broadsides. John Selhurst, who was hanged at Taunton in 1877 for the murder of his wife, wrote shortly before he mounted the gallows:

With her a fearful life I led,
The drink it did so fly to her head;
On the Devil's tipple she used to dote,
But I cured her with a cut on the throat.
I wish I could the deed undo,
And so, dear people all, must you.

It did him no good.

The ghastly maniac who stalked prostitutes in the Whitechapel district of London under the *nom de guerre* of Jack the Ripper was supposed to have posted this communication to the English press:

I'm not a butcher, I'm not a Yid,
Nor yet a foreign skipper,
But I'm your own lighthearted friend,
Yours truly, Jack the Ripper.

It was the blithe touch in all he did which endeared "Jack" to the imaginations of the British public.

One of the rare crime-inspired jingles outstanding as a flash of genuine wit is the well-known parody on a legal declaration of assault by some unknown barrister of the nineteenth century:

The pleadings state that John-a-Gull,
With envy, wrath, and malice full,
With swords, knives, sticks, staves, fist and bludgeon
Beat, bruised and wounded John-a-Gudgeon.
First count. For that with divers jugs
To wit, twelve pots, twelve cups, twelve mugs
Of certain vulgar drink called Toddy
Said Gull did sluice said Gudgeon's body:
To wit, his gold-laced hat and hair on,
And clothes which he had then and there on:
To wit, twelve jackets, twelve surtouts,
Twelve pantaloons, twelve pair of boots;
Which did thereby much discompose
Said Gudgeon's mouth, eye, ear and nose,
Back, belly, neck, thighs, feet and toes;
By which and other wrongs unheard of,
His clothes were spoiled, and life despaired of.

III

Nations under the stress of war or revolution are prolific contributors to the poesy of murder. Here the psychosis is different—or is it in the final analysis similar? A defense mechanism against the glut of terror, the we-laugh-in-order-not-to-cry escapism. The soldier about to go over the top, the Russian royalist in the shadow of the firing squad, may jest at death to mask his fear.

In these circumstances the humor is no less extravagant, but one can detect a savage, sardonic note, a little more than hysteria and a little less than bravado.

During the French Revolution, for example, there sprang up a whole argot of the guillotine, created by the very persons most in peril of suffering its sharp kiss. You weren't decapitated. You "spat in the basket" (*cracher dans le panier*). The weight behind the blade was "the traveling bag" (*le sac à voyage*).

Today the black van in which the guillotine is transported to the place of execution is still called "the punch-and-judy" (*le guignol*), and the instrument itself, "the Widow Capet" (*la Veuve Capet*).

The *Carmagnole*, the *Ca Ira* and numerous chants of the Terror bristled with jocular references to the guillotine and its disreputable fuglemen, the Sanson family. Eventually jocularity lapsed into a cult of the guillotine. The populace sang paeans in its praise and worshiped it as the Babylonians worshiped Baal and Moloch.

Even without the atmosphere of upheaval, the gallows and the headsman's block have always been the focus of much robust humor. England has at various epochs displayed a tolerance towards her hangmen which might easily be mistaken for affection. All manner of gay little nicknames were bestowed upon them. Dick Brandon, who prepared for his vocation by lopping off the heads of cats and dogs, was known as "Young Brandon" to distinguish him from the elder Brandon who decapitated Charles I. There was "Squire" Dun and "Sixteen String Jack" Dennis, so named because he tied each of his breeches with eight ribbons. He figures prominently in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*.

The original Jack Ketch, now a generic name for all executioners, in 1679 penned a threat against the Papists which immediately became popular with the masses:

You are sick I am told, even sick unto death
And of a rebellious disease;
A hempen cravat to stop up your breath,
Will give you abundance of ease.

It is no longer fashionable to mock too loudly at crime and criminals. But the broadside, the ballad and the death's-head jest will flourish willy-nilly where murder has been done. ⌗

He spends plenty for clothes —but he always looks a mess

Don't let a sagging stomach spoil your appearance when it's so easy to keep trim—athletic with THE BRACER

HE'S DONE his best to look neat, but even the finest tailor—the most expensive suit can't hide that bulging waistline. No matter how much care he gives to his clothes, sagging stomach muscles spoil the effect—he still looks messy! Why let this happen to you? It's easy to regain that trim, youthful look—easy to have a firm, flat waistline! Just slip into The Bracer!

You'll Look Better—Feel Better at Once

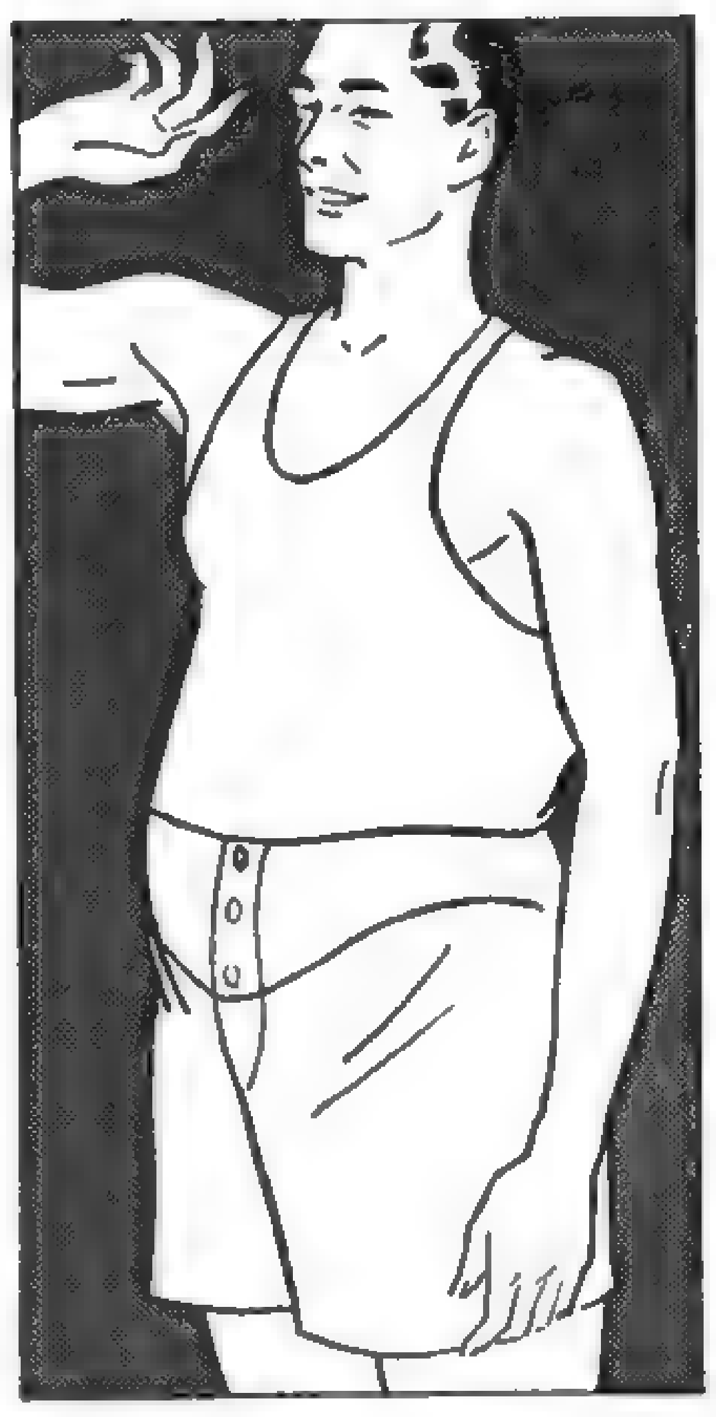
The Bracer is an amazing new-type supporter belt that gives complete support—controls that wandering waistline. Scientifically tailored for perfect fit and absolute comfort, The Bracer is knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn with four small flexible ribs to prevent rolling and with an exclusive soft yarn fly-front supporter. Has no buttons or buckles to bother you and the supporter type leg strap is always comfortable.

But that's not all! The Bracer can be laundered again and again without shrinking or losing elasticity. Seams are impregnated with live rubber—cannot loosen or pull out.

A Bauer & Black product, The Bracer is the result of the same scientific care that has made Bauer & Black famous for medical and surgical supplies and has made them the world's largest manufacturers of athletic supporters. When you buy The Bracer you know it is made with the greatest care under the most sanitary conditions. Try The Bracer now. Get several—have a clean one always on hand. You'll look younger, feel better, too! The Bracer can be purchased at department, drug, haberdashery and sporting goods stores.

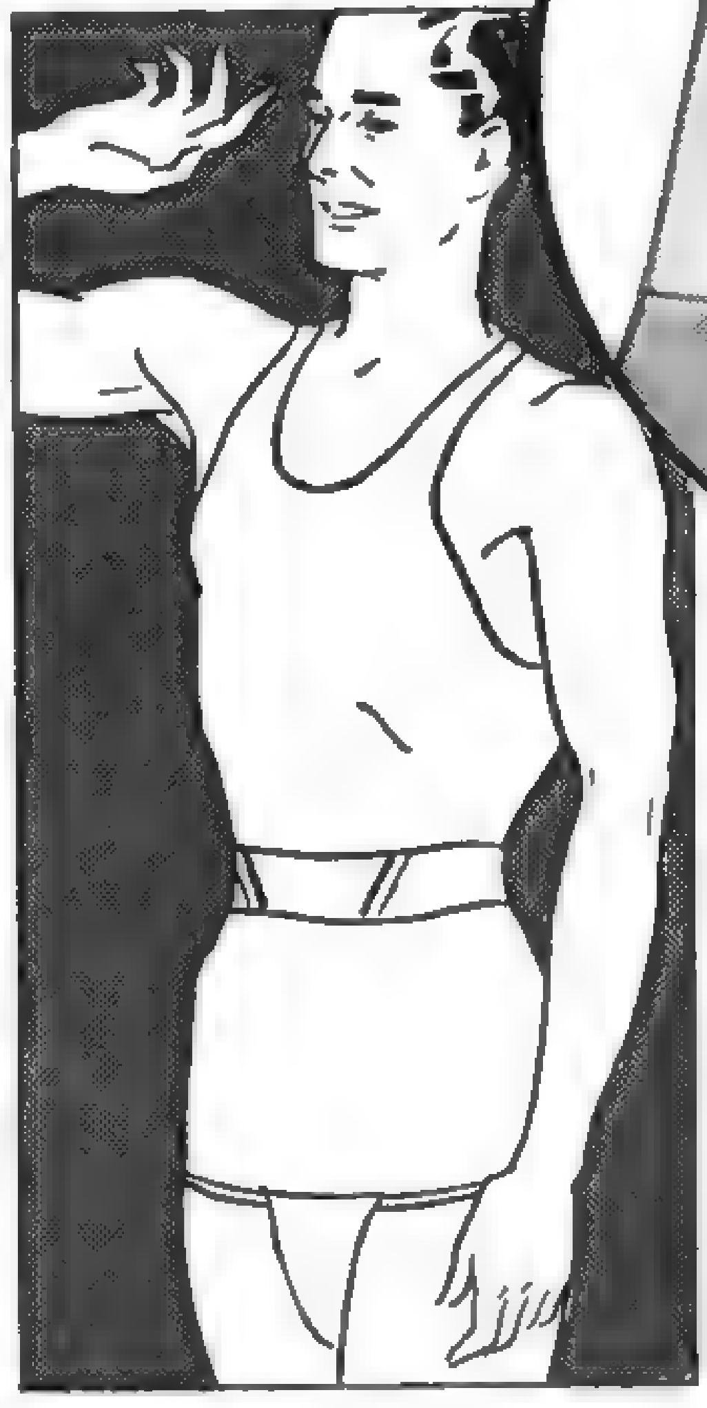
THE BRACER

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail this coupon with a check or money order. Price $2.00 (Canada $2.75).



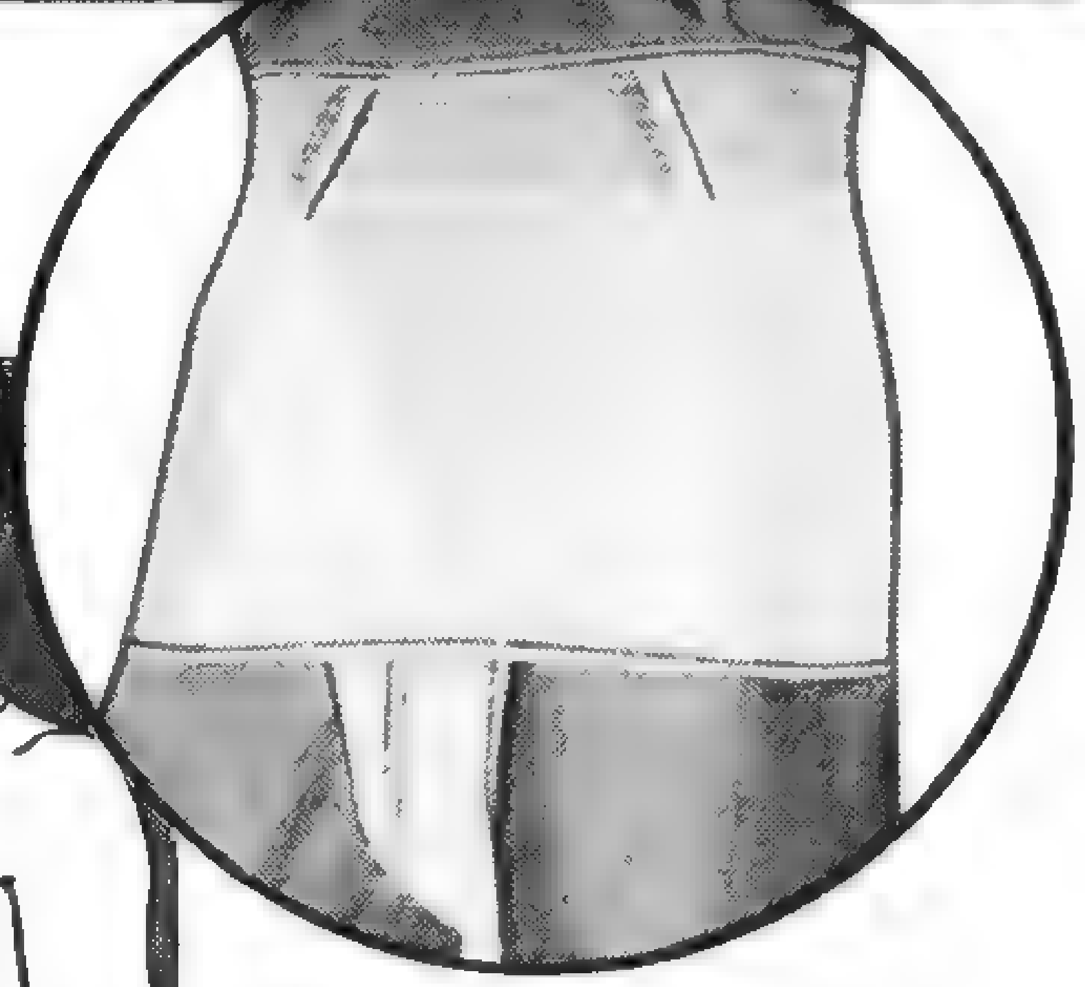
BEFORE

Sagging stomach muscles make you feel tired—make you look old.



AFTER

The minute you put The Bracer on you look better—feel better.



THE ONLY SUPPORTER BELT WITH THIS EXCLUSIVE FLY-FRONT

No other supporter belt offers you the comfort and convenience you get with The Bracer. The exclusive *fly-front* is a feature that will be welcomed by every man. It means you can wear The Bracer all day without removing. Be sure you get The Bracer!

BAUER & BLACK, Dept. A-23, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
(In Canada, Station K, Toronto)

I am enclosing check or money order for________________

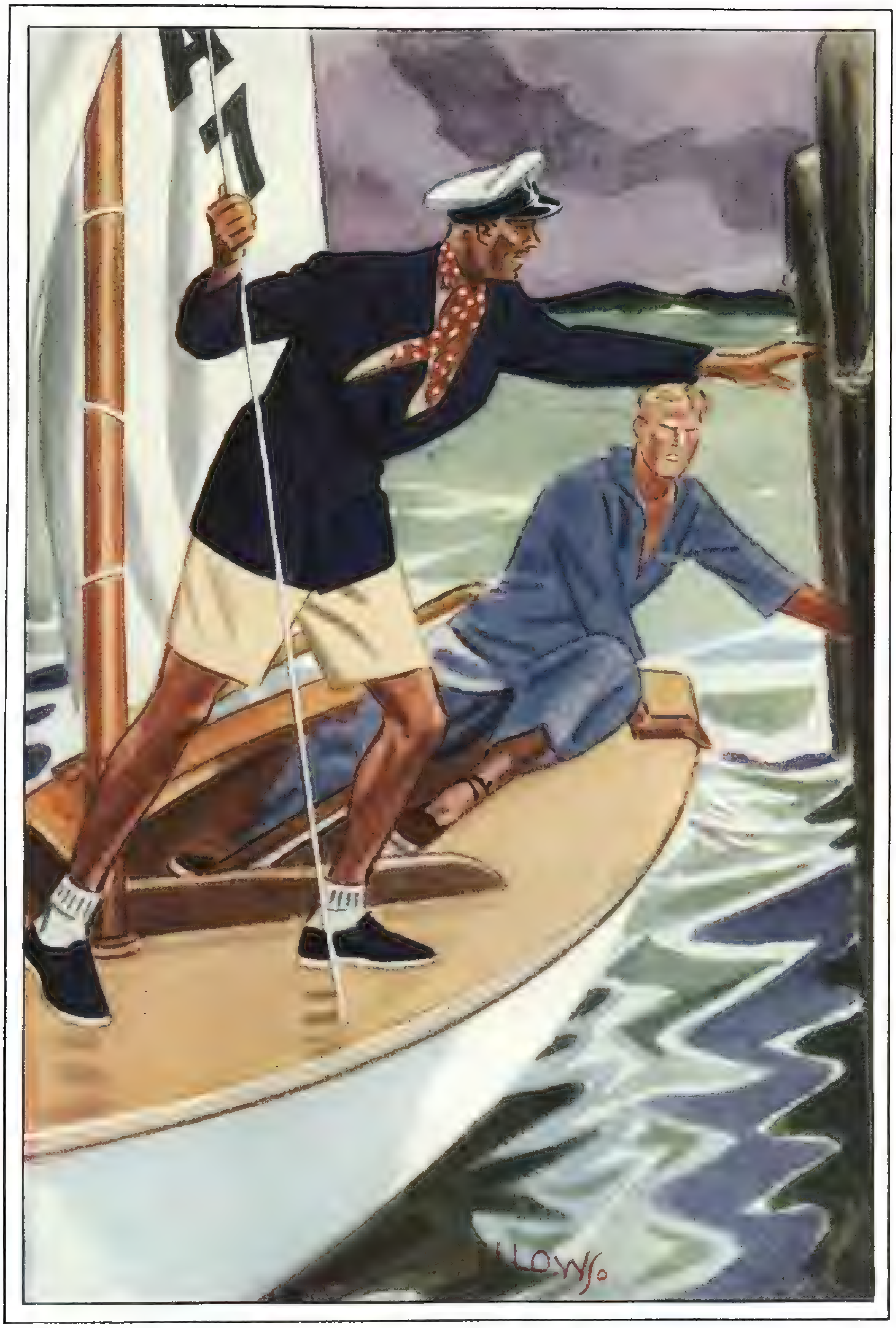
Please send me__________Bracers. My waist measurement is__________

Name________________________________

Address________________________________

City____________________State____________

My dealer's name and address is________________________



TWO MODES FOR SAILORS OF SMALL BOATS

Both outfits shown here won general acceptance at the West Indies resorts this past season. The man in the foreground is wearing a double breasted blue homespun tweed blazer with black plain buttons and patch pockets. The shorts are of flannel in a cream off-white shade. Beneath the blazer is a lightweight lisle shirt with half sleeves, worn with a colorful silk or cotton scarf. The shoes are blue canvas with rubber soles and heels. The same outfit could be worn with white or grey flannel slacks. For actual sailing on larger boats shirt and tie as well as regulation shoes would be in order. The man in the background is wearing one of the new denim dinghy suits in the shade known as Bimini Blue. It consists of a sailor's type jumper with three-quarter length sleeves and a small collar, worn outside the trousers. Wine color espadrilles with rope soles and heels. Suitable for sailing, fishing and beach club wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Mussolini of Music

Continued from page 60

patriots, that their common ancestors had snagged catfish in the Bay of Naples, that—

"Say," roared Jimmy into the telephone, "do you understand English?"

"Why, yes, indeed, to be sure," said Giuseppe, in English.

"Well," roared Jimmy, in English, "you can go —— yourself."

Jimmy's temper, notoriously short, was well out of hand by this time. He decided that he and Mussolini had stood about enough from Giuseppe. So he sent a cable message—costing the union $175—to *Il Duce:*

"Of the many consuls in this city (it said in part) the Italian consul, I regret to say, is the only one with whom we have ever had a dispute. In every instance the disputes are the result of Sig. Castruccio's determination to use nonprofessional musicians for social and state functions. I feel sure that you will not approve of what your Chicago representative is doing in this matter."

Jimmy was amazed when he found out the cost of sending the cable. "Why," he whistled, "it costs $16 to call that guy by his full name." He waited for his pal in Rome to give Giuseppe the works, but nothing happened. There was no reply. (Meanwhile the jubilee had been called off.) Jimmy remarked ruefully that he ought to have something coming for them 175 coconuts. But the Man on Horseback was silent. The 175 coconuts never bore fruit.

That was the only licking Jimmy has ever taken in a major engagement—and it took Mussolini to do it. But Jimmy isn't sore at Benito. He holds no grudges. His daily life is composed entirely of disputes, and when they are settled, they are forgotten. Business is business. Both of the grand old parties have courted him because of his influence among the Italians, but when duty has called he has taken up the cudgel against Democrats and Republicans, licked them, and then forgotten about it.

When Big Bill Thompson was running for re-election against Tony Cermak, Petrillo notified the radio stations that the Republican Party was about to be put on the unfair list for using phonograph music on sound trucks. This was "canned music"—Jimmy's No. 1 phobia. He announced, further, that 1,000 union musicians, paid by the union, would parade through the downtown streets advocating the election of all Democrats—unless the Republicans hired living musicians. The Republicans tried to compromise. They made Jimmy such offers as the Republican Party has been known to make before. But Jimmy wasn't interested. They would hire union musicians at $11 apiece or off the air they would go. Within twelve hours the party of Abraham Lincoln had capitulated to J. Petrillo.

Cermak was elected and appointed Jimmy commissioner of the West Side parks. But when Jimmy got wind of Tony's plan to have a high school band broadcast at his inauguration, he informed the radio stations that His Honor the Mayor was about to be placed on the unfair list. Cermak protested to Petrillo that he had spent $11,000 on union musicians during his campaign and simply wanted the high school band to have the honor of participating in the glorious ceremony. Jimmy said he didn't care if Tony had spent $11,000,000—there wasn't going to be no broadcasting by nonunion musicians while union musicians were starving. So the high school band was told off, and Cermak, with aching heart, hired fifty union musicians "out of my own pocket."

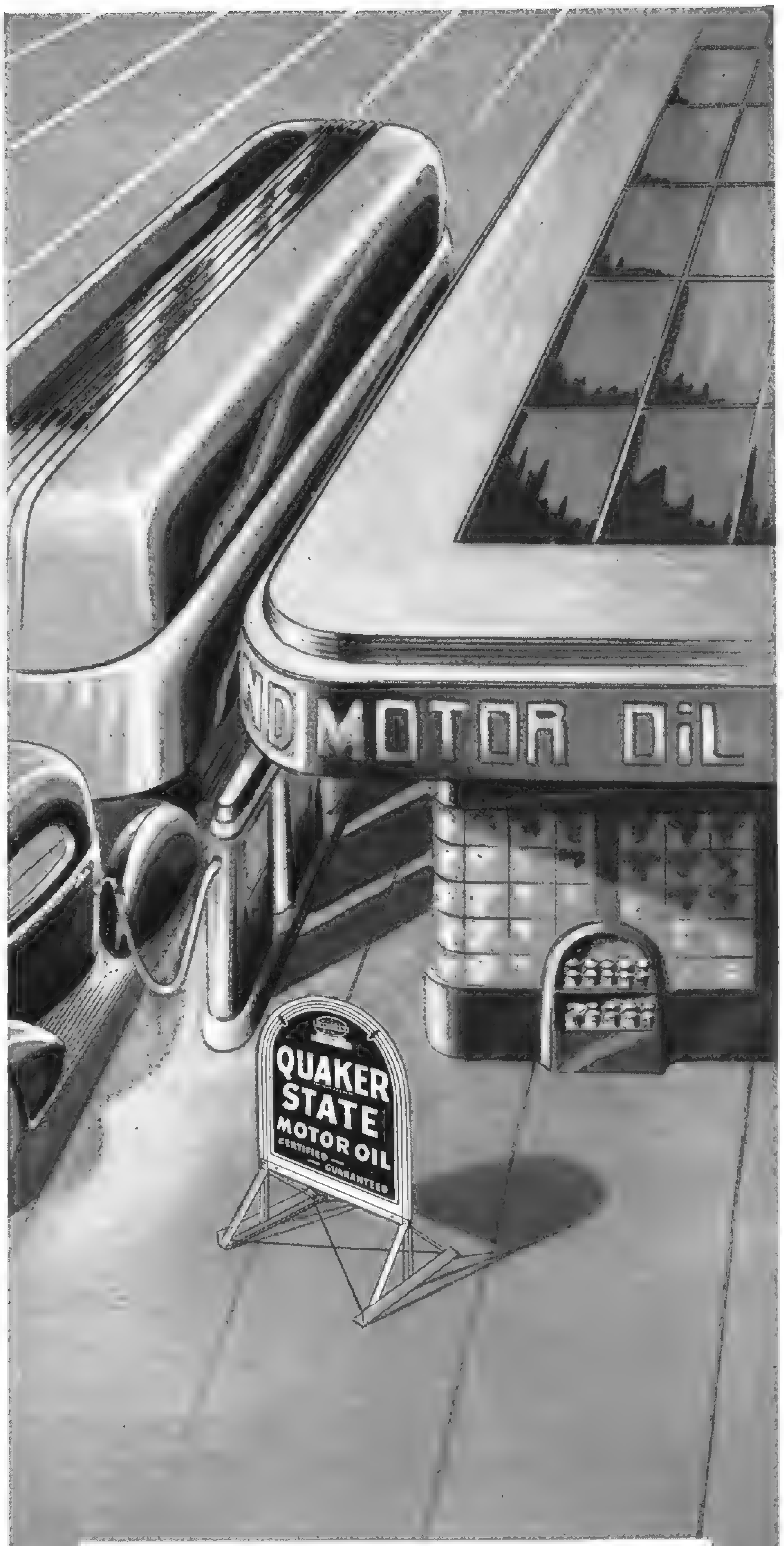
A couple of years later, Cermak lay dangling on death's edge in Miami while the Chicago Federation of Musicians dedicated its new $100,000 building with a fanfare befitting the occasion, Jimmy stepped up to the microphone (the radio stations saw to it that commercial programs didn't interfere with *that* broadcast) and said, "I set the dedication of this building for the 28th because my good friend Mayor Cermak said he could attend that night." And Jimmy's tears rolled out into the ether.

Petrillo's first act as park commissioner (after accepting a diamond-studded star from Local No. 10) was to announce that the eighteen recreation halls in the park system would be closed to nonunion musicians — including high school bands. As usual, the Chicago press—Petrillo's peons, since the papers all owned radio stations—rose to the occasion and said nothing, except for the *Daily News*, which had just sold its station to NBC. The *News* smote "the dictator" hip and thigh. The order stood. Clubwomen flooded the governor with letters of protest. "—— them clubwomen," said Commissioner Petrillo, laconically. "Every time you take a ——, they write to the governor." The order stands to this day.

Two years ago the Chicago park systems were consolidated, and Mayor Kelly appointed Jimmy one of five commissioners of the entire system, with its $50,000,000 budget. In 1935 Jimmy built a bandshell in Grant Park, on the lake front, and the union paid for a summer of free nightly concerts. They were a tremendous success; almost 2,000,000 people attended. Last year the park system appropriated $50,000 to cover the cost of the summer concerts, and 3,000,000 Chicagoans attended. Everybody—not the least of whom are the musicians who were given work—agrees that the Grant Park concerts are one of the best things that ever happened to Chicago.

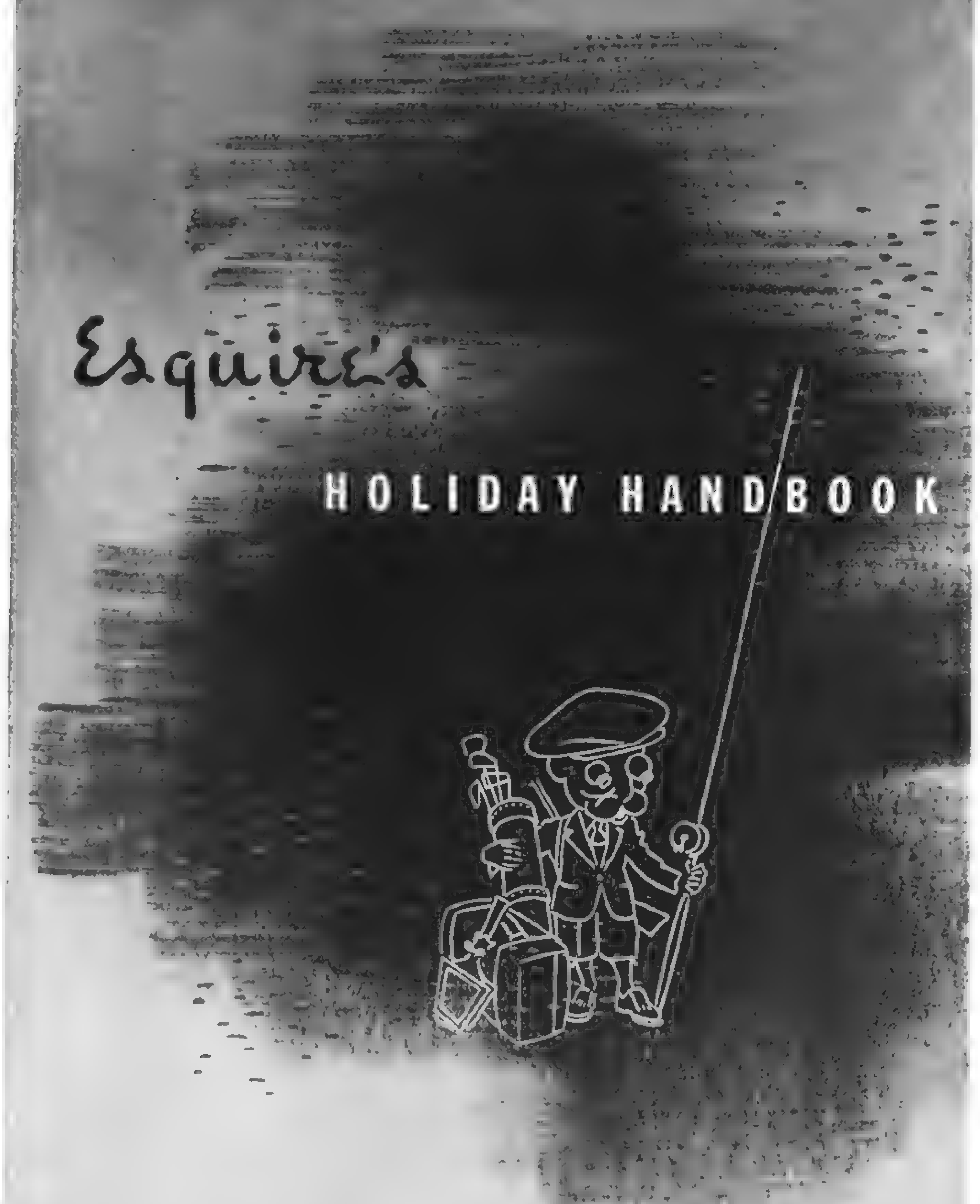
The Italian consul, the Repub-

Continued on page 172



Before gleaming gasoline palaces, and before the back-roads garage, you find the familiar Quaker State green-and-white sign. It's the greatest common denominator of motoring. The supreme lubricating luxury the millionaire can lavish on his Rolls-Royce . . . *the most economical lubrication the thrifty man can buy.* Quaker State gives the utmost in protection to any motor. And it is economical because you don't need to add oil so often between changes. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

IT'S SMART . . . TO USE QUAKER STATE



vacationing ?

here's authentic advice to the fun-bound

Esquire's

HOLIDAY HANDBOOK

Right now or in the next few weeks, the great American Public will make some great American decisions testing whether this family or that family will take to the mountains or the sea-shore, to a ship or the rails or the car or the air and whether their vacation period this summer will be spent in hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing or just sitting...or perhaps a combination of all activities.

Then come the questions of where to go, what to wear, what to take along and what to do when you get there. Don't be alarmed. Lean back. Take it easy. You've had a hard winter. "Esquire's Holiday Handbook" has been especially designed for smart vacationists. It will answer all your "wears" and "wheres."

Esquire's "holiday handbook" comes to you for 25c in stamps to cover costs of handling.

Esquire
FASHION STAFF 366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mussolini of Music

Continued from pages 60-171

licans, the Democrats, and the clubwomen are all in the day's work for the Mussolini of music. The tough assignment has been to defend the organized Muse against the radio, the talkies and the depression. Here the real struggle has been Petrillo vs. Nature. And Nature is just one more rugged individualist in the clutch of Jimmy's maw.

"The coming of radio," said Jimmy in one of his expansive moods, while the press hung upon his words, "caused a great fear to grip the hearts of musicians—a fear that this marvel of science would do away with orchestras in theatres, dance halls, hotels and restaurants. Today the radio stations within the jurisdiction of the Chicago local pay musicians in excess of $1,000,000 annually."

How did it happen? Jimmy "took the necessary means," as he likes to phrase it. On March 21, 1924—musicians were broadcasting just for the publicity in those days—Petrillo announced that henceforth no union musician would be allowed to play over the radio without receiving a minimum of $8 for three hours or less. In addition, action would be taken at the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Musicians to demand a 50 per cent increase in wages for hotel orchestras broadcasting by remote control.

The effect of this announcement was immediate on both fronts. Local No. 10 acquired 1,000 new members. (The initiation fee is $100. If an applicant fails to pass the entrance test he is admitted anyway.) The radio stations, in their first frenzied dash for cover, turned to phonograph records. This was a bad move. Jimmy conferred with President Joe Weber of the A. F. of M., with the result that the Federation sent a lobbyist to Washington and convinced the Radio Commission that it was unconstitutional to broadcast music from a radio record without announcing that it was a transcription—a poor substitute for the flesh-and-blood artist. Then for good measure Local No. 10 slapped on a regulation that the man who turned the phonograph records would have to belong to the union and receive $18 an engagement, whether he turned one record or a hundred.

Jimmy pushed the wage scale up fast. In December of 1931, with the scale at $140 a week, a rumor reached Jimmy that the radio stations were going to retrench. He at once waited on the Chicago Broadcasters Association with his demands for the 1932 contract: 1. Wages were not to be cut. 2. Working hours were to be reduced from 35 to 30 a week. 3. Station orchestras were to be increased from 10 to 15 men. 4. The man who "monitored" the control board—an engineer—was to be a union musician. 5. Recordings were to be eliminated from commercial programs.

Demands No. 4 and 5 were dummies. Petrillo always includes one or two points that he has no interest in winning, and then concedes them, one at a time, with the combined effect of convincing the public that he is willing to compromise and at the same time enabling the opposition to save its face by winning the dummy points. The stations refused to sign, and Jimmy called a strike for New Year's Eve. Anticipating that the stations might get the national chains to "pipe" them music from other cities, Jimmy ran down to New York for a conference with Joe Weber and returned with the announcement that if the chains tried to feed programs to the Chicago stations, "the strike will spread." This meant that the U. S. would have no music that New Year's Eve.

A little after 7 p.m. of December 31, the stations capitulated. The customary Petrillo compromise had been reached—Petrillo got everything. The broadcasters were bitter. The new contracts, they said, would mean 150 per cent increase in operating expenses. Jimmy was so jubilant that he called a meeting of the union and made his dignity-of-labor speech. "Look at the teamsters—a 10% cut. Look at the musicians—a 15% raise." The musicians were glad they weren't teamsters.

Year after year, Jimmy has pushed up the minimum number of musicians for each station. When NBC and CBS went into the booking business, Jimmy, who didn't believe it was fair for the chains to force hotels and cabarets to hire chain-managed orchestras on the threat of refusing to broadcast the programs, "took the necessary means," including a strike of hotel musicians, and a couple of months ago the two national chains abandoned the booking business. Did Petrillo have anything to do with their decision? "You bet he did," said one of the chain officials bitterly.

The coming of "canned music" to the movie houses accounts for the deepest wrinkles in Jimmy Petrillo's bald forehead. It wasn't a question of the wage scale, which was $86—although in the course of "negotiations" his home had been bombed and he had to double his bodyguard and carry a gun himself. The real difficulty lay in the disinclination of the small picture houses to retain the old four-man orchestra in every pit.

The operators of the big houses saw an opportunity to hamstring Petrillo and joined the cause of the little fellows, pleading that the ruling would put the little fellows out of business. Strikes were called year after year, and "Petrillo compromises" were effected each time. The big houses dared not come out in the open; they were using stage shows, and the stage-hands' local, working hand-in-glove with Petrillo, was ready to call out its men at a signal from Jimmy.

Early in 1929 Petrillo ruled that every picture house must employ a union organist. Some of the small houses that had mechanical organs bucked the order; they were losing their pants as it was, without hiring any goddamned union organist. Several of these houses caught fire—mysteriously. Stink bombs were thrown in others—mysteriously. One was broken into and the organ chopped to pieces—mysteriously. The union filed suit against one owner for insinuating that it was responsible for the vandalism. The owner went out of business soon after. The suit never came to trial.

In August of 1929 Jimmy demanded the usual 10 per cent wage increase. (At that time the city's 400 houses were employing 800 musicians, in contrast to the 1200 they employed before the advent of the talkies.) The exhibitors demurred and the union struck—on Labor Day. The wage increase was granted, but Jimmy took a voluntary defeat in his war with nature—he let the minimum number requirement slide. But a few weeks ago, with something under 100 musicians in the Chicago picture houses, Jimmy announced that no theatre charging more than 25 cents admission may use any sound film made in Chicago (there aren't many) without paying as many musicians as were used in making the film.

The legitimate theatres were easier to bulldoze, because of the working agreement between Jimmy and George Browne of the stage-hands' union. Every playhouse operating in Chicago has to maintain a five-man orchestra in the pit at $500 a week, whether the men are playing or not. Plays that have no use for orchestras have to hire them anyway. A show that brings its own orchestra to town with it has to hire Jimmy's boys, man for man, before the imported band can play a note. When pictures like *Romeo and Juliet* have their premières in playhouses, pit orchestras cannot possibly be used—but they have to be hired.

Jimmy's tacit ally in his disputes with the crasser commercial enterprises is the public, which listens with well-earned satisfaction to the groans of the oppressed magnates. This indifference vitiated the late Chicago Civic Opera Company's efforts to break the union's strangle hold. (The members of the orchestra were getting $170 a week when the company folded.) Insull's tony regime had about as much sympathy from the public as did Kahn's in New York. But the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was different.

Year after year the Orchestra announced that it would have to disband in the face of Petrillo's demands. Year after year his demands were met. In 1927, the Orchestra really meant it, it seemed. Jimmy figured that his new wage scale would increase the expense of the season $30,000. He suggested the amount be raised by popular subscription. The *Daily News* (which still owned a radio station) raised the $30,000. Petrillo had compromised.

But in 1932, Jimmy gave in, dramatically accepted a wage cut, and was hosannahed as the savior of the Symphony. Last year he demanded, and got, a restoration of the wage cut and an increase in the number of players.

Without Petrillo, most of the musicians of Chicago—and of the other towns that have followed his lead—would be starving. There simply is no replacing the men displaced by the talkies, the radio, and the disappearance of the great brass bands of yesteryear. With him, those who are working —up considerably from the 1932 low of less than 50 per cent—make exorbitant money, those who are starving are fed by the union. Jimmy himself, with a heart as big as a bass viol, takes care of a score or more of them. The annual dues of $16 is probably the lowest union dues in the country, and it carries a thousand-dollar life insurance policy. The employment fund, maintained by 2 per cent of the members' earnings, has distributed $300,000 in the past ten years, paying the unemployed brothers union wages to play at charity institutions. The books of the union are open to any and all.

The principal source of Local No. 10's income is fines. The fines are stiff. Jimmy doesn't permit any backsliding. Fines of $25,000 and $50,000 have been levied on bands that hired out ostensibly at the union scale and "kicked back" to the employer. At a typical meeting of the Trial Board $1,860 in fines was levied. The Trial Board meets once a month.

Salaries of the union's officers are fixed once a year in an open meeting in which the officers have no vote. Jimmy's $500 a week (plus a Lincoln and chauffeur) tops a generous payroll. Jimmy is satisfied.

Even if he wanted to turn out old Joe Weber as National President, he wouldn't want to move to New York and surrender his diamond-studded park commissioner's star. On $500 a week it's no trick to have a wife and three kids and tickets to the fights and enough to drink and a summer cottage in Michigan. What else is there?

"I am not supposed to steal," says Jimmy. "When I want anything, I ask for it and the boys give it to me. I take care of them and they take care of me. I have had to fight them, as well as fight for them. But the wage scale has been raised, and the men live better and raise their children better. Ain't it worth it? How about a shot?"

Jimmy Petrillo sees himself as a symbol, a symbol of the Musician. The Musician, as Jimmy sees him, is an inalienable appendage of every form of human diversion, and the union is the

Continued at top of page 174

Swing it!
FROM YOUR HIP...AND FIRE!
TARGETEER

...IT'S THE NEW TARGETEER!

Here's a shooting game to quicken the pulse of red-blooded men and women—the Targeteer—to give you sport the way you want it.

Sight down the long, blued-steel barrel of this new repeating target pistol. Your finger itches to pull the trigger. Set up Targeteer package with its built-in targets on porch, lawn, *anywhere*. Step off 12 feet with Targeteer . . . and swing it! Watch the "birdies" jump and spin. Hit the bull's-eye card 10 times for 40. There, pardner, is where life begins!

Keep Targeteer on hand for guests. It's safe. You can fire it at your hand without injury. You can use it indoors, as well as out, with no fear of wreckage. Get yours today at your favorite department, sports goods or hardware store. Price is only $2.00. Better be quick on the draw!

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SUMMER'S THREE GRACES

GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne...a refreshingly feminine miss reminding of cool shadows caught and held by the spell of her fragrant midsummer rose garden.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne . . . youthful partner ready for any sport under summer skies, remarkably stimulating in her own immaculate way.

TOSCA Eau de Cologne... the third of the summer's graces, whose enchanting presence adds just the formal touch for closing the day with an evening of romance.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne...the basic essence of grace shared by all three, and known to women and men of exquisite taste everywhere since 1792 as the original "4711" Classic Eau de Cologne.

Spraying "4711" CLASSIC Eau de Cologne early became a "4711" habit, whether to heighten the charm of person or boudoir. Today, the atomizer worthily carries on this "4711" tradition, diffusing the refreshing essences of "4711's" newest Eau de Cologne graces.

TROIKA
EAU DE COLOGNE
4711
Tosca

№4711.

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

A FULL LINE OF TOILETRIES FROM BATH TO BOUDOIR

Mussolini of Music

Continued from pages 60-171-173

musician's only hope of survival in a brutal world—even if Jimmy has to forbid an American Legion band to play at an old soldier's funeral. That *Hamlet* should be staged without a five-man orchestra playing *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* is unthinkable. That a great artist like Mickey Mouse should be accompanied by a phonograph record rather than a full symphony is blasphemous. That a dance hall should replace a band (at $1,000 a week) with a radio (at $200 outright) is an affront to the Muse whose business agent is J. Petrillo.

Economic forces don't interest Jimmy. He assures his boys that the radio and the talkies will soon lose their popularity, "and when that day comes, the living, breathing player of the fiddle and horn will once more enter into his inheritance."

Against that day Jimmy is bleeding the capitalists, just as the capitalists would bleed Jimmy if they were smart enough. Sooner or later he will be bleeding the capitalists all over the country—if there are any capitalists left—because he is only forty-four and Joe Weber, who is in his seventies, can't last forever. It is paradoxical that the fate of so ethereal a business should rest with so coarse a gent as Jimmy Petrillo. His philosophy of getting his boys not a reasonable amount of money, nor even an exorbitant amount of money, but all the money he can get, is as anti-social as it must ultimately be unworkable. He believes with Herbie Hoover, whom he does not otherwise resemble, in the theory of dog eat dog. The main difference between them is that Petrillo's dog happens to be the under one. #

The Whole World Is Outside

Continued from page 45

"Yes, Mummie," they said together.

"Now go and leave the door a tiny bit open; just a crack. And Peter, take your sister's hand when you are outside. The whole world is outside and may God love you and watch over you."

The fingers of one hand were close to her mouth but the other hand she reached out from under the quilt and waved very slowly.

The children stood at the door and also waved to their mother. They saw her smile and they smiled back, not a full broad smile, only a little stifled smile. Slowly they backed out and Peter closed the door leaving just a crack.

As they walked down the stairs Ellen suddenly stopped, waved her arm and called: "Good-bye, Mummie."

"She can't see you from here," said Peter. "Come."

As soon as the door had closed the woman in bed could restrain herself no longer. Cast iron would have melted long before this. She put her fingers in her mouth and sobbed, and a tiny rivulet in zig-zag path streamed down her face and into the pillow. And now the last hold was torn away and it seemed easy to stretch her limbs and close her eyes.

It was a dozen blocks to Grand Central Station and these the children walked hand in hand. They were now walking in the great world that is outside. Now and then they paused to look into the shop windows where toys or novelties were displayed and when they had paused long enough Peter said: "Come."

Once they stopped before a movie house and looked at the big colored poster showing a man embracing a woman. This was a kind of love; but they hated this love and thought it quite unnecessary. It was not like the love their mother had for them. They did not tarry long.

At the station Peter paused beside a newsstand and bought a strawberry lollypop with five pennies that he happened to have in his pocket. He gave it to Ellen as though she were a child and he the parent.

They walked to the information desk and displayed the card.

"So you want to go to Fairwoods?"

"Yes," he showed the dollar.

"Who is this person in Fairwoods?"

"Our Auntie Pauline."

The clerk called a colored porter who brought them to a ticket window and bought them two one-half tickets to Fairwoods. There was a little change from the dollar which Peter put in his pocket.

"This way," said the porter.

As they crossed the big hall Peter drew out the silver watch and compared it with the station clock. Ellen looked at him to see if he was doing this worldly business properly. And while she looked at him she sucked on the strawberry lollypop.

While walking down the platform the porter spoke to the children.

"Where your mother is?"

"She has gone away."

"On a trip?"

"Yes."

"Where did she go?"

"She went where people go when they go to die."

"Lordie, Lordie. Is that so!"

"Yes sir. She did not want to tell us but we know."

And Ellen nodded her head to say that this was true.

Jerry nearly jumped out of his skin when he discovered the children walking up the drive hand-in-hand. He knew now that he would have someone to play with. He ran out on the lawn and found his rubber ball and brought it close to the house.

"Why, it's the children, you darlings!" cried Mrs. Monroe and she gave them each a hug and a kiss.

"Your mother sent you, I suppose, for she knows how fond we are of you."

The children were silent.

"She is well?"

Peter nodded as though everything were all right.

She rang the bell and asked the maid to bring some slices of cake and fruit, for while she had no children of her own she knew that children were often hungry at odd hours.

The children were anxious to play with Jerry and therefore they hurried through with the cake and fruit. Then followed a full hour of joyous running up and down on the lawn and tossing the ball in the air for Jerry to catch, and throwing it far off to have Jerry chase it madly and bring it back.

Suddenly Peter remembered the letter and reminded Ellen. She went to the hall closet and drew it from her coat pocket and gave it to her Auntie Pauline.

"What is this?"

"A letter from Mummie," she said simply.

She opened the envelope and read: "Pauline, here are the children. I cannot take them with me and they are too old to leave on a doorstep. I returned your last few letters unopened because there really was no use. You cannot approve of anything and I am sick and tired of listening to your smug remarks.

"Yes, Pauline, I married a drunkard. But while he lived we were happy, very happy. This is something you have never known and I doubt if you are capable of knowing it. Your husband has given you diamonds and furs and mine has left me but poverty and a widow's veil. But I had the children and we have managed as best we could. For God's sake Pauline, the kids are innocent. Do not hold against them what you would hold against me. Try not to criticize death. If you love them they will bring you much happiness. More I could not leave anyone. Your sister, Laura."

Ellen was standing beside her aunt and watched as she read the letter.

"Do you know what is in this letter?"

She nodded her braided flaxen head. Yes, she knew.

It was then as she nodded her head that her aunt noticed that the child was wearing the old chain and locket that once her own mother wore. She kissed the child and went quickly to the telephone to call her husband.

"Fred, Fred. I'm glad I got you before you left the city. The children are here. Yes. . . . About an hour ago."

"I am glad you made it up with your sister at last. I've missed those kids," he called from the other end.

"No, I haven't made it up. Listen to me. The children are here. They are here for good. Just a minute and you will understand. Please take a taxi right away and go over. No, there is no telephone. And call me back. Do anything necessary. Goodbye."

Fred Monroe arrived at the apartment, but the visitor Death had crept in before him. The door was still open just a tiny crack.

There were a lot of things to be done and it was fairly late that evening when Uncle Fred got back to Fairwoods.

"Yes," he said, "I did everything necessary. Are the children asleep?"

"I put them to bed an hour ago."

"Uncle Fred," came a small voice from an upstairs bedroom.

"Yes, darling. Coming."

The children were not asleep at all. And their uncle was very happy to see them. They climbed all over him and hugged him and laughed and told him about a new trick that they taught Jerry.

After a time Ellen still quite cheerful asked: "Did you see Mummie?"

Their uncle did not want to reply.

"She told us to be brave," Peter said. "And so we know all about it."

"What do you know?"

"We know she went away, far away. She was going to visit God. Did she go?"

"Yes. She went."

That seemed all that needed to be said. The children soon went back to bed, closed their eyes and slept. They slept soundly and dreamed of very nice things, the kind of things that hang on Christmas trees and things that come out at Easter time, like rabbits and chocolate eggs and that sugar crystal egg that has a whole village scene inside with a shepherd and a little "bitzie" lamb.

The sun rose up to call out the morning of a new day. Jerry, that four-legged piece of nervous energy covered with a coat of wire hair, was already standing in the kitchen waiting for his biscuit soaked in fresh milk. He shook himself to get the sleep out of the marrow of his bones and lapped up the food with great noise. The drops of milk were still dripping from his blunt muzzle as he stood waiting for the children to get up and play.

Soon they were all in the yard with the rubber ball. They never seemed to tire of this game. Ellen paused for a moment and asked her brother: "Mummie isn't coming back?"

He shook his head.

"Not at all?" she asked.

"No. She won't come back."

"What does it mean when they say the whole world is outside."

"I don't know."

He handed her the ball and they went on playing. #

» » » » » » » » 84* » » » » » » » » »

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are getting added sales impetus through "Elevated" car cards and posters in the Metropolitan Chicago area—the second largest market in the U. S., with 5,300,000 population. Many of these 84 have been telling their story to our daily 1,500,000 circulation without interruption for 10 to 24 years.

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"FEEN-A-MINT"—sold through *Drug Stores.*
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

THE DIGNITY OF DELTA SIG

You ask why we are indignant? Of course we are indignant. The members of the fraternity are indignant. The implications derived from your cartoon on page 97 of the May issue of ESQUIRE is enough to make any loyal Delta Sig indignant.

The Delta Sigs are strictly gentlemen of the "old school." The implications in your cartoon are vulgar and distasteful to all loyal Delta Sigs. What do you suppose your reading public, not having the privilege of knowing a Delta Sig personally, will think of Delta Sigma Phi fraternity if they are to take their opinion from your cartoon. Let us again remind you that we are true gentlemen. Would a true gentleman's mind be in such a condition as to warrant a telephone message such as that? We feel that you have done us a great injustice. We are proud of the standards of Delta Sigma Phi and we are known by our reputation. Our reputation must be kept spotless and above reproach.

Yours indignantly,
C. A. KNIPSCHILD
D. G. SCOTT
East Lansing, Mich.

YOU DON'T; YOU GIVE 'EM AWAY

I'm not such a hag, if you're speaking of looks,
And I'm really quite smart, as to figure,
If Venus and Helen of Troy were good cooks,
They still had the vim and the vigor;
I can walk, I can ride, fly the sky, swim the tide,
I am anything but a flat tire,
You have a charmed circle, I can't get inside,
HOW DOES ONE SELL POEMS TO ESQUIRE?

I can stay married for seventeen years,
Many do—'tho not all are so happy,
I can drive cars without stripping the gears,
When my better-half says "make it snappy"
I can act critic, as well as the rest,
So—"that wench tale I scarcely admire"
Remaining anonymous really was best,
HOW DOES ONE SELL POEMS TO ESQUIRE?

I could give Winchell a pointer or two,
And keep Movie Stars' ears all aquiver,
I would have readers who knew 'phew' from 'whew'
And could tell a red heart from a liver,
I'd be a wow—if you'd let me show how,
'Tis an author I'd be—my good Sire,
(I'm a flop, I can't win, 'tho I *have* a good chin)
HOW DOES ONE SELL POEMS TO ESQUIRE?

WYLMARIE BELL SMITH
Brentwood Heights, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE FAN MAIL OF BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

I note with pleasure (?) that on page 135 of your May issue you have reproduced a letter signed by me in an article by Arthur Davison Ficke entitled, *Fan Mail of John Aloysius Jones.*

In this letter I invited your Mr. John Aloysius Jones to visit Russia, all expenses paid by the Government and his stay there made generally pleasant and profitable. But as Fate would have it I happen to be in this country before your correspondent could avail himself of the friendly invitation. Such being the case I do not think that you will refuse extending to me the same courtesy while I am in your country. It is likely that because your magazine is so new and little known your funds are somewhat limited and you would not be in a position to reimburse my expenses, which I regret to say are running pretty high. But it should not be difficult for you to supply me with a charming and attractive guide (preferably blond for we in Russia are partial to blonds), to show me things you consider most notable and perhaps to explain to me why you in this country use people's names recklessly and in vain upon the pages of your publications.

This charming guide might also help me in writing my impression of America—the land of Arthur Davison Ficke and John Aloysius Jones.

Respectfully,
New York City BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

SOLDIER'S GROUCH

Here comes a soldier to add his grouch to the already swelling pages of *S. & F.*

I have borne with patience and in silence the gruesome perpetrations which you print in your pages as the British Army, but the atrocity which adorned (?) the cover of your May number was the last straw. In this you have taken a man from one of our Guards Regiments, messed up his uniform in a manner which The Service wouldn't tolerate, armed him with a rifle which has never before been seen or heard of in The Service, attached a pair of scissors—on the wrong side of the barrel—as a bayonet, and set him on duty—presumably outside the Palace, to guard the King—in a sentry box with a landscape painted on the back of it. Confound it, ESQUIRE, it's not fair! We buy you every month and you agonize us in this manner.

Your contents aren't too bad. Might be improved by addition of Petty's girls and less Jesse Stuart, ads, etc. Also, why not distribute your cartoons through the mag. instead of concentrating them in the beginning?

Yours, etc.,
Halifax, N. S., Canada C. ADET

IMPERIAL ANSWER

I often used to wonder who on earth bothered to write letters to the Editor, and equally why on earth the Editor ever bothered to publish them. It took a dose of typhoid fever to clear these and other scales from my eyes, and incidentally, to delay this letter until it is probably too late for publication in the May number, if it should be that you decide to publish it at all. It was, then, to the *Sound and the Fury* that I turned for solace. When I finished reading Mr. Acheson's vitriolic attack upon the educational system of my country.

Well aware, however, that an Englishman's point of view can be of little value when concerned with a subject in which he is obviously biased, it would behove me to write with some circumspection, but I believe in being outspoken, even to the risk of being kept out of print. For ESQUIRE is very American, and rightly, being published for an American public. But it was not until *The Old School Tie* appeared that I realized that ESQUIRE to be so aggressively American as to allow, from the pinnacle of it's "We're-right-and-everybody-else-is-wrong" Democracy, an attack to be launched against the symbol of an institution which was well established before the American continent was known of to the then civilized world. But a glance at the letter-press reveals that it is against the institution and not the badge thereof that Mr. Acheson opens the floodgates of his virulence.

It is a little difficult to come to grips with Mr. Acheson, for he is a master of cunning innuendo and "cooked" statistics. For instance, referring to the Great Public Schools, he only allows that there are 10 or 12 of these. A glance at my Whitaker's Almanack—a book that can be trusted—allowed me to pick out 25 Public Schools that can be classed as the Really Great, and between 50 and 60 whose names are known by every educated person. Further, my Whitaker shows me that there are 190 schools in Great Britain chosen by the Headmasters Conference to rank equally; Eton and Harrow have allowed their names to be coupled with those of 188 other schools and *not*, as Mr. Acheson suggests, with but ten or twelve.

He asserts that the Old School Tie Wearer will automatically fall into a good job; believe me, that is not so. Old School Ties are a drug on the market; if matters were as Mr. Acheson presents them, I would not be pounding a policeman's beat; I rank little higher than an Army Private, yet I wear off duty one of the best Old School Ties, and there are many others with me, both at home and abroad, who have taken "copper's" jobs to stave off starvation.

Mr. Acheson suggests that riches will get a boy to Eton. I deplore his ignorance. Eton and Harrow have developed into establishments that produce leaders; leaders political—Mr. Acheson resents that—leaders military—Mr. Acheson ignores that—and leaders clerical, commercial and what-have-you. But these leaders, in a land where class-distinctions are strongly felt, are naturally drawn from the upper—and *usually* monied—classes. The mere war profiteer, or other *nouveau riche*, could no more by riches wangle his son into Eton than by riches could Sir Thomas Lipton, famous yachtsman (tea-importer) and builder of the famous *Shamrocks I-V*, America's Cup Challengers, wangle himself into the Royal Yacht Squadron. Money talks, but breeding opens doors.

I know so little of your country, tho I have met and liked many of your more and less prominent citizens, in England. Yet nothing in my relations with them has prompted me to study American educational methods in order to sneer at the post-graduate effects of your Greek alphabet fraternities. On the contrary, I have endeavored to show them how few Englishmen spend their days draped languidly round a malacca cane, looking weary from the exertion of keeping a monocle in place. Further, I have made a point of combating the popular conception of America as a land of dentists and ice-box salesmen, larded with Italians in open cars with Tommy guns in their hip pockets. But when Mr. Acheson lets loose such a flood of vituperation, one begins to think that Sinclair Lewis was right after all, and back comes the old conception of the educated, successful American citizen who is so fanatically the garbage man's best friend to prove his own good Democratic sympathies that he is blind to the possibilities of good in the partial survival of the Feudal system in England.

The Norman Conquest brought an Aristocracy that still survives. The village still has its Squire, and the people like it. Hence the Public School. As Mr. Acheson points out, these were started by one or two kings for "poor scholars," but these poor scholars were not the sons of the peasantry, who could neither read nor write, but sons of gentry impoverished, usually, by the wars or a spendthrift father. But when the aristocracy and gentry increased, thru natural causes, and financially embarrassed succeeding monarchs withdrew pecuniary assistance, these schools found that they could choose their pupils from the class that could pay—the big landowners and other upper or monied classes—but to preserve their original character, left open "scholarships," whereby the genuinely clever but impecunious scholar could get his schooling free or at greatly reduced price. For, generally speaking, it was only the gentleman's son who wanted such an education; the peasant's son learned to till his father's land, and milord's offspring had a private tutor. The fact that our great Public Schools have kept their character in a changing world has provoked Mr. Acheson's attack.

I would like to dissect Mr. Acheson's article paragraph by paragraph, correcting gross error here, and attacking clever innuendo there, but I have used too much space already. Besides, such Hypocrisy rooted in Democracy is too strong for a mere Public School boy who never had the chance to weave mystic significance around two letters of the Greek alphabet, nor to realize the educational possibilities in mysterious hand-shakes and secret initiation ceremonies. Mr. Acheson seems to have adapted a philosophy—no one should be born great; some, like good Americans, achieve greatness, but British Public School products have greatness forced upon them.

I wonder what part of the United States has had the honour of being Mr. Acheson's home. I hope, for his sake, that he has never spoken to a New Yorker. If he has, and yet claims the "English accent" to be nasal, he is merely prostituting his pen for filthy lucre, and is capable of anything.

Sincerely,
Jaffa, Palestine IVAN HOOK
(10 days later)

P. S. Owing to various circumstances, I've not been able to post this before and now it's probably too late, but I'm sending it anyhow.

ESQ. WITHOUT AUTHORS

Nearly obscured by the outbursts of indignantly incoherent Princetonians and calumnies of "Societies for the Suppression of Sex" was the extremely sensible letter of Mr. Guiterman in your May issue.

Not even "Terrific Western" or "Supreme Scientific" could be victimized by the type of drivel tossed on your desk by those high-powered authors who, apparently, write for "Esky" only during hangovers and psycophatic depressions. As it is, the advertising and photographic and cartoon features are well worth the four bits, but it could be a hell of a lot better magazine for a damn sight less money than you're putting out.

If I could put a Bronx Cheer on paper, I'd enscribe it on the "fashion" pages and mail it to you. Why are such atrocities perpetrated—for the benefit of the pansy portion of subscribers, or for those pornographic pulse poppers glorified in the more frankly salacious periodicals? I'll bet you'd have a sit-down strike on your hands if you tried to force the print shop personnel to wear such "stuff and things."

Please, for the sake of the now famous "average" reader, stop letting those authors take you for a ride. Maybe you should move to Topeka.

Sincerely,
Eugene, Ore. W. G. CRASE

POME TO ESQ.

Denouncement, or Why Can't You Be Decent?

To you ESQUIRE I dedicate
This humble prose
And Dear God knows—
Though I am a sinner—
With righteous indignation.
You are a lewd, licentious magazine,
And beyond all doubt, you are
Beyond all clean.
The demented fatuity
Within your pages
Is penned by lechers,
Instead of sages.
You apostle of perfidious puke,
Your due is more than mere rebuke.
As your boat monthly sails
Down the River Styx,
I earnestly hope for a leak
Beyond your power to fix;
That your cargo of lustful drawings
And suggestive thoughts go,
With the Editor's priceless soul,
To the Land of Limbo.

Yours for more modesty,
Atlanta, Ga. H. E. SHINDELBOWER

to have... skin that blooms but never burns...

SENSITIVE SKIN CREAM

If your skin is easily irritated by heat, sun, or beach dust, use Sensitive Skin Cream nightly. This bland emollient soothes delicate skin surface—comforts thin skin that "can't stand" a rich cream. The Vitamin D which it contains is *absorbed*—seems to make skin texture feel softer, smoother. Used faithfully, Sensitive Skin Cream counteracts that summer dryness which may lead to autumn lines. *Jar, $2.00.*

TAWNY LIPSTICK

When your skin captures just the gold of the sun, use Dorothy Gray Tawny Lipstick. Ripe and sunny, it flatters the lighter suntans. If you're deeply tanned, use Dorothy Gray Coppertan—a rich, tropical hue. The cream base of all Dorothy Gray lipsticks keeps the lips soft, guards against tiny sun-blisters. *Lipsticks, $1.00. Compact Rouge ($1.00) and Cream Rouge ($1.25) in matching shades.*

SUNBURN CREAM

This cool cream filters out the painful burning rays of the sun ...lets you tan, if you wish. Use Sunburn Cream lightly for golden, becoming tanning. Use lavishly for no tanning at all. Looks lovely on your skin. Invisible and flattering as a foundation cream. Neither sticky nor greasy. The great success of several seasons at smart beaches. *Liquid (original) in bottle, or Cream (newer) in tube $1.00*

VITAMIN D NOW IN SALON PREPARATIONS!

RECENTLY, we've come to realize that Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin—with true benefits. It was therefore added to Dorothy Gray emollients. Now, more than ever, Special Dry-Skin Mixture and Suppling Cream combat the lines that follow continued suntan and squinting. Skin texture feels softer. Coloring clears, brightens. Flaky, dry patches seem to get smoother!

Copyright 1937 by Dorothy Gray Co., Ltd.

BEACH ACCESSORIES BY HATTIE CARNEGIE—*Beach Hat:* New "Jamaica" of roughly woven straw in bright, peasant colors. *Bag:* Patent leather carry-all blooming in pale yellow. *Bracelet:* A new whimsy employing carved mother-of-pearl sea shells.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS BY DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...*Salon Face Powder* in Tawny Rachel, Suntone, Roseglow, *$1.00. Eau de Cologne, $1.50. Finishing Lotion* in Coppertan, to simulate suntan and to give an even tone to an uneven tan, *$1.00.*

Dorothy Gray

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...a corporation, successor to Dorothy Gray...683 Fifth Avenue, New York...Los Angeles Denver...Washington...Boston...Milwaukee...Paris...Brussels Amsterdam...The Hague...And the Grace Line "Santa" ships.

A Wife's Tale

Continued from page 41

She stared past his shoulder at Daisy. Bitterly she said: "What kind of a disgusting woman can you be to lay with a man you hardly know?"

"Mind your own business," Tom snarled. "Go on, what's keeping you?"

With the baby in her arm Mrs. Grey turned and opened the door. Clasping Jackie's hand she went out along the narrow hall to the stairway. Steps staggered after her, and she glanced around. Tom snatched the purse from under her arm and gave her a shove.

"Not with my dough you don't," he panted. "Go on, beat it! Make sure you tell your sister every damned last thing about me!"

He stood glaring at them. They turned and went on downstairs.

Uptown in the night they trudged. Mrs. Grey carried the baby, and Jackie hung on to the pocket of her coat. They came to the light-bathed bustling ramp of the bridge. A policeman pointed out to them the stair-tower. Leaving behind them the clotting honking flow of traffic, they went down the dark side-street nearly to the river. They entered the tower and climbed up and up and up, halting and breathing heavily and then laboring on; and at last they came out upon the foot-walk into the night air again.

They started on the long walk across, creeping past the enormous factory-chimneys beside the bridge and the grand rich-eyed dwelling houses immense at the river's edge. The foot-walk was desolate and swept by winds. Mrs. Grey bent against them, holding the baby and leading Jackie by the hand. Beyond girders at their side the autos rolled swiftly past and el-trains with people's heads at the windows clattered across the bridge. They were high above the moving waters. On they stumbled. Jackie was whimpering. Soon there was the silent island solid so far below. Slowly it eased down behind their vision. Deep under them was the black river again, and then at length once more land, and then they were finally at the end of the foot-walk.

Inside the tower they hobbled down the steep hundreds of steps. They came out onto the lonely street a block from the river. All around them stretched moonlit dumping-grounds and wasteland. Afar in the distance lay a clump of tenement houses. Towards them the boy and the woman with the baby plodded along a muddy path under the wild sky.

Weary, they at last reached the dilapidated houses. They entered a hallway. Through its blackness Mrs. Grey felt their way, dragging weighty feet up the unseen stairs. Jackie behind clutched her coat. She groped along the wall to a door. She knocked heavily several times. There was steady silence within, then a sudden voice:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," Mrs. Grey called. "Mary."

She heard stirring, noises; the transom above the door leaped alight. The door opened and she stumbled in with Jackie at her heels.

There in the kitchen bewildered was Mamie in her nightgown and behind her Ed clad in long underwear. Jackie had begun to blubber. Ed shut the door. Mrs. Grey felt herself swaying. Quickly Mamie took the baby.

"Mary, what's happened?"

"I've—I've left Tom," said Mrs. Grey.

Mamie stammered: "Why—what on earth—"

Mrs. Grey gazed around at them, hearing only the eternal knell of her own words. She put her hand up to her mouth. Her lips were trembling. The drab kitchen was unsteady.

Reeling with a sob onto a chair she burst out weeping, her fingers against her wild mouth. Anguish was a tumult drowning her thoughts.

She dropped her head and arms on the table. There was the futile feel of Mamie patting her shoulder.

The first night dragged its slow hours without end. She lay alongside Mamie in bed clasping the baby. The house was blackness. She heard Ed and young Matt mumble in the far room and the bed creaking under their bodies. It was a dying excitement's last stir. The rooms throughout were silent. The boys slept. Beside her Mamie was snoring, the baby kicked and whimpered out of its dreams; and Mrs. Grey lay in the night with eyes open, remembering.

In the grey dawn she arose tired, heavy-bodied. Mamie moved about quietly in the kitchen. Coffee bubbled on the stove. Young Matt stood over the sink shaving. In the pale light of the next room Jackie slept wedged between the two boys on the pulled-out couch; and Mrs. Grey was uneasy seeing how cramped they were now in the small dark rooms, how she had disordered the family's daily living. She looked on as Mamie softly placed breakfast dishes.

"I guess Tom'll be over after you today," said Mamie in a low voice.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Grey.

"He knows you're here, don't he?"

"Where else is there for me to go?" said Mrs. Grey. Then suddenly, vehemently: "But I won't go back with him! I couldn't."

"Shush, hon, you'll wake the kids," said Mamie.

Later watching moodily from the window Mrs. Grey saw Matt going off in the fresh morning across the dumps to the factory. Aroused, the boys were hurried out to school. Ed shuffled yawning into the kitchen.

The day's work began. Mrs. Grey helped Mamie with the sweeping, the scrubbing, the ironing. An old peddler knocked at the door; Mamie closed it again on him. Jackie strayed restively around the rooms. At noon the two boys ran in, gulped lunch, ran out again. Throughout the day Ed stood moveless, looking out the window, sat in the rocker reading the newspaper over and over, lay dozing on the couch, shambled in flopping slippers through the house, stood gazing once more from the window. Mamie pushed him grouchily out of the way of the housework.

The day lagged passing. In the late afternoon, when Jackie fidgeted for the return of the boys and in the rocker Ed fumbled the newspaper again and Mamie sat with weary hands darning socks, Mrs. Grey took her coat from the bedroom and slipped it on.

"I'm going for a walk, Mamie," she said.

She went from the flat downstairs to the idle street. The tenements were silent with empty windows. On the corner was an abandoned fire-ravaged store. The street seemed depraved and derelict.

Leaving it behind her Mrs. Grey went slowly riverwards across the dumps. She passed close beside a shack stuck together against a dump-heap. A ragged man leaning in its door-hole stared after her.

She stepped on over the scattered rubbish and the mud-puddles, and near the bank she halted. The river's breeze huffing at her slight body, she gazed at the water moving and slapping, and the great bridge leaping high across the river to the bank opposite and the thick, jagged buildings of the city.

Her eyes found out one streaking white tower rooted in a swarm of dark little houses. There only yesterday in that swarm talking with an unknown redhead she had been living secure; and that security had been blasted in a night. There was no one now to shelter her, no one even to stand with her or grip her hand. She was lost in the gale, the fixed order of her life flung to pieces.

Around her she saw spotting the dumps the flimsy huts of the outcasts. This she thought was the future, this lack of everything; and the dread of it was stifling her. Shuddering, she turned her eyes aside.

Then distant hemming the dump-grounds with the squatters' huts there were like a wall the many factories, grey smoke leaning up out of their long stacks. Thousands of hands labored under those roofs, she knew, a throng too of women working and giving rise to that streaming smoke. And she stared long there with slow hope.

At supper that night sitting crowded at the table with the baby on her lap she leaned forward and spoke loudly through the clatter to young Matt:

"Are they taking on women where you work, Matt?"

Matt looked up. The clatter hushed down under the boys' prattling voices. Mamie and Ed paused with knives and forks in hand, listening curiously.

"Why?" said Matt. "You thinking of looking for work?"

"I guess I am," Mrs. Grey said.

"Now what's this?" said Ed.

"But whatever for, Mary?" asked Mamie.

"I've got to live," said Mrs. Grey. "I've got to provide for the children."

"But that's Tom's job, child; he's working."

"I'll take nothing again from him," Mrs. Grey said.

"You're not going back to him?"

"I can never go back to him," said Mrs. Grey.

"Well," said Matt, "I gotta hand it to you for spunk."

"And I say you're a fool," said Ed. "You ought to think yourself damned lucky you got a man with a job willing to take care of you."

"I can't live with a man who won't respect me!" cried Mrs. Grey.

"He was drinking, wasn't he?" said Ed. "When a man's drinking he's not responsible for all he says or does."

"Don't you suppose now there were others?" Mrs. Grey demanded.

"Ed, you be still," said Mamie; "it's none of your business."

"My life there is ended; now I start out on my own," Mrs. Grey said. And turning to Matt she asked: "Can you get me that job?"

"Me? Naw," said Matt. "I'm lucky if I stay on myself. I dunno, Mary: there's a hell of a lot of even skilled workers waiting and waiting now for a break and not getting it. Look at Pop here."

"Take me with you tomorrow, Matt, that's all I ask."

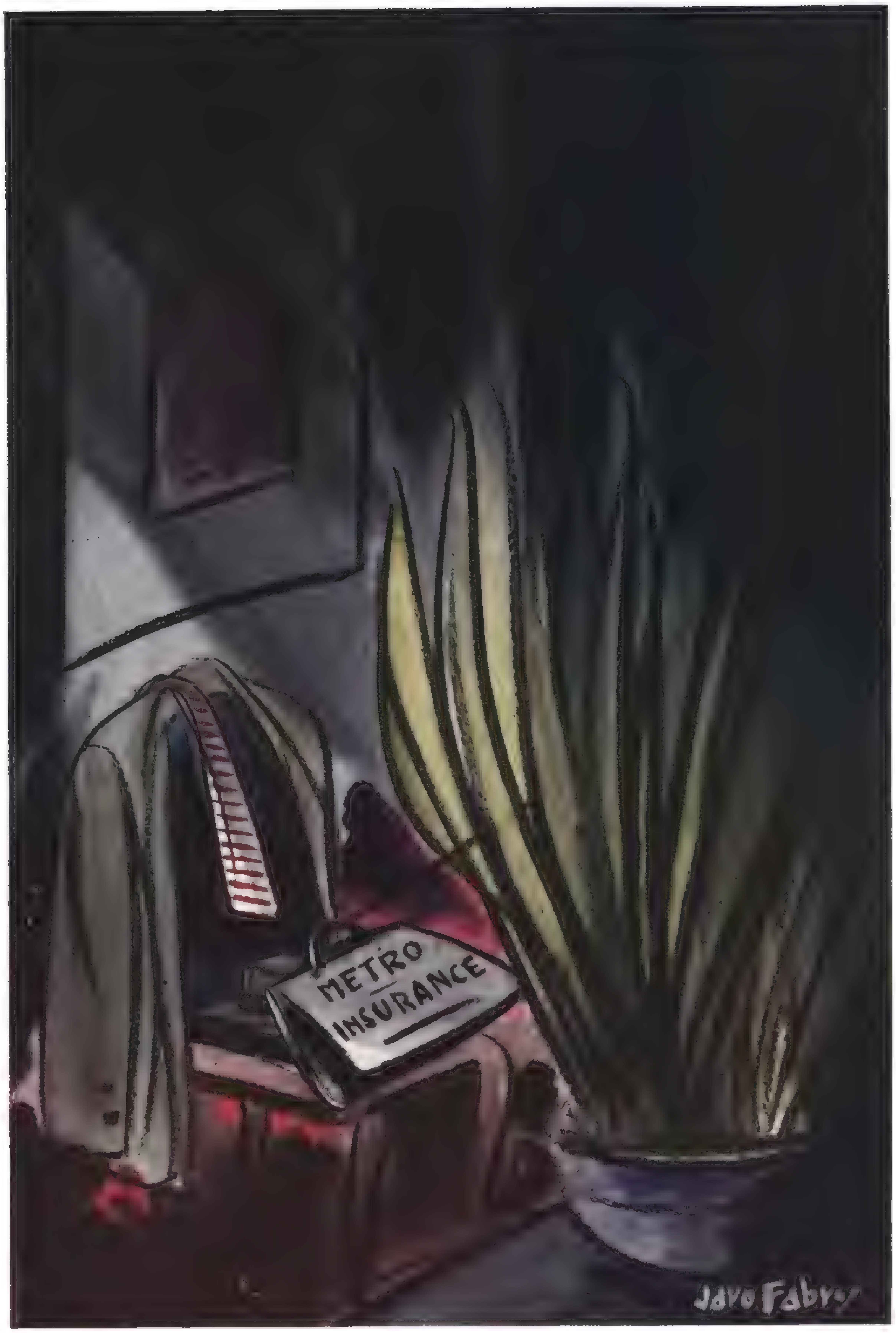
"Okay," said Matt. "I guess you can try, anyway. Sure, I'll show you where to go."

"Tom'll be coming tonight to take you home," said Ed: "what'll you tell him?"

"That I'd die of shame before I could ever again set foot in his house," said Mrs. Grey.

But Tom did not come that night. She sat tense through the evening expecting him, and he did not come. And late in the black night again in bed with the baby and Mamie she lay still listening, still dreading him, until she slipped into soothing sleep.

Continued on page 182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A Wife's Tale

Continued from pages 41-178

Early next morning she crossed the dumps with young Matt, their long shadows wavering far ahead. The frosty touch of night still flecked the stiff earth beneath her steps.

She was breathless with inside trembling. They walked quickly in the full dawn's cold, speaking little till they climbed the path up out of the dumps; then as they went along the chill-shaded street Matt pointed out factories. Around them other figures were hastening to work. She glanced at them, shivering with jealousy of their anchored lives.

At a factory side-entrance Matt halted.

"Here's where you go," he said. "I go in up at the corner."

Mrs. Grey gazed at the few cement steps, the fateful door. The close strangeness of it stirred fear creeping frigid in her body.

"They'll take care of you inside," said Matt. "Scared?"

She said quickly: "No."

"Well, I got to hustle. Don't forget, if they can't use you here try those other shops. So long."

"So long, Matt."

She watched him swing along till he turned the corner, her pleading envy then following him unseen in his steps through usual halls among friends' faces to the ease of familiar work. Strangers glancing went past her, and among them she stood alone. Looking down the long sidewalk she saw far at its end the tranquil dump-grounds in the morning sunlight. Wishfully she thought beyond them of Mamie at home sitting snug in a corner mending clothes and Ed lounging on the couch with a newspaper and her baby in bed kicking its little legs; and yielding, she began to walk slowly away.

Then she stopped. Now for her there was to be no snugness ever again. In this her freed life she knew she had no choice but to take this first forced step. Turning, she ran up the stairs to the door and pulled it open.

She sat all morning in a room serried by benchloads of waiting men and women. In front behind a desk a heavy man beckoned them one by one to him for questioning. Mrs. Grey glanced aside at the line of white stolid faces, then straightened her eyes to the heads and backs stuck in rows before her. Among these many moveless people she felt drained of all hope. Still others came singly venturing through the doorway, and Mrs. Grey felt them sidle along the bench behind. At her side a man bent over a newspaper on his knee inching a patient finger down and up the help-wanted lists. Around her the little crowd of strangers slumped with resigned eyes gazing at the floor.

Minutely the morning advanced. She moved up leadenly place by place along the benches, watching each interrogation, dejected with all the many unwanted who briefly were turned away discouraged, and sitting herself despondent with broken belief when others stayed to write on cards. Then at last she sat at the end of the first bench, ready. She stared at the heavy man lounging behind the desk and the pale stoop-shouldered young man stiff on the chair beside. She could hear only the low blur of their voices. She waited impatient yet fearful of the interview, chafing for it, praying against it. Behind her the score of men and women remained silent, still; only occasional coughing, the scraping of a shoe on the floor and the crickling of a newspaper sounded in the quiet room. Then suddenly the heavy man sat back, the pale young man stood up and putting on his hat went slowly from the room: Mrs. Grey's heart bounded uneasily. Swivelling, the man beckoned to her. She rose rigid with inheld agitation, and hurrying over sat down. Shakily she pulled her coat closer over her loose borrowed dress.

The man's fingers trifled with a pencil. Abruptly he said: "What machines have you had experience operating?"

She was frightened by his sudden voice, his eyes keen on her face, his thick fingers pinching the pencil.

"Well—I—." Speech came nervous and faltering on her lips. "I haven't exactly had—experience—"

"You've never done shoe-work at all?"

"No—"

"I see. I'm afraid we can't use you then."

The man put his hands spread down upon the desk. Mrs. Grey sat flushed with the feel of a roomful of stares upon her cheek. Her eyes on his hands, she said timidly:

"You can't use me at all?"

"No. Sorry."

He swung back. Slowly Mrs. Grey stood up, lingering. Then she leaned forward:

"I could learn, mister, I learn fast."

The man was impatient: "We're hiring only for the rush, we can't pay you for learning. I'm sorry but you're of no use to us. That's all, please."

And it was over.

So, unburdened of the sensations that had swirled high in her all morning, Mrs. Grey went gratefully across the open dumps towards her sister's home, to the friendly shelter of its kitchen and sister's sympathetic talk over two cups of warm tea. Yet climbing the dark stairs step by step nearer her two children she remembered heavily again how all their days yet to come hung breath on their mother's strength now. And before she pushed open Mamie's door she stood silently in the hallway gloom resolutely building within herself for the morrow a deter-

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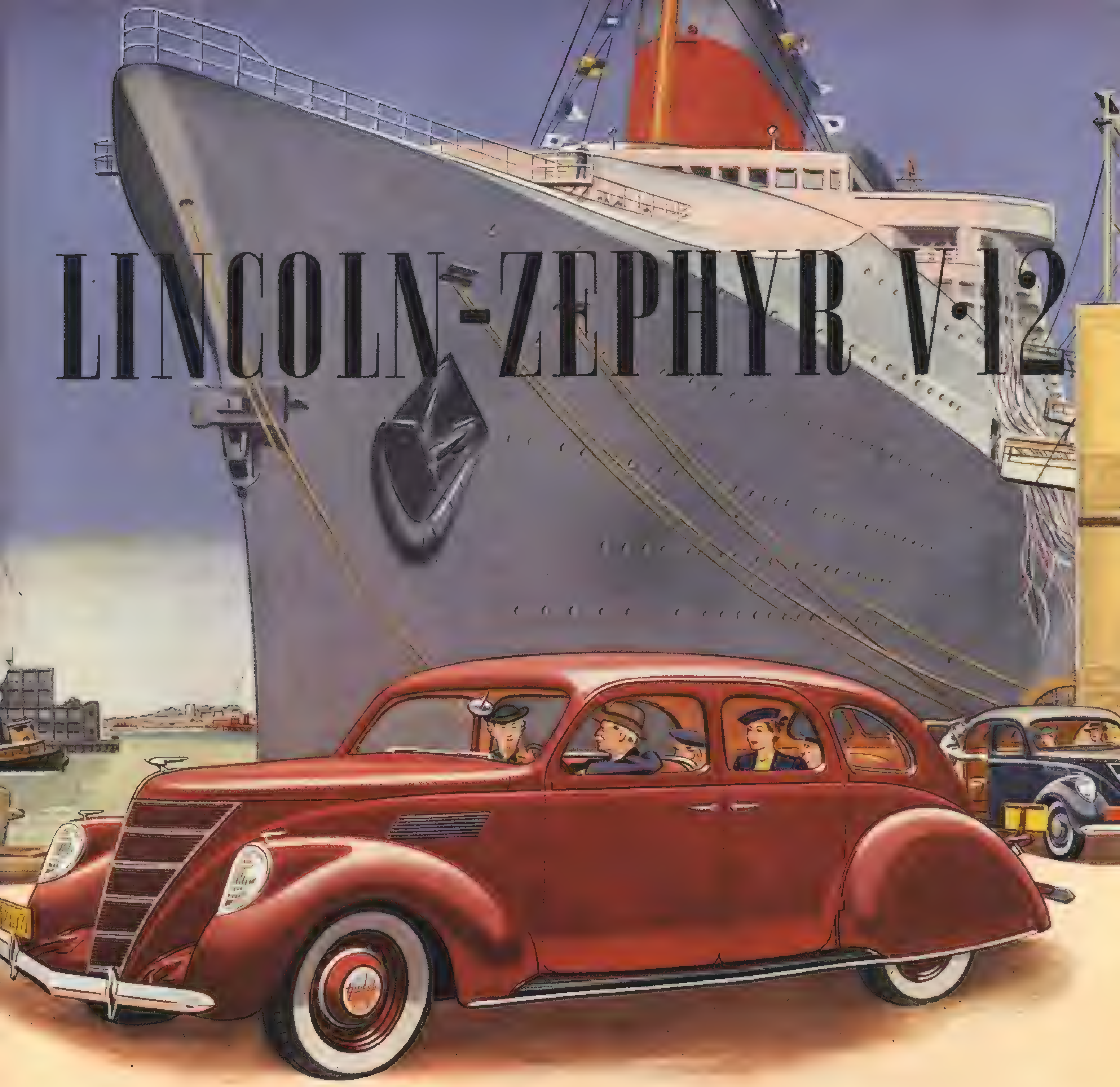
LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12



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A Wife's Tale

Continued from pages 41-178-182

mination solid and unshakable.

Young Matt after he came home that night, wandering about the kitchen toweling his splashed face, said: "Well, I thought as much, Mary. Jobs are scarce. Why, if I got knocked off tomorrow we'd have to go on relief."

"I'll get work," said Mrs. Grey.

"And if you can't, sis, maybe the relief'll have you," said Mamie.

"They wouldn't give it to her with Tom working," Matt said. "She'd starve on it anyway."

"Yeah," said Ed, "that's a fine way to bring up two kids with a husband and a good home waiting for her, ain't it?"

"I'll get work," Mrs. Grey said doggedly.

She was stubborn, refusing to expect otherwise. Recalling afterwards those three weeks she with the two children remained at her sister's house, she felt them once more as a despairing time of toiling search without end, a little eternity of futile misery; yet again and again then when she sat disheartened awaiting her turn in rooms filled with jobless people, she shook off everything defiantly: she by steadfast quest would find what all these others could not. Sitting in suspense among them she understood that like herself each of these persons had behind him his tale of trouble which had borne him here; but still she drove herself to believe that they would not have failed now had there been gnawing in their minds as in hers a memory of furious mortification.

So from morn every dragging day until late dusking afternoon Mrs. Grey walked grimly from factory to factory, facing wherever she went scores of men and women in lines waiting before her. Seldom during the day was she permitted to speak up for herself. In the few shops interviewing she grittily saw herself talking in vain against refusal: once or twice a man jotting down her name said casually he would let her know when anything turned up for her, and scorning him Mrs. Grey knew she would hear nothing ever. And most shops, taking no applications at all, turned her with the others away mute.

Swinging outside the offices hung signs, *No Help Wanted;* and still, coming straight there each brisk morning, Mrs. Grey would meet knots of unemployed men and women standing silent on the sidewalk beneath the signs waiting for the doors to be unlocked. And as she passed worry-driven through the streets she saw everywhere the musty ruined factories with the rotting mood they breathed, their foul chalk-scrawled walls, the dirty windows gaping with black holes, the padlocked dead doors and the rain-faded sale-boards. And despair and fury swept her that these buildings of machinery must be closed to her and to the idle hundreds with her every day hungering for work.

Tired out at the end of each long day's walking she went slowly back to her sister's house, shunning their looked question, Ed's sour words and Mamie's feigned cheerfulness. She knew now that here at least there was nothing.

And home each dusk she waited without indication to be handed a letter from Tom; yet never was there one. In the evening, washing Jackie's and the baby's clothes or at cards with Mamie in the kitchen or drooping weary in the rocker, still she kept her ear alert for the sound of Tom's steps on the stairs: and there was silence. She hated him, did not ever want him, needing him no longer; but she had pride, and he never came.

"Oh, he's a stubborn cuss, Tom is," said Mamie; "he wouldn't bend himself."

That's how little he thinks of me, Mrs. Grey brooded: I'm nothing to him. Aloud she said fiercely: "I'll show him! I can get along without him. I'll find work!"

"You're been looking more than a week already," said Ed: "why don't you stop kidding yourself?"

"Here isn't the only place," Mrs. Grey said tightly. "I'll try the city."

"That means carfare every day," said Ed.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Grey, flushing; "I get a lot of help from you."

Later Ed shuffled into the other room though, and as Mamie stood ironing heavily, Mrs. Grey sitting silent watching her soon asked in a low voice:

"Will you give me carfare to the city each day, Mame? I'll give it back once I get working."

"You know you don't have to ask me," said Mamie.

Early each morning then as long as Mamie could spare it she slipped carfare and lunch-money to Mrs. Grey; and Mrs. Grey rode searching the newspaper's scant want ads on the el-train across the bridge into the city downtown. Then all over again it was the same dulling routine: she went around all day with slackening and at last dragging steps to business offices, the big stores, the banks. And though now she moved among different things and new persons, the core of every scene was unchanged: people sought work and there was none. In her poor clothes she sat one of many in each busy waiting room, feeling her drab self scorned among these neatly dressed people. But then beneath their eagerness to please she glimpsed the frightened unease of humans also lost and useless.

At noon each day in some clamorous cafeteria she would eat a muffin, sip a cup of coffee; and afterwards throughout the lunch hour she sat in a park seeing around her the jobless men slumped idle on benches or listlessly reading newspapers, and

Continued on page 186

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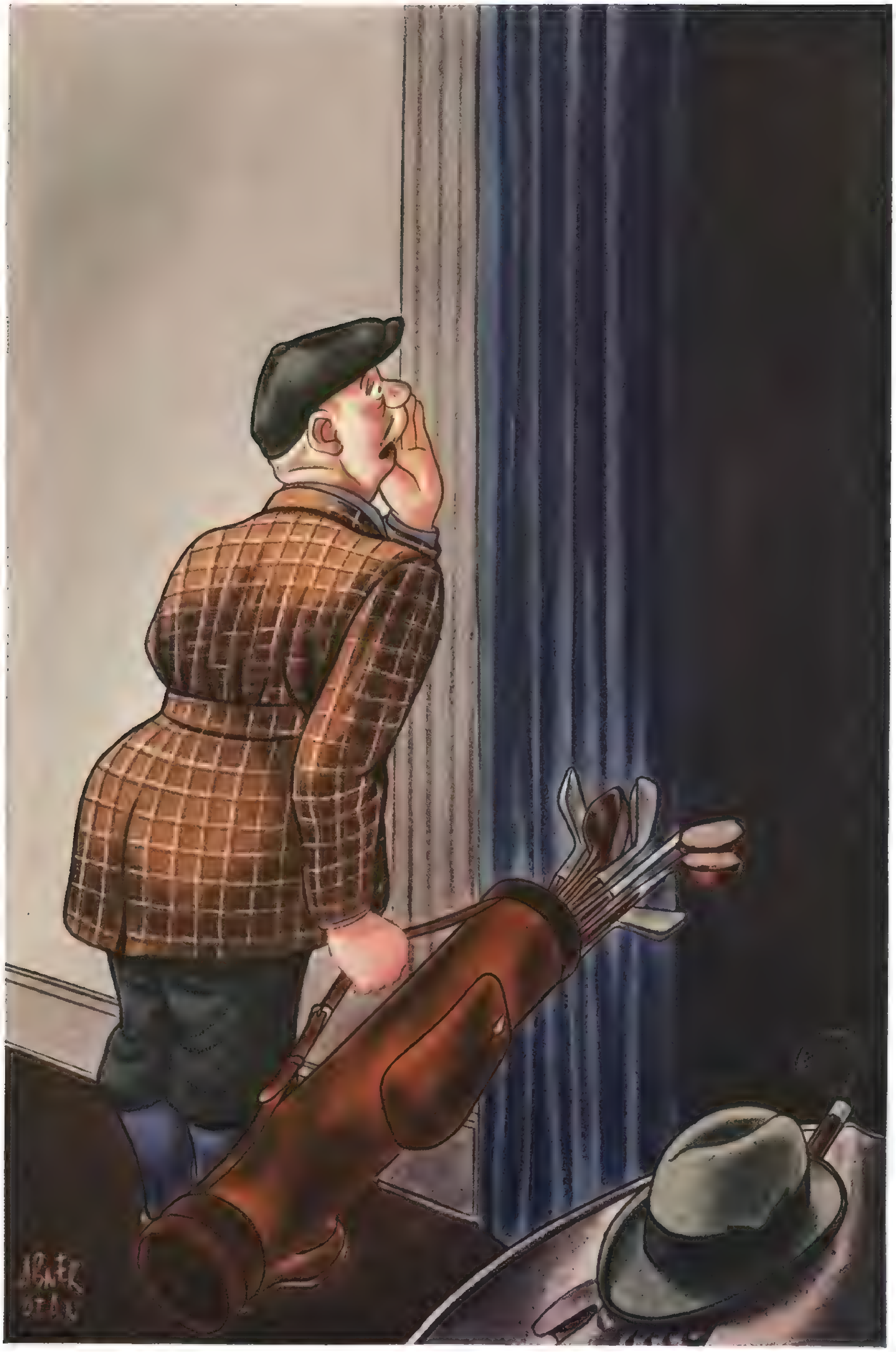

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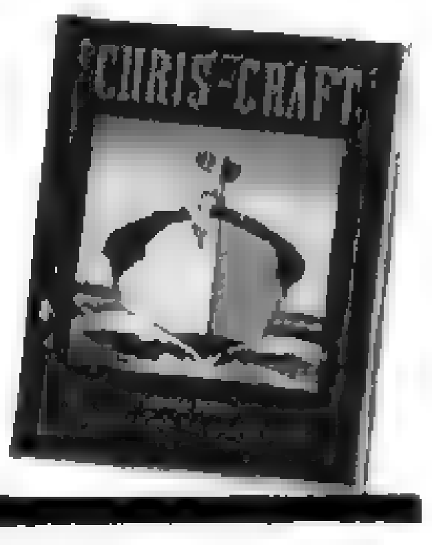

A Wife's Tale

Continued from pages 41-178-182-184

the grave shoe-shine kids wandering and the dirty-bearded old vagrants in rags; or she would straggle along the crowded thoroughfares, stopping to gaze at lovely things behind store windows. So letting pass each fleet noon-hour, at its close she went drearily back to her weighty task.

And endlessly every day over and over at every office-railing she was checked. No, they could not use her, they had nothing she was qualified for, she had not the education nor the experience: they were sorry. The thought cried in her: "But is it my fault?" But they were sorry, and that was all, and it was no use: she turned away deadened. Yet always remembering and remembering, she set her teeth and hardened herself again to see it through.

They were days of failure and unspoken fear in her mind; and wearily each evening she went back to a house crowded and strained. Ed's early scorn had been only the beginning stings. Mamie tried to cheer her, but when Ed sat silent in the room Mrs. Grey felt herself disliked and unwelcome. She lay in his bed with the baby late when the rooms were quiet, seeing over how sullenly he went in to sleep each night with young Matt, hearing him mutter there still. Sometimes in the night the baby bawling kept the house awake, bawling on though Mrs. Grey and Mamie in bed tried to hush it; and Ed would shout from the far room: "Shut that damned kid up, will you!" And again, when Mrs. Grey stood boiling the baby's filthied diapers Ed passing would glare at the stinking pot. Once also, with Mamie not near, he bullied her:

"That gas costs money, so watch it."

Mrs. Grey said shortly: "When Mamie tells me to, I will."

But inwardly she flinched from his every hostile word and glance. Heavily as she left for the city each morning, she came now more heavily back to these evenings charged with ever nastier conflict in the house with Ed. She grew sensitive to every small incident's reproach. She felt her intrusion every time she sat jostling arms at the cramped supper table or found Jackie shrilly wrangling with the two boys or overheard their complaints to Mamie of sleeping three tight on the couch; and she flushed coming often upon Mamie in the kitchen worrying over the house-money.

One evening at the end of that week she sat silent among the family chattering round the table while Mamie passed out the supper-plates. Ed coming in from the hall-toilet washed his hands at the sink and stood drying them near the table. Glancing up Mrs. Grey saw him stare at the served food, turn scowling to Mamie:

"Meat balls and beans again?"

"Yes," said Mamie: "be glad you've got it."

"But damn it," Ed said crossly, throwing the towel down on his vacant chair, "it's the third time this week. Can't you put out anything better? I'm sick of this hashed-up stuff. I won't eat it, that's all."

"You try running this house on the little Matt brings home," said Mamie, nettled: "see if you can eat any better!"

With an ugly glance at Mrs. Grey, Ed said: "We used to eat all right before on what Matt brought home—when we were by ourselves."

Jerking the chair out of his way he went angrily from the room.

Mrs. Grey sat white-faced looking at her plate. The food in her mouth was like filth choking her. Silent for the minute the others around her slowly went back to eating, and in the subdued room their fitful knives and forks clattered painfully. The cheap meal on the plates accused her. She pushed back from the table and past Mamie's reaching hand ran into the bedroom twilight. She stood grasping the bed-end, her other hand restless in her hair. She heard Mamie behind her.

"I'm sorry, sis," Mamie said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grey. She leaned her fingered face against the wall. She said wretchedly: "Oh Mame, what'll I do?"

Mamie turned her round and put a gripping arm about her. They sat down on the bed. Mrs. Grey hid her stricken face on Mamie's shoulder, biting down her lips' tremblings. Mamie sat stroking her arm. After a minute Mamie spoke:

"Mary, why don't you go back to Tom?"

"No," said Mrs. Grey, tightening her fists. "He doesn't want me. I'd rather be dead."

"It'd be easier than plaguing yourself on like this."

"Mamie, I couldn't," Mrs. Grey said. "He's burnt all the respect and fondness out of me. You don't know."

Mamie said quietly: "I know."

Mrs. Grey raised her head. The room's dusk veiled in shadows her sister's eyes. Mrs. Grey stared long into her dim face.

"Yes," said Mamie.

"You never told me," Mrs. Grey said slowly. "And you took it?"

"There's nothing else to do, hon. And afterwards it doesn't matter."

"But see what you come to," cried Mrs. Grey. "Couldn't you fight back?"

"It's a man's world," said Mamie, shrugging. "And Lord knows even the men can't get by in it."

She stood up, her body blotting out the grey window. Mrs. Grey sat slumped on the bed, resting her dreary brow on one hand. Mamie said hesitantly:

"Mary—you know I'd do with-

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FOR SMARTNESS ON THE SAND AND SWIFTNESS IN THE SEA

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out for you myself. But Ed's right. I can't ask him and the boys to go hungry. And it's hard now to manage. That quarter I give you means beans instead of fresh vegetables."

Mrs. Grey looked up at her mutely, waiting.

"I can't be giving it to you any more," said Mamie.

"I see," Mrs. Grey said low.

"I'm not forcing you back, sis. You're not to go back till you want to. You'll stay here, of course."

Mrs. Grey was silent. Mamie leaned over in the darkish room to press her hand, then straightened again:

"I'll have to go clean up now."

Mrs. Grey said heavily: "All right. Give me a few more days to look for work. Then I'll decide."

"Can you look without carfare?"

"I'll walk," said Mrs. Grey.

"But you can't walk every day across the bridge and all the way downtown."

"I'll walk," Mrs. Grey said grimly.

She sat alone not stirring on the bed by the window while the black night stole into the room and far out on the dark dumps the little homeless figures huddled round their lonely fires. Behind her from the lighted kitchen came the rattle of dishes in the sink, the shuffle of feet moving, careless voices. But no one came to disturb her solitude. And distant in another darkened bedroom years away young Mary lay with young Tom talking in the precious night, hands clasped and legs touching naked, and the warm darkness above them breathing delicious days to come. And now, now he'd not take a nickel train-ride to have her. Putting her face in her hands she lurched down upon the bed, and lay unmoving for a long time in the dark.

The week came rainy. Waking at dawn Mrs. Grey stumbled from bed to the window and peered out at the wet sky. Slowly she turned away and dressed; and when she had tucked the covers closer around the baby she went out to the kitchen's yellow light and stood watching young Matt and Mamie eat breakfast.

"Sis, you're not going out in weather like this?" asked Mamie.

"I don't know," Mrs. Grey said.

"Swell day to stay home," said Matt.

He stood up still chewing and squirmed into his old raincoat. Mamie poured hot cereal into a bowl and pushed it across the table; but Mrs. Grey shook her head. Collar buttoned up, Matt reached for the doorknob.

"Well, I'm late," he said; "so long."

Mamie called: "Matt, you take that umbrella."

But the door was closed, and Mrs. Grey heard his footsteps hurrying downstairs. The umbrella leaned moveless in the corner. Then watching from the window she saw Matt in the rain running across the dumps. Her eyes came slowly back to the dry umbrella. Deciding, she turned abruptly into the grey bedroom, swung her coat on, bent and touched her lips to her sleeping baby's cheek. Returning to the kitchen she picked up the umbrella.

Mamie stopped eating. "Mary! You can't walk around in this rain!"

"I must," said Mrs. Grey.

"But child, you'll catch your death of cold."

"Don't worry about me," Mrs. Grey said.

She drew open the door. Mamie came shuffling towards her, sighing: "But I do, Mary." She took up her purse in her fumbling hands, searching with fingers in it:

"Here, ride at least."

"No, I can't," said Mrs. Grey, withdrawing her hand.

"Please."

"No," Mrs. Grey said.

"Now, Mary—"

"I'll come back early," Mrs. Grey said; and closing the door on the kitchen's light she went in the rain-rattled dark down the stairs.

Yet it was night when she returned, exhausted and shivering in her drenched clothes, and her wetted face hopeless. Mamie helped her undressing; and she sat in a blanket while her sister hustled about the kitchen pinning the dribbling garments to a line, heating kettles of water on the stove, hanging up a sheet in front of the washtub. Young Matt paused by Mrs. Grey to grip her shoulder, and then embarrassed went hastily into the other room. The kids and Ed stood looking at her.

But Mrs. Grey sat unheeding, lost back in the dismal rain. Aggressively that blurred morning up on the lofty bridge she had strode, buffeted by the raining winds until she came at last to the stair-tower; and out below on the city's sheening agitated streets she turned downtown, going resolute along the puddling pavements. But the walking in the wind had her legs lagging tired, and when she reached the big stores her coat was wet through. People close around her in the elevator edged back from touching her. Sitting in employment-rooms she sighed, thankful; but the moment always came when she must push up awkwardly and going out again in the cold wet, walk further down the sluicy street. So as the bedraggling day crawled on she trudged in and out of buildings, in and out of buildings in the downpour. During the lunch-hour she stood shivery in a rain-slopped vestibule, the soiled water seeping through her shoe-soles. And when she saw in the street's drizzle people hurrying back warm inside with good food, she went out empty from the vestibule; and she wandered again from office to office monotonously through the dripping

Continued on page 188

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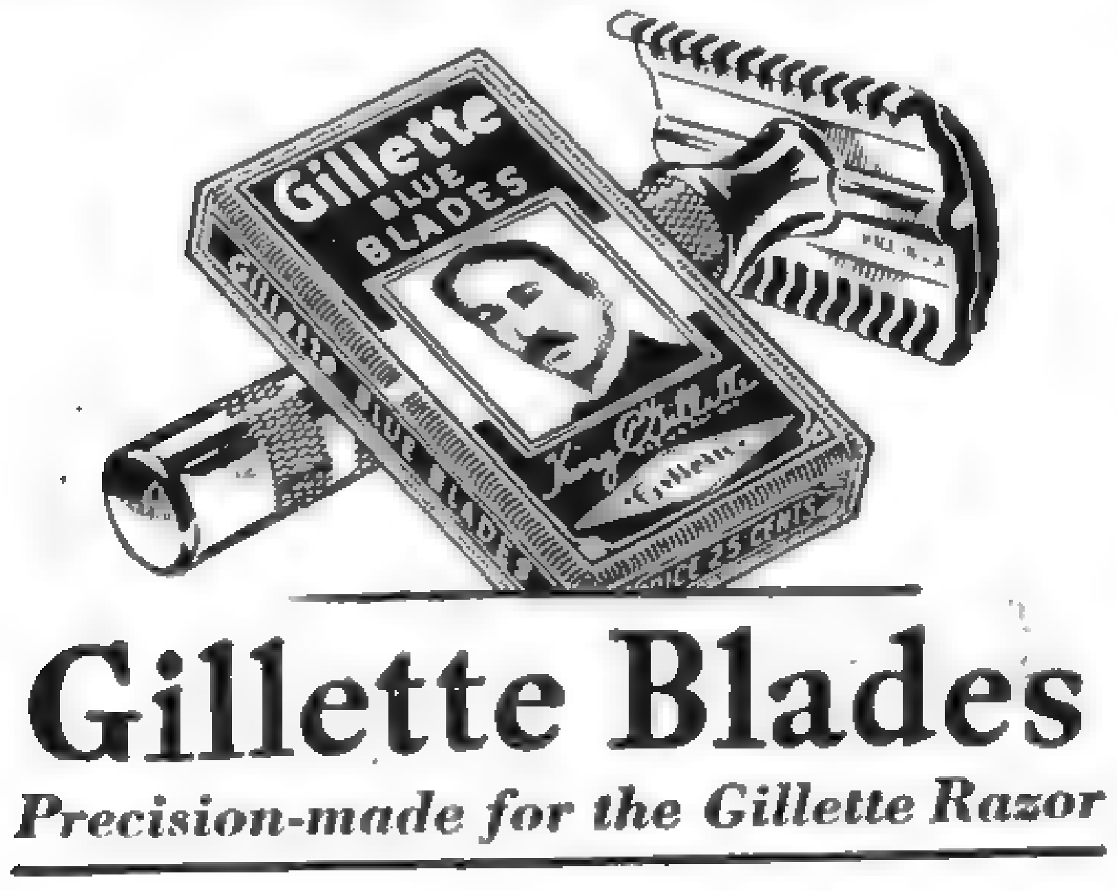

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A Wife's Tale

Continued from pages 41-178-182-184-187

afternoon, seeking and seeking, with fatigue hanging on her and her determined heart drooping. She stood heavy in line after line with the others. There was nothing for her anywhere. And looking back at the indifferent young women behind the railings Mrs. Grey thought bitterly: "But I could tell you things you've never known." Afterwards she plodded uptown to the cheap agencies where at every narrow doorway along the wet windy sidewalk people bunched to stare at the tacked job-cards, and upstairs in dingy rooms poor men and women hugged dampish on benches all day, waiting. But the many cards downstairs were lies, there were few jobs and at wretched wages and then only for cash in advance; and she hadn't a penny in her world. Yet the afternoon was crawling, crawling away from her. Panic struck her; she bent over the desk and clutched the man's sleeve, pleading desperately: "Give me a job and I'll pay you first week; I need it bad, I've got family troubles, mister—" But the man pushed her fingers aside and ignored her. She blundered shame-flooded downstairs: it was no use, the world was locked. Yet she went on, dully. And always and worse was the constant beat of chill rain against her face, the wet cling of her messy clothes, the wash of splattered puddles under her sodden shoes, and the driven stumbling on for hours through the storm of her bent step-wearied unhoping body. Then at last settling darkly down over the streets sank the thick nightmurk. The day was ended. And turning away in the drenching dark with the umbrella a mockery in her hand, Mrs. Grey crept miserable out of the sterile city and back upon the lonely rain-splashed wind-flung infinite bridge.

Mamie's voice said: "Come now, you get into this hot water."

"Mamie," said Mrs. Grey, broken, "I can't live through another day like this."

But the rainfall ceased in the night, and the dawn struck clean and blowing cold. And slowly across the dumps Mrs. Grey wended once more, climbed the tower's stairs and limped moodily out along the ugly stretched bridge. She had no hope now, it was washed away; and she walked sullen with her every wasted step. Immobile in the distance before her the broad skyline city lay waiting, inescapable. And as she went towards it there welled into her memory all the agonized yesterdays, thousands of confused humans mingling around her walking for work, white up-swifting terrifying buildings and inside them hostile waiting rooms with callous clerks passing, bodies bent moveless on benches, bodies dragging in lines, standing bodies huddled in uneasy clumps, the rain slanting past windows and drowning the city, legs moving and moving, mute beaten faces, eternally her frantic tortured flesh—.

Overwhelmed, she halted. She stood stiff, gripping the bridge-railing. Oh, it was useless, the city was a well of grossest sorrow: she could not, could not enter it again. She remained confronting it, the choked mass of craggy concrete beauty built solid and deep against the pure sky; and she stared with smoldering mind. O damn you, she thought savagely at the mammoth city: in all its great buildings there was not a place for her or one of these others; its heart was rotting! But the city stood enduring on the horizon; and after a moment Mrs. Grey turned on the bare open-blasted bridge-walk and stumbled the way back.

She went drearily along the bleak wind-hurried empty street to her sister's door. Inside, ascending the dark stairway she bent her sagging-hearted body. On the stairs-landing she heard Ed's angry voice, and motionless with her hand on the doorknob she listened to his shouting:

"Well, she can't stay here much longer! There she goes now wearing our clothes, takes our money, fills up our beds, eats up our food—"

Opening the door Mrs. Grey stepped into the kitchen. "All right," she said heavily. Mamie in the corner was doubled over the scrub-board with Ed standing near, and they both twisted staring at her. Mamie straightened up.

"What's the matter, Mary?—didn't you go?"

Mrs. Grey said unevenly: "I've—given up."

"Mary—"

"I won't be troubling Ed any more," Mrs. Grey said bitterly. "I won't be straining his charity."

"And you're going back?" asked Mamie.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grey.

"Now listen, Mary," Ed said hurriedly, "don't you go saying I wouldn't let you stay in this house."

Contemptuously Mrs. Grey brushed past him into the next room. There on the rumpled double-couch she found Jackie alone still sleeping. She bent and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Wake up, Jackie, wake up."

Under her hand the boy squirmed, sighed, rolled and sat up knuckling his eyes:

"Aw right, Mom—"

"Come, get into your clothes."

"Huh? We gonna go someplace, Mom?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Grey. And in a low voice she said: "We're going home."

* * *

Throughout the autumn day she sat with the baby on a bench in the withering park, watching Jackie trot with unknown children on the grass. Above her the discolored leaves detaching from trees came slipping all day down around her foot and scampered

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rusty over the dirt before the rising gusts of wind. And when the light had died out behind the black buildings and the bluish dusk flowed chill over the lawns and trees, she knew Tom was home; and rising with the baby in her arms she called Jackie, and they went homewards out of the park.

The night in the street concealed her approach from neighbors. She stepped quickly pulling Jackie into the hallway, but inside she advanced tremulous as in a strange place. Up the lighted stairs she, lingering, carried the baby, while Jackie clambered ahead. She whispered him back and catching his shoulder she went hushed dreading past Daisy Flynn's door and along the hall to her husband's. She stood then with knuckles raised, with dry lips and strained breath and self-respect struggling in her; and then she knocked. And the solid knock was an ending, the tautness in her mind sank limp sighing.

The door was opened: Tom in clean shirt-tails held it there with one hand, his other arm groping inside the sleeve. Then he saw her, and he stiffened.

"Oh," he said. "It's you."

He put his hands in his pockets and stared at her. Mrs. Grey held silent and moveless with the children waiting. After a minute Tom kicked the door wide open.

"All right, come on in."

She watched him turn away and, walk buttoning his shirt, across the room to the mirror over the sink. Jackie ran in to squat at the closet and pull his toys out, scrutinizing them. Slowly Mrs. Grey came into the kitchen with the baby, and closed the door behind her. Standing there passive she looked on as Tom at the mirror knotted his tie.

"Well, are you back to stay?"

"If—" The words stuck in her parched throat. She wet her lips. She said huskily: "If—you'll let me."

"Oh, the house was here for you all the time, you knew that. Staying at Mamie's was your own idea—and pretty dumb, making the kid miss school and all."

Now before the mirror he was brushing back his hair. She stood mute watching him, the baby a weary weight in her arms. He lay the brush down.

"But I knew you'd be back, you couldn't stay there forever."

She put a trembling hand up to her cheek. Still her dumb eyes followed his movements as he wriggled carelessly into a vest. Jackie stood up among his scattered toys:

"Hey Mom, I'm awful hungry."

Tom raised his glance at Mrs. Grey, his slipping fingers buttoning down the vest: "What's the matter, didn't you eat yet?"

Jackie piped: "Nope, we didn't eat all day."

From his pocket Tom drew a palmful of loose change and tossed a vibrant coin onto the table towards Mrs. Grey: "There's a half-buck, get yourself something. I been eating out."

Still she stood stifling in silence, gripping the baby. Tom slipped into his jacket.

"Yeah, and I been getting my wash done at the chink's and Daisy comes in to straighten up now and then for me—so what else does a guy need?" He lit a cigarette and shaking the match out flicked it into the sink. "Well, I'm going out, I don't know what time I'll be back."

Mrs. Grey listened, sick. With her free hand she caught at his arm as he passed towards the door.

"Tom," she said. "Don't have that woman in here again."

"What?" His face scowled abrupt above her. "Listen, don't give me orders. I bring the money into this house. What did you come back for?"

Her fingers clutched his arm, her voice piteous high: "Please, Tom!"

"Don't bawl before you're hurt," he said.

He threw off her helpless hand and swung the door open. And then he was gone, the door was closed; and she stood swaying with the baby alone in the still kitchen with Jackie. She turned brokenly and sat the baby down in its high chair. The hall's odd silence crept into her ear, and she did not move. Then stepping unsteadily back to the door she fingered it ajar before her eyes. The hall was empty and soundless, there was Daisy Flynn's shut door, there were no footsteps descending the stairs. And she knew.

She jerked around and stumbled despairing through the rooms. Her face hung loose in anguish. She knocked against a chair wandering into the bedroom. The dark-sunk wall was hung dimly with her mingled clothing. She sagged desolate against it, face buried in her dresses, fingers twisting in them. But the clothes were not hers, they belonged not to her: nothing in this house now belonged to her. She was forever alien here.

Jackie's voice behind her said: "Mom, I'm still hungry."

She rolled apart from the dresses. The boy was a dark little figure waiting on the threshold against the kitchen's light. She held herself struggling for her thoughts.

"Take the money," she said. "Get—get—" Then in a strangled outburst she cried: "Oh, get anything, get anything you want! Leave me be!"

She reeled around to the black window, her face and her hands against the sleet-cold glass. There deep in the night in a hidden alley four wild stories down was escape, body-splattering oblivion, sweet blessed nothing. She fell back, hands shuddering on her face: that was not the way out. But there was a way out—God, there must be a way out! And through her agony she knew that living till she learned it was destruction more brutal than death. ⋕

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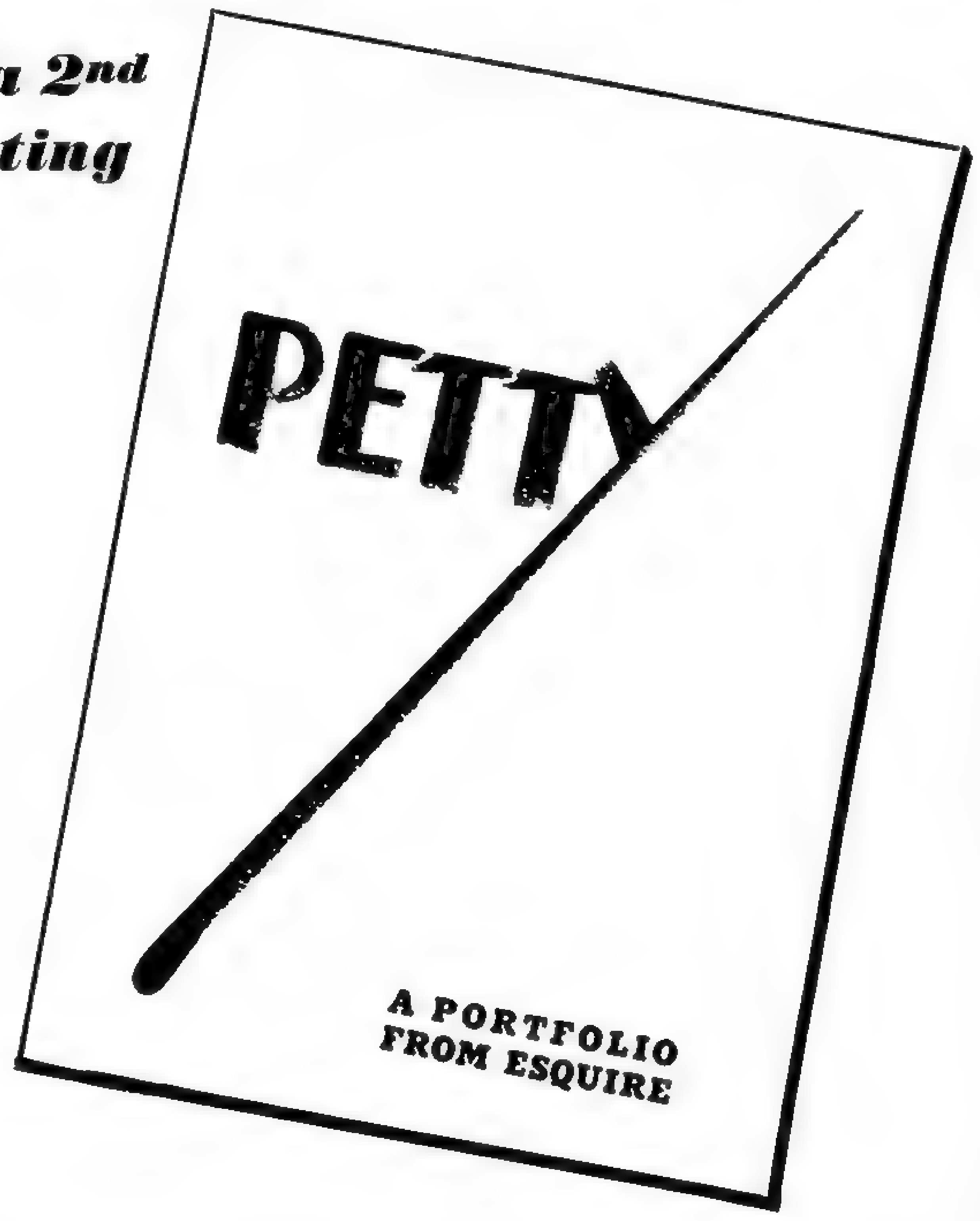

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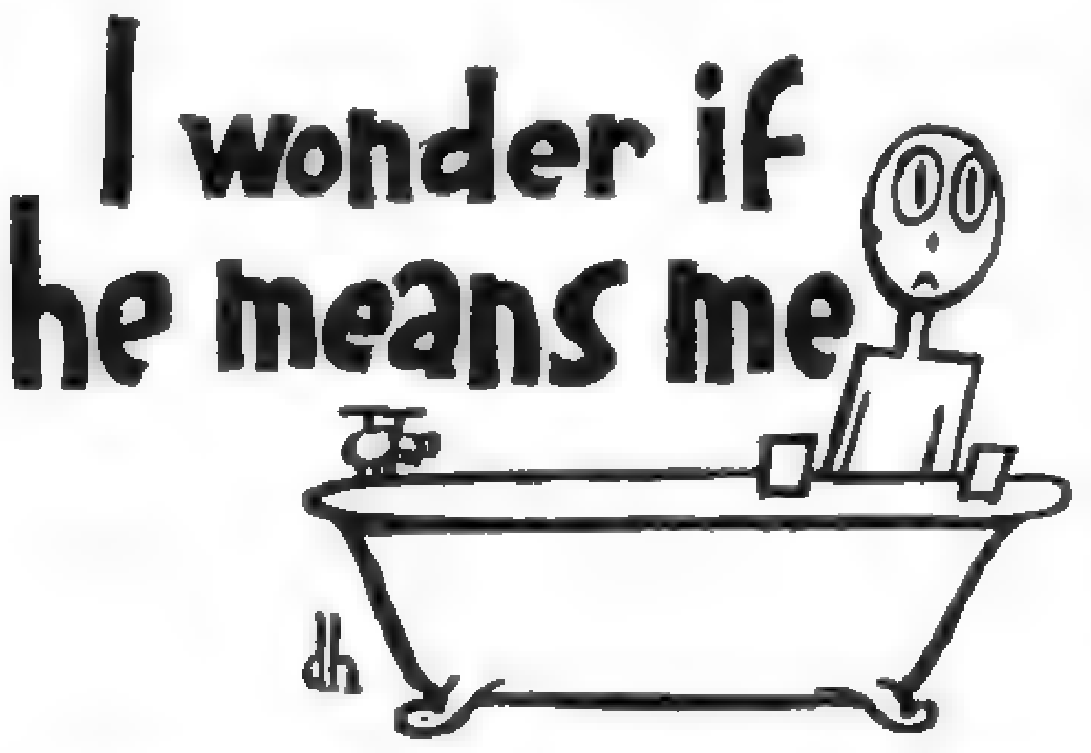
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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Beauty at Tea-Time

Continued from page 48

never did learn the true inwards of the matter. But she seemed gay and cheerful that day, and I thought that perhaps she was enjoying this quiet decorous life after all the hard work she had been obliged to do in New York. We talked a little about our old friends and what this one and what that one was doing now, and then I went my way. She asked me to come and see her and Dick, and I said I would. She told me where they lived—it was in Dick's grandfather's fine old house, where I remembered having been taken to tea when I was a child.

But before I got around to making the call on them, I began to hear things. I learned that the village was far from pleased with the action of Mr. Richard Morse Alden in bringing home an unknown bride.

Old Miss Louisa Higginbotham gave me my first hint. She had asked me to tea; and as we were sitting on the terrace of the big house, near that superb lilac-bush which is the oldest and largest I have ever seen, I said something about being surprised to learn of Dick Alden's marriage—that I'd always thought of him as a congenital bachelor. Miss Louisa tightened her lips.

"It was a sad surprise to us all. But I am not one to carry gossip about. We will say no more of the matter." So I was glad enough to steer away from the grim regions of closets and skeletons which Miss Louisa hinted at.

Mrs. Stone Weymouth was more communicative. A few days later—owing to some misunderstanding her chauffeur didn't turn up at the golf club as she expected—I gave her a lift homeward; and she told me other things. It seems that Dick Alden had met this girl at some bizarre artists' ball in New York, and had inexplicably found her attractive, and had married her a month later. She seemed a pleasant enough girl—but nobody knew anything about her background, and she was rather free and easy in her manner, and she had absolutely no appreciation of the traditions of Graymont. When Major Trutt had pointed out to her the house where Hawthorne had once spent a summer, she asked: "Who is Hawthorne?" And there were other things about her—things that Mrs. Stone Weymouth didn't care to repeat. What, she asked, did I think of her?

I confined myself to saying that I did not know her awfully well, but that my impression was that she was a very nice, indeed an exceptionally nice girl.

"It is to your credit that you can take so generous a view of things," Mrs. Weymouth said grimly. "I suppose it's because you are a writer, and have to come in contact with all sorts of people, to gather material for your works of fiction. Just as Dickens did. He must have had to know some dreadful people."

I knew better than to argue with the public opinion of Graymont, so I assented. I had come here for one purpose only—to write my cursed novel—and I didn't want to embroil myself with these people and be ridden out of town on a rail. They were a funny lot. I remembered that Mrs. Weymouth had in her parlor a highly-prized and most appalling statue of marble, called *Diana the Huntress*, signed "Hiram Powers, Rome, 1858." It depicted, discreetly, a semi-naked lady of gigantic size, who was trying to manipulate a bow, a quiver, an arrow and two pieces of obscenely modest drapery. She had a crescent on her brow, to prove that she was indeed Diana. She had thighs that would have made excellent sirloin steak for cannibals. Every time I saw her I had an insane impulse to yell: "Meat, meat, meat!" The statue shocked me by its prurient attempt at compromise between propriety and sculpture. It certainly had managed to avoid both the conventions of society and the beauties of art. I hated the whole psychology that was implied in it—the psychology of these Victorians who didn't mind having a sculptor show selected bits of the human anatomy provided he—figuratively speaking—clothed the indecency of the human body in a name out of Greek mythology. But that was the admired world of Graymont; and nobody had paid me any money to labor as a missionary there, so I didn't. I minded my own business.

It was the younger and livelier Miss Higginbotham—Miss Maria, aged sixty—who finally enlightened me as to the mysteries concerning Peggy. She told me quite frankly one day—and she said it as if she were saying that someone had killed his parents with an axe—that "people had heard that the present Mrs. Richard Morse Alden had been a professional model before her marriage." I wish you could have heard the peculiar emphasis which Miss Maria put on the phrase "the *present* Mrs. Richard Morse Alden." Her voice implied that this was only a temporary cross to be borne. And she went on to underline her point. "She used to pose—you understand?—pose, she used to pose for painters and sculptors in New York. Pose!"

I said mildly that I thought it was an honest but wearisome way for a girl to earn her living, and I was glad that Peggy didn't have to do it any longer. Miss Maria smiled kindly at me.

"You have such a fine nature! You always try to see the best side of people, don't you! You attribute to them motives that are natural to your own idealistic nature. Often you remind me of your grandfather: he also refused to believe in anything less than the essential nobility of man. It is a gift we should all cultivate."

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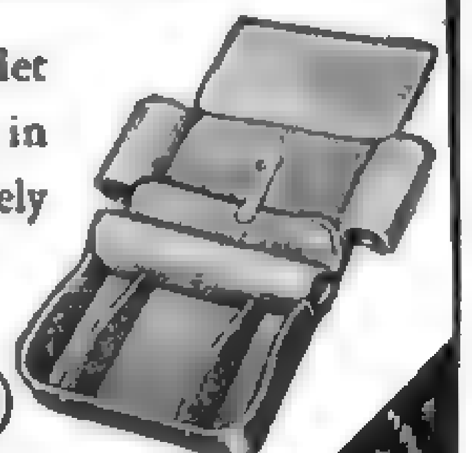

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I gave proper signs of squiggling embarrassment as this praise was ladled over me, and I did not explain to Miss Maria that one of my principal sources of fun in life is studying with refined amusement the multitudinous ways in which people manage to make fools of themselves. I'm by no means a disloyal friend—but when it comes to people for whom I have no feeling of friendship or of spiritual kinship, then I am quite pitiless in having a good secret laugh at their expense. And Miss Maria was one of them.

This conversation brought Peggy back into my mind—and I went to see the Aldens that evening.

Dick was not in; he had gone to Boston for three days to attend the auction sale of some famous book collection. But Peggy received me with charming eagerness; I could see that she was glad to have me come. And I was glad to see her.

We fell straightaway into talk of our old New York friends, and what I had been doing in Paris. But when I asked her what she had been doing, she startled me with her frankness.

"I've been having a hell of a time!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"It's my own fault. I'm a fool, that's all. It never occurred to me that this silly little town would have fits over the fact that I was a model—so I mentioned it to somebody—and now they all act as if I were rat poison."

"Oh, they'll get over that," I said.

"No, they won't," she said. "And that isn't the worst of it. I don't know whether I can stand that other thing much longer."

"What's that? Tell me, Peggy. Can I help you?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "I don't want to tell you now. I'll tell you some other time. It's terrible."

I went away, very sorry for her. She was such a nice girl—and here these old cats were treating her as if she were scum. I don't suppose she'd ever read their refined Mrs. Humphrey Ward—but she knew more about the real meaning of painting and sculpture than the entire conservative town put together; and men and women like George Luks and George Bellows and Robert Henry and Anna Hyatt and Gertrude Whitney had treated her with respect and friendliness. Yet I wasn't surprised very much: small towns are like that. They hate and fear anything that is different, and will kill it if they can. It's not a peculiarity of America; the same thing is true in France or in China or at the North Pole.

After that, I didn't see Peggy for quite a while. And then one day as I started out with my stick for my usual afternoon's walk—I had done a good hard four hours of writing and needed a change of thoughts—I was pleased to encounter her and to have her ask: "You're going for a walk now, aren't you? Do you mind very much if I come along with you?"

I replied, quite sincerely, that there was nothing I would like more. We walked up the hill-road, through the beautiful summer afternoon. In June, the Berkshires are about as lovely as any earthly spot can be. And Peggy is a good walking-companion. She doesn't chatter all the time, just to make conversation.

After a while, she said: "Do you mind if I talk to you? I'm so lonely. I've got to talk to someone."

"I am that one, then," I said. "Let's sit down on this rock. Now tell me everything you want to tell me."

And she told me. (Remember that Peggy was about twenty-four and I was about fifty. Otherwise you might get this from the wrong angle.)

It seems that what was driving her almost crazy was not the petty spite and malice of the aristocratic village, but the carryings-on of Dick himself. She said—and it took me a little time to grasp such idiocy—that he was obsessed by the thought of her past. He kept making her tell him over and over again just when and where and how she had first taken up posing, and how many times she had posed, and for whom. He would pester her continually to see if she couldn't remember the name of some additional painter or sculptor for whom she had posed. He had even written down a list of the names she remembered, and then he had gone to the Library and copied out of *Who's Who in America* all the information about these artists that was to be found there. He even had the mad idea that he would like to go and call on all these artists, to see just what kind of people they were.

Every time anyone from Graymont went to New York, Dick would be in a perfect stew of apprehension lest the visitor happen to go to the Metropolitan Museum and recognize one of the several paintings and statues for which she had posed. He said he didn't see how he could stand it if that happened.

And worst of all, he kept at her to try to make her feel a sense of guilt. Tears were in her eyes as she said to me: "You know, I don't feel any sense of guilt. I never was ashamed of posing. It was hard work—but that was all I disliked about it. It seemed to me as simple and natural as washing my face. But Dick will wake me up in the middle of the night, and begin to cross-examine me. He wants to know how I felt when I was posing for men. When I tell him that I often felt tired, he laughs a sickly hollow laugh. Then he goes on—didn't I feel any sense of shame? Wasn't it a rather voluptuous feeling for me? Wasn't I awfully proud to be showing my body? And when I say that I felt none of these things—that after the one very first time, I felt no different from the way any girl with a presentable figure feels

Continued on page 192

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Beauty at Tea-Time

Continued from pages 48-191

when she appears in one of these sketchy modern bathing suits to which we are all so accustomed now—then he won't believe me, and grows very angry, and says he wishes he were man enough to beat me black-and-blue. It's terrible! He's just wearing me out with his silly notions. And he's such a fool to do it—because I still love him and would do anything for him—but he's beginning to destroy that. He's so hateful about it all; he's so nasty-minded. The way he talks makes everything in life seem vile and dirty. He makes me feel as if I were some low, degraded creature whom nobody could respect. I don't think I'm a low, degraded creature—do you?"

"No, Peggy, I don't," I said. "On the contrary, I personally respect you very much. I think you are a very nice girl—I have always thought so."

"Thank you!" she said, and wiped her eyes.

I felt very sorry for her. But what was there to say? Nothing except platitudes. If Dick had been a different kind of fellow, I would have thought it just barely possible for me, an older man, to go and have a talk with him, and explain to him that the atmosphere of a hard-working artist's studio wasn't exactly that of a frivolous night resort, and that Peggy, clothed or unclothed, had always conducted herself with perfect simplicity and dignity. But I knew that he was too inelastic, mentally, to be able to endure such a conversation. And furthermore, I felt almost sure that he would resent the fact that I had ever been present while Peggy posed.

No, I could do nothing for her except murmur stupid words about trusting to time as a cure for Dick's foolishness. He would get over this, I said. But secretly, I didn't believe he would, really.

I did not see her again for about a month. Then unexpectedly she came to my house one afternoon. She began abruptly—

"Can you imagine anybody being so mean as to refuse to give you a divorce if you want it?"

"Unfortunately, my dear Peggy, I can easily imagine it. There are many people like that."

"Well, it's wicked! Tell me, then—how can I get a divorce?"

"Do you really want a divorce, Peggy?"

"Yes. I've thought it all over, and I do. I can't stand this ghostly jealousy of Dick's any longer. I don't think anybody needs to stand it."

Then she told me all about it. Her face was strained with pain.

She said that he was getting worse and worse—that he would make her tell him over and over again about her posings—he would make her take her clothes off and show him all the poses she had ever taken for artists—he would go almost insane with rage when she complied with his demands—and he would call her names which she didn't care to repeat to me. He was mad with jealousy because she hadn't saved her beauty for his eyes alone. Her love for him was completely dead.

And then she made her astounding and naïve proposal. She asked if I would mind helping her get a divorce by letting myself be found in a compromising situation with her. She said that Dick flatly refused to let her go, and that she could see no other way out than this one. And I had always been such a generous friend of hers—would I mind being found in a hotel with her? "Just pretending, you understand."

"No, Peggy my dear," I said. "That's asking too much of me. I'm no saint, and I have never pretended to what the righteous call an unblemished moral life—but I can't get myself mixed up in all the publicity of a divorce-scandal—not even to please you. You'll have to think of some other way."

"You aren't cross at me for asking you, are you?"

"I'm very much flattered! But it just wouldn't fit in with the pattern of the rest of my life. You'll have to excuse me."

"Well, thank you anyhow. But I'll find some way."

And she did. By chance, I happened to be present on the remarkable occasion when she did it. And it was a scene that one does not forget. It was comical and it was terrible and it was altogether unique.

Imagine the beautiful close-clipped lawn of the wide plot of ground that lay back of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morse Alden in Graymont, with majestic old beech trees and oaks and neat barberry hedges secluding it from the vulgar outside world. Imagine me sitting in a rustic chair in the shade, trying to conceal my boredom and having tea with Dick Alden and the Misses Higginbotham and Mr. and Mrs. Stone Weymouth and Major Trutt. It was a perfect August day, agreeably warm, with slight breezes stirring through the trees, and a blue sky luminous overhead. It's odd that I should remember—but I do remember—that there were two small slender white clouds showing against the sky.

And then there emerged from the house and walked slowly toward us across the close-clipped lawn none other than Mrs. Richard Morse Alden. Peggy's expression, as she advanced, was pleasant but grave. There was a curious nobility about her bearing. And she was completely naked.

I can still see her slim white feet as they pressed down onto the green turf—slowly advancing as in an ancient ritual.

It was as beautiful a sight as I have ever seen. But at the moment, I was too much confused by other feelings to be able to regard it as a purely aesthetic spectacle.

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Frankly, I was paralyzed.

With unconcern, Peggy came to the table, sat down, and helped herself to a cup of tea. She began to chat with me.

Would I mind sometime—she asked—trying to explain to her why I thought Chinese landscape-painting the greatest art in the world? She'd heard me say that once—and she wished she understood a little about the matter.

I said I'd be glad to. I began—without great brilliance, I fear—to expound what meagre knowledge I have of the classical period of landscape-painting in China. As in a trance, the great names of Hsia Quei and Ma Yuan fell from my lips, while Peggy regarded me with quiet eyes.

Nobody else spoke to her. In a moment the other guests rose and departed. Dick, paler than a ghost, rose also and accompanied them courteously across the lawn and through the house to their cars. I don't know what the six of them talked about—or pretended to talk about—as they went; but I would wager my last dollar that nobody mentioned Peggy or gave any sign of awareness of the awful event that had just taken place.

Peggy looked at me gravely. "Do you think he'll give me my divorce now?" she asked, sipping her tea. #

Everyone's a Suspect

Continued from page 57

notice. Was that when I came up Twelfth street?"

"Oh no, no, no, Capitan. That was just few minutes ago, when you turned in from Tenth street and went up Ware."

"Oh, then. Just something on my mind, Pete. Forget it."

So—Tenth street. Hm-m-m-m. Nothing happened around here. No signs. Pete not excited. Came up Tenth street, eh? Tenth runs flush off of Elliott, so he came up Elliott. That accounts for two blocks because Tenth is a short block and in full view of Pete. And he was sharp-eyed like a sparrow. He'd just mosey along to Elliott and turn down. That would leave six blocks. He'd stop and talk to first one and then the other as he went along. Pick up something pretty soon now. Everything was awful damn quiet. Like nothing had happened. Perhaps nothing had happened, but how about that bullet?

"How're ya, Bill? Everything smooth?"

"Hello, Sarge. Yes sir. Quiet. That safety drive last week done a lot of good. Traffic movin' like it was greased."

"The missus get well all right?"

"Well—Yes—She's still kind of puny. Gettin' better."

"Didn't see you when I came by. No trouble anywhere?"

"Heh, heh! I seen you, Sarge. I was draggin' a smoke up the alley. I didn't call to you. Heh, heh."

"Well—I was in a hurry anyway. Went up on Ware street."

"Yes sir. That's the way you was headin' You know how it is."

"Yeah. Oh yeah. I used to do it, myself."

Damn funny. So damn normal. Elliott street was as straight as a string to Walnut, where Chet Holly's harness shop was. No crowds. Plenty of people coming and going, walking in and out of banks and stores. Everything easy and natural. Nobody's been shooting around here, one thing certain.

He'd get on down to Chet's place. Chet might know something. Might not. He'd be cagey. He'd just stroll in and say: "Hi, Chet." Quiet like. And: "What's new, ole hoss?" Then if Chet looked queer he'd make him tell. Might be a good thing to open up to Chet. Chet was his best friend. Level-headed, too. Give him his last dime if he needed it. Chet might tip him off to some good way out. This thing was about to get away from him. By God he'd better talk to somebody.

He could say: "Now, look here, Chet, we're pals, see? I want to tell you something, because you're my friend. Nobody knows it but me and Doc Fitchett, but you and me were boys together, so you got to listen, see? It's this way, Chet—"

This business of shooting bullets when you're off your nut—that's serious. If anybody knew it they'd say he was crazy. They'd point at him. They'd—The skunks! They'd better not say he was crazy. But he hadn't cleared up that bullet yet.

He'd make a sloppy stick-up man. He was easy enough to trail. Just ask anybody, and there he went. He was putting the finger right on himself.

Two more blocks, and—it was about to be a mystery. That was a good one. "Police Sergeant Baffles Himself." Maybe he'd never know. He'd swear the cylinders were empty when he left the station. By God he knew they were empty. They were empty when he saw the boys fighting. Thank goodness he remembered that much. The kids vamoosed, went out of sight. After that his mind cleared. Kind of hazy, but it cleared. Some. He remembered seeing Chet standing in his doorway, joking with a kid, holding the kid's wrist. The chap was trying to break away.

"Chet!"

Funny—Chet leaving his shop wide open this way.

"Oh Chet!"

And leather dressing knocked all over the floor. Something coming off, here.

"Ch—Chet! Are you in the basement?"

* * *

Doc Fitchett, down in Chet Holly's cellar that afternoon, swore he couldn't understand it. One of them seemed to have been killed a full hour before the other. #

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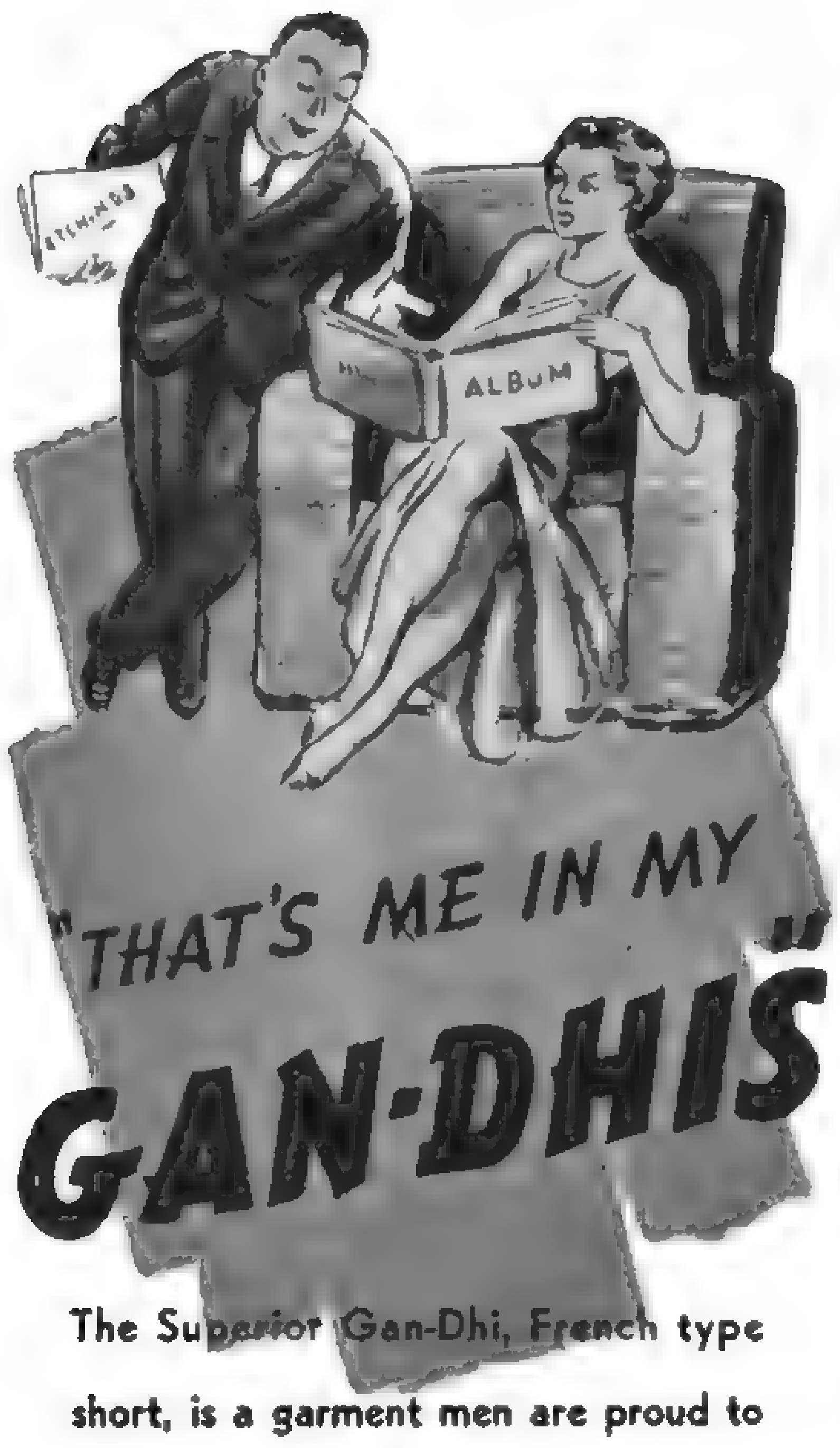
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I Won't Do No Dive

Continued from page 81

right to be hitting that hard.

Al came out of the shower and again the loneliness of the room under a single light bulb impressed him. He wondered if Pete could be getting drunk; he often did after a fight. The least he could of done was leave a dollar or two for a steak before going. It couldn't really be that Pete was afraid of the Magrid bunch. They wouldn't really get tough. They might hold out the rest of the dough that was coming, but they wouldn't really get tough.

Al stood up after drying himself, naked in the dim, granular light. He had a beautiful, loosely-muscled build. His muscles were not hard but pliant and firm and his skin was smooth and silky. Women liked to touch it. He paused, standing erect, naked and beautiful and alone, and gravely considered whether the Magrid bunch would really do anything. Gravely he decided that they wouldn't and began to dress.

There was the noise of feet in the corridor and Al paused and looked at the door. The feet went swiftly by. Al felt himself relax. He wondered what was the matter with him, anyway. Everything would be all right tomorrow. He'd have Pete explain that it had all been a mistake, that he really hadn't intended it. And he hadn't. There had been the opening and without thinking he had put the right into it. Tomorrow Pete would explain for him and everything would be all right. Everything would be fine.

When he was dressed, he packed his bag. He really needed a new bag. He would ask Pete about that tomorrow. When he was ready to go, Al put his hand on the light cord, then took it away without pulling it. When he approached the door to open it he had begun to sweat a little. What the hell's the matter with me, he thought. He decided he hadn't stayed under the cold shower long enough to stop sweating.

Al put his hand on the door. His hand hesitated on the knob and, angry with the hand, Al flung the door open. The corridor was empty. He stepped into it. Fifty yards long, it lay under a faint light from small bulbs. No one was in it. As Al walked slowly, carrying his bag, he thought of how he hadn't seen anyone since he had left the arena and the crowd yelling for him. The wind blowing along the corridor made him feel the wetness on his forehead.

He walked along. In the arena to his right, through the occasional runways, Al heard the noises of chairs being folded and benches moved. These came slowly and far apart as though only a few men were working. Noise came at him sharply as he passed the last runway and his whole body jumped. For Christ sake, he thought, what's the matter with me? It was only a chair being folded nearby.

At the end of the corridor were two doors, one going straight into the lobby, the other, on the left, opening directly into the street. Al tried the lobby door but it was locked. He turned to the street door and felt the sweat come out on him again. In the name of Christ, he thought, what the hell's the matter with me? Nothing's going to happen, he told himself, what the hell are you so jittery about?

He took a long breath and opened the street door. There was no one outside and it was colder than in the corridor. He had vaguely expected or hoped that Pete or Joe Moody might be waiting for him. There was no one on the street, not even a cop. A single light in the middle of the block cast shadows but did little more. The concrete wall of the fight club ran unbrokenly along the side Al was on. Across the street there was a big garage, dark now, and a big, empty lot. Nothing else. There was no one on the street. Al felt the breath go out of him and he felt better. Then he noticed a car parked down the street, forty or fifty yards away. It was on the same side he was and the lights were out. He looked at it a while, feeling himself tense again. The car didn't move and Al turned and began to walk away from it. A couple of punks necking, he thought. He didn't know why he was so nervous. "Everything's all right," he said aloud. "Everything's okay."

Behind him the car began to move, gathering speed slowly. He heard it come closer but didn't turn to look. Why the hell don't they turn their lights on? he thought. That's a hell of a way to drive! Why don't they turn their lights on? The car was almost abreast of him. Its lights were off and it was just drifting along in second.

Al felt a sudden, sharp, light push on his shoulder, then another lower down, then a third. Quick, like jabs. Then he was lying on the sidewalk and he heard the noise, quickly repeated like the push. No pain. Only more noise and the quick, sharp, small pushes all along his body and it being hard to breathe on account of stuff coming up in your throat. He opened his mouth to yell but it wasn't sound that came out. The noise died slowly in his ears. Sleep was a much better thing, some part of him quietly thought. He lay there in the silent street. ⌗

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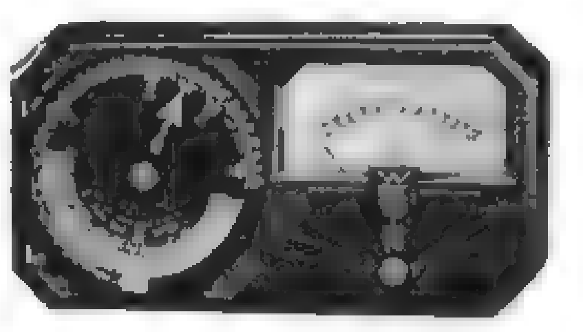

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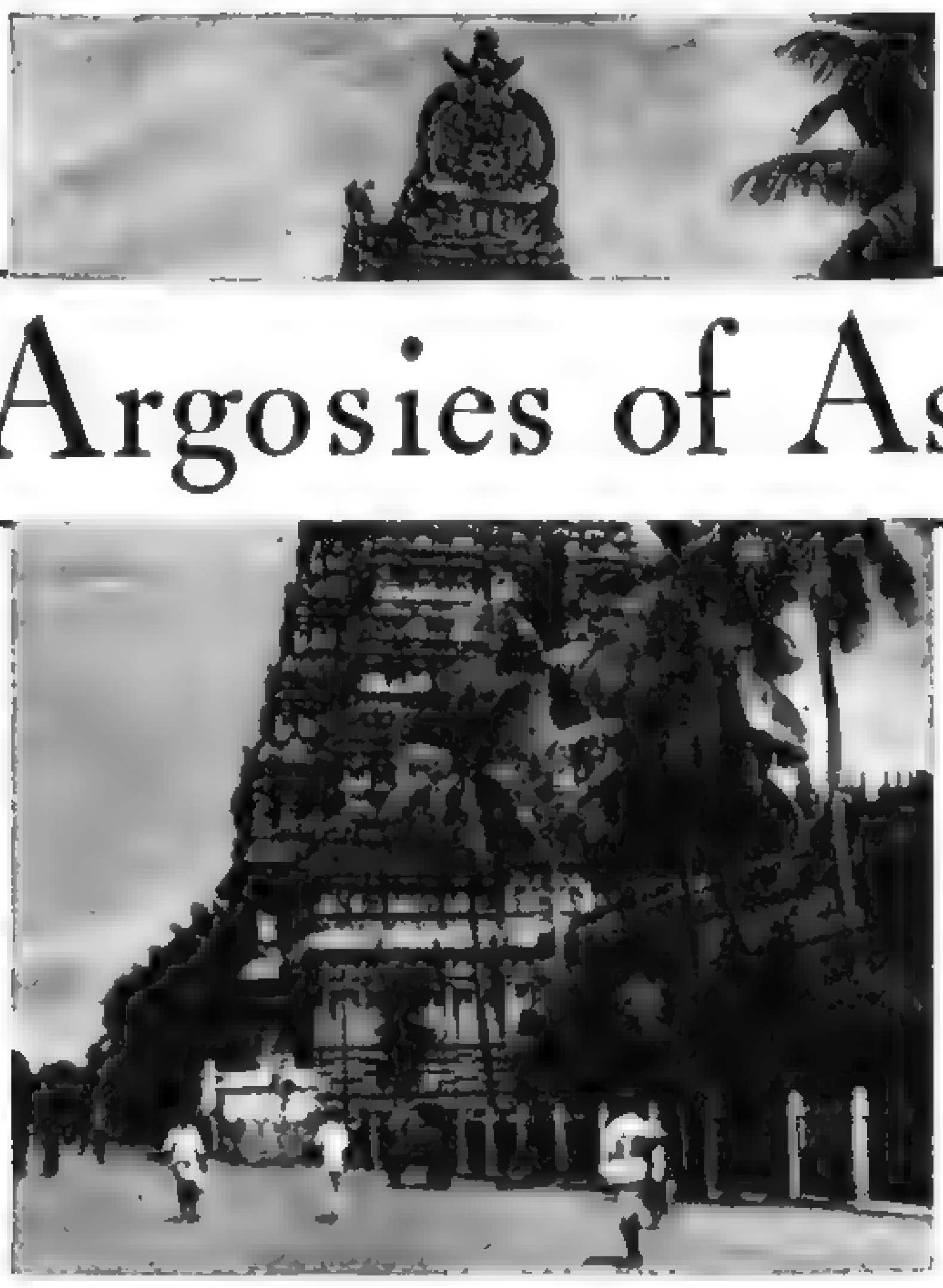

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page: 10-12-176

NEIGHBORHOOD ROW

Being in a particularly nasty mood this evening, I have chosen the present as the proper time for adding my bit toward preserving the furious traditions of the department to which this is addressed.

In addition to feeling generally incompatible, there are several contributing conditions which intensify my existing mood, main among them being that I have just read the sordid maunder as contributed by one Helen Dorland. And this being written from Helen's own quaint community, I feel quite the martyr in consciously laying myself wide open to her possible retaliation at a range which is merely a matter of blocks, instead of a matter of states, as the lads from Princeton and Tulsa would have it.

To proceed with the slaughter. Miss Dorland's is the most naked example of pointless drivel printed in *S. & F.* to date, via which the author wishes not to offer any constructive criticism but wishes only to experience the childish delight of seeing her name in print. It literally staggered under the oppression of its own inanity.

Esq, you either are a sap or are in possession of almost superhuman drollery to print little Miss Dorland's "comment"—and I am inclined to believe the latter.

If the temperamental nature of my antediluvian tripewriter permits, I should like to mention Don Hough's *Come and Get Hit.* Mr. Hough possesses remarkable capacity for satire and no doubt also knows his pan-cake calisthenics, but he neglected to mention that heterogeneous wonder of the woods: hunter's stew. Take it from one who has indulged, he could take his can of peaches, his trout—clay and all—throw them into a hunter's stew and with proper treatment could concoct a very palatable gob.

To part with benevolence, I'd like to say that as soon as I learn to carry a five buck bill from here to the post office without breaking it, I shall indeed subscribe to your slick.

Yours for more god-blessed sound and less god-damned noise,

Helena, Mont. WIN J. BEST

P. S. Excuse please for hitting a lady, but she asked for it. Anyway, she wrote to a man's mag, and I'm sure—if this prints in *S. & F.*—she is sport enough to accept the consequences likewise.

FROST'S SET A GOOD TABLE

Please allow me to froth at the mouth for just a few minutes. Reason: *Keep The Home Pies Burning* by Donald Hough, April ESQUIRE.

At the start allow me to admit one point: Mr. Hough may have a greater eating acquaintance with restaurants than I have. I eat in them only when I have to, and then, only with repugnance. I wonder what kind of a housekeeper he must have, or rather, had, to have inspired such a dyspeptic article. Is Mr. Hough married? If he is, and the evidence at hand seems to refute any such premise, at least we must admire his courage.

As to farm cooking: "There's nothing so soggy, so flavorless or indigestible as home-cooked dinner on the farm," says Mr. Hough. I wonder to what extent he has eaten on farms, and if perhaps he isn't one of the people referred to in the article I am enclosing with this letter. In short, one of those moochers who insist on driving out to some farm on a Sunday hoping to get one of those "home-cooked dinners" he is so disparaging of, and eventually getting the cold water cure of poor meals, in order to discourage future foraging.

Naturally, the busy housewife, taking care of young children, or maybe more, doing her own washing and ironing, mending the family clothes (yeah, we farmers have to wear mended clothes, occasionally), weeding the garden in the summer, gathering and canning berries and vegetables, and the hundred and one other daily chores, doesn't find time in the midst of all of this work to whip up some delicious, mysterious gravy (pardon, I mean SAUCE), nor to gently wave a clove of garlic over the simmering roast, and if she did, I doubt if her husband (by the way, there are very few kept-women, albeit various and sundry seducers of a rather primitive type, in this locality) would appreciate. However, I'm willing to gamble that there is less stomach trouble from our so-called soggy foods, than there is from Mr. Hough's fine flavored furrin foods.

By the way, that vague reference to "the poorer wenches, as those on most of our farms," Baloney! At least the women in the majority of farms don't have to walk the streets, or would it be the roads?, to make enuf to be able to eat in some sleazy dive, which is incidentally also known as a restaurant. The Poor Wenches do have to work. Housekeeping never was a cinch, altho it is getting annually easier. However, it is patently evident that there are more happily married OLD people in farm communities, than there will ever be among restaurant habitues. Whether the highly seasoned foodstuffs kill them off at an early age, or stomach disorders breed malcontents, I can't say, but I have a faint suspicion that the rift begins at about the same page as does the charming article by Mr. Hough. The references to the carving of radishes and such being the extent of the knowledge that is imbibed by the girls of today, might well apply to emaciated, over-rouged (necessary, no doubt, because of over-indulgence in some of How's or Huff's delightful, non-greasy restaurant delicacies.) baggy eyed, street walking city-gals. I dare say, I've no quarrel there, but, I'll wager that the average ten year old girl can prepare a meal that would have Hough calling for a second helping. Up here, I mean. Apparently Hough's relations are very short in culinary ability.

As to the average home keeper on the average farm: I consider Hough's article the most unmitigated, libelous, most false, and incidentally, the screwiest, that I have ever had the displeasure to read, and being an old hand at ESQUIRE reading, that's saying aplenty.

"In the rural districts," he says, "the plainest and cheapest grub, retains its plainest and cheapest flavor." That may be true, I don't know, *but*, the average farmer, up here in our neck of the woods, 'don't have no truck' with the so-called cheapest grub. They pride themselves on the table they set. The old saying about the workman being known by his tools, is still true. The farmer up here does not handicap his wife by making her learn how to make third-rate cuts of meat taste like fairly good steaks or roasts. No, they start in with the best, Mr. Hough, for undeniably we do have access to the better grades of farm produce, or do you still think that we order our farm foods from Sears?

If you were not so damned impolite, and discourteous, (I bet you won't get any dinner invites for awhile) I would *demand* your presence at an average Sunday dinner, or for all of that, to any dinner, on our farm, my mother's farm, or my grandmother's farm, or to any of my neighbors' farms, and after the more or less standard meal (they're *all* good) if you can then read your misinformed article without getting boiling mad at the rashness of such bunk, then you should be committed to the nearest restaurant, there to spend your dying days under the surveillance of some furrin chef, there to wallow daily in the food you love so much, a worse end I could wish no full fledged, red-blooded eater.

Yours, more or less disgustedly,

Presque Isle, Maine LAWRENCE FROST

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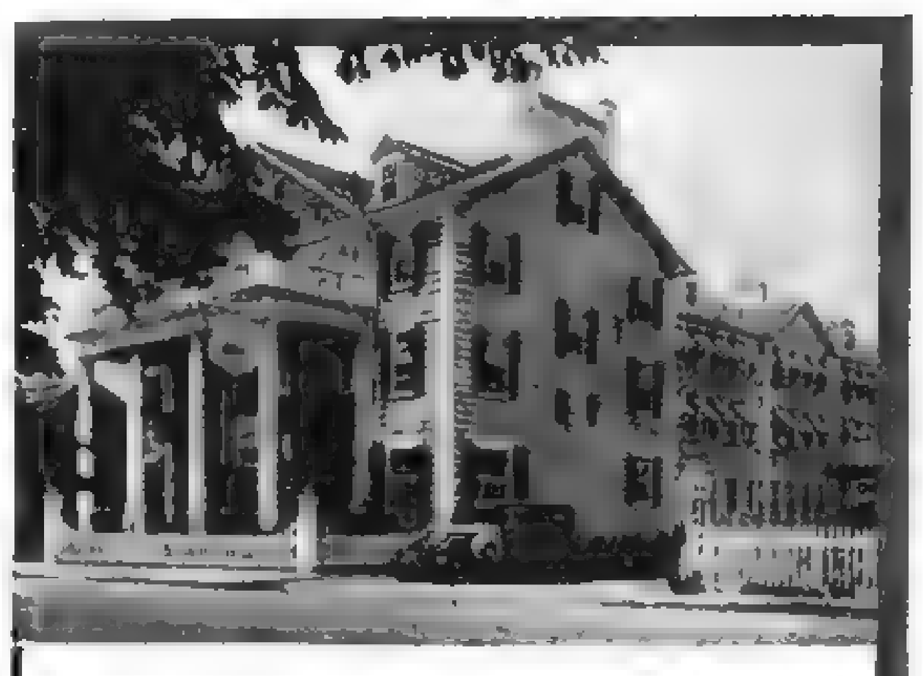

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●

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12-176

ESQ. FOR SCHOLARSHIP

Certainly it would be of interest to Burton Rascoe to know that *The Red Badge of Courage* was written by Stephen Crane and not by "Norris" (presumably Frank Norris), as he told his dear *Five-Minute Book Shelf* readers in his puff on Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men.*

Tsk, tsk, Burton, aren't you ashamed of betraying the confidence of your ardent culture-seeking followers?

Sincerely,
Columbia, Mo. Wilbur R. Schutze

JAI ALAI LESSON

This is not a growl on your editorial policies, your choice of reading material, nor your make-up. Esquire has, since the first issue appeared on the stands, been my favorite magazine and will continue to be as long as it remains as good as it is now. Although my opinions and tastes have been opposite from some of the views and reading material printed, I can readily understand how difficult it is to satisfy everybody. And when some one does that little thing, this world will stop rotating. Esquire and I became acquainted while I was on duty in Shanghai; I was skeptical at first; but our acquaintanceship has developed into a nice friendship.

However, an article appears in the April, 1937, number which leaves me very disappointed. *Storm Over Shanghai* makes interesting reading but Mr. Grayson discloses a complete lack of knowledge of *jai alai* which forms his background for the story. This is not the fault of Esquire; but I feel bounden to correct his most glaring errors so that a better understanding of "the world's fastest game" may be spread about.

In one of his opening paragraphs Mr. Grayson writes "The cries of the bet attendants barked above the thick blanket of ordinary sound . . ." All betting is done over counters prior to the start of play and has been that way ever since the inception of *jai alai*. After play has commenced, the pari-mutuel machines determine the odds and the only way to cover a bet is to bet with Señor Castro, a commissioner who will bet the leading player on the board against the rest, providing his choice has four points and the others have less than three. And when Castro calls the bets, he merely calls the number of the player and not the name as Mr. Grayson implies in his story.

Again Mr. Grayson refers to his hero "leading the quinela." That is a new term to me, but I think he means the lineup of five players. When the game started back in 1930 or 31, five players did constitute the lineup, but that was changed to six in 1932 and has been that way ever since.

Further down in the same paragraph reference is made to the color of a player's shirt as follows: "Did the ape wear them all over the circuit because he thought he looked less black in them than in white?" For the convenience of the fans, different colored shirts are worn in each position. Player number one wears red; number two, blue; three, white; four, black; five, orange; and six, green. They have no alternative in choice of shirts and must wear the color of the position.

The author states that the winner of a game must score six points. At no time has a singles game in Shanghai ever been won by that number of points. Ordinarily a game is won by the first player to score five points. In some cases, such as exhibitions or championships, the winning number will be either ten or fifteen points.

Mr. Grayson further writes, "He was even worse in the dressing room where they changed shirts, with boasts about having put a hundred on himself to win." This is the worst error of all, for the Shanghai Auditorium is noted throughout the professional *jai alai* circuit as being the only one where players are not permitted to place bets. I have a wide acquaintanceship with the management of the Shanghai fronton and many of the leading professionals and have heard this stated many times. In fact, players like to be contracted by Mr. Assadourian for this reason which enables them to save money during their time in the Orient.

In refutation of the doubles, or grand partie idea brought out by Mr. Grayson in his story, only on rare occasions did the Shanghai players participate in these grand parties. When a new player was practically accustomed to the court, he was introduced to the fans as a member of a team, but in the main, the play took well over four hours for the sixteen singles events, and doubles were not at all popular. In other frontons, where betting is permitted during the play of 35 point parties, they generally play two such games each night, but the mutuel machines in Shanghai killed any chance of bookies.

In conclusion, I know that management of the only American owned cabaret in Shanghai, Del Monte's, will resent the imputation that his is a Russian cabaret. Mr. Hyde is a former league baseball player and one of the few Americans to succeed in competition with Chinese businesses of that sort out there.

If it were possible for me to write directly to Mr. Grayson I would do so, but this is the only means I have of defending the game that has fascinated me for five years in the wilds of the Orient. With all good wishes for the continued growth of Esquire through the years, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Marine Corps Base H. S. Griffin
San Diego, Cal. Pfc., U.S.M.C.

CREATIVE ART IN CRETE

I do not entirely agree with Mr. Donald Hough's article, *Keep the Home Pies Burning*, in the April, 1937 issue of Esquire, especially with the caption "There's nothing so soggy, so flavorless or indigestible as home-cooked dinner on the farm." The best meals I have eaten were cooked by farm women. Having been raised on the farm, I have eaten many dinners that were the last word in the art of good cooking, meals that have been carefully prepared. My tastes do not cater to any cheap grub either.

If Mr. Hough had the misfortune of eating such soggy and indigestible dinners, he must have called on some very "poor farm wenches" and certainly not the representative majority of good farm cooks. Why particularly pick on the farm wenches, tenements, and slums for soggy, indigestible grub? How about some of the grub the better class and fairly well-to-do people in the city put out? I have found it to be pretty terrible in many of my experiences. The mere process of opening canned goods and heating it or serving it cold, whatever the case may be, is not good home cooking. I agree that cooking is a creative art, just like painting, appealing to the good tastes and likes of an individual.

Mr. Hough maintains that the philosophy of rural cooking is based on quantity rather than quality. The quality is not in most cases as tasteless and soggy as he pictures it. Quantity is essential to a farmer because of the many daily toils he must perform which requires heavier eating than one doing lighter or mental work.

I also have eaten many delicious dinners in a cafe located strictly in the heart of a rural community. This cafe advertised "your fill of home cooked foods" and it certainly more than lives up to its publicity.

Sincerely yours,
Crete, Neb. Josh A. Pavelka

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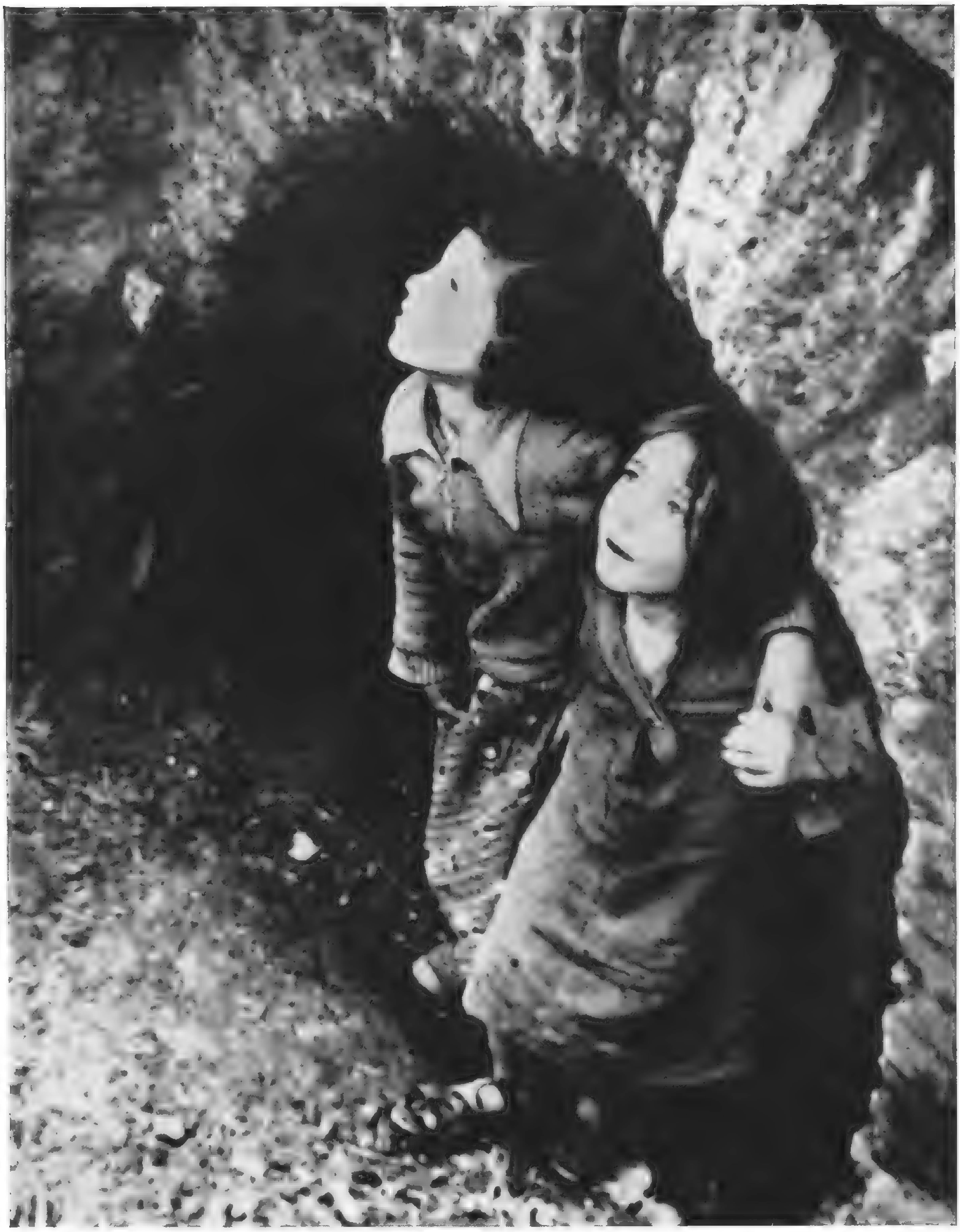


CHILDREN'S HOUR: MADRID

THIS is an actual news photograph of two little girls in Madrid. That's the mouth of a sewer they're in.

They were driven there by a hero in a plane who is trying to drop bombs on them. For these little girls and their mothers, and their grandmas, and their playmates are the "enemy." They must be wiped out in order to make the World safe for Democracy, or Autocracy, or Technocracy, or Stoopnocracy, or whatever slogan they've cooked up *this* time to justify wholesale murder.

It's all a lovely spectacle, isn't it—an enlightened way for grown men to settle honest differences of opinion? That is, if war really *did* settle differences of opinion. In reality, it does nothing of the kind.

The World War demonstrated that and is further demonstrating it every day. Was anything settled? Was the world made safe for Democracy? Were the rights of little nations made sacred? Were oppressed people freed? Was anyone really the victor? Was it the war that *ended* wars?

No, war is the bunk—the Old Army Game. And mister, you'll be in that game quicker than you think—in a uniform, a muddy trench, a shallow grave—unless you keep your wits alert against propaganda, and your guard up against the tiny, but powerful, minority that profits by war.

It won't be easy. The peace lovers have always, since the world began, lost out to the war makers. Maybe this time it will be different. Let's try to *make* it different anyway. Let's put up a real fight against war this time! Are you game? Write to *World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York City.*

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 101

vote of award by these peculiarly assorted but largely single-purposed eighteen. Fourteen, by a three-quarters vote, gave the honor to *High Tor*, three held out for *Johnny Johnson* and one, your admiration, stuck from the beginning to Turney's *Daughters of Atreus*. Surely three choices that were critically superior to any of the other six plays originally entered in the balloting.

It thus becomes a source of wonderment how many of our producers can still believe that they may get a favorable and profitable press reaction, whether daily, weekly or monthly, to the dishes of minestra on which they hopefully expend their money. How is it longer possible for them to imagine that they will not be put on the critical griddle and toasted to a storehouse turn when, in their sublime ignorance, they seek to foist on the theatre which the critics are now fondly and rigorously nursing the varieties of trash that the crooked criticism of another day glossed over and allowed to pass? Consider a body of men who have in their hands, through the departmental control of the leading newspapers and periodicals, the influencing of millions of theatregoers and who in the last two years have clearly showed by a common vote their stout prejudice in favor of the drama as represented by plays like *Winterset* and *High Tor*—consider such a body allowing so much as a favorable inch to the old trade-goods of Broadway or the bogus boluses imported from Piccadilly and points east. It takes considerable considering.

Our critics have changed and our theatre has changed for the better with them. And though some of the aforesaid critics occasionally impress at least one of their number as being judicial Gobbos, their hearts and their intentions are nonetheless plainly in the right place. Give even the Gobbos some such squash as the Dales and the Davieses of yesterday lavished their praises upon and they will have caught a sufficiently lethal critical bacillus from their more sagacious colleagues promptly to goose it into the discard. The smooth and demulcent London vanishing creams involving the punctilious passions of Mayfair eunuchs, once the local critics' toast, are now treated to a vulgar American toe in the seat. The Gallic drama that consumes two and one-half hours of inordinately mechanized dramaturgy and more agonized brow-wrinkling than the photographs adorning the constipation advertisements in order to impart the sensational news that a married woman who takes on a couple of lovers, one of them, to boot, a grafter of her husband's best cigars and cognac, may expect her spouse to be a trifle upset over her conduct is no longer accepted as either Charles or Dan Frohman's gift to God but is given the bum's rush. And the American treasures dispensed by the momentarily repentant Molières of Hollywood, by the realistic playwriting stepchildren of O'Neill who, to paraphrase Bert Lahr, think they are slipping if they don't incorporate at least two instances of paraphilia, three of incest and four of enuresis into their behavioristic masterpieces, and by the Left Wing tillers of Toller who imagine that their Labor pains are necessarily synonymous with important drama—all such local treasures are accorded the very same happy measure of intelligent inhospitality.

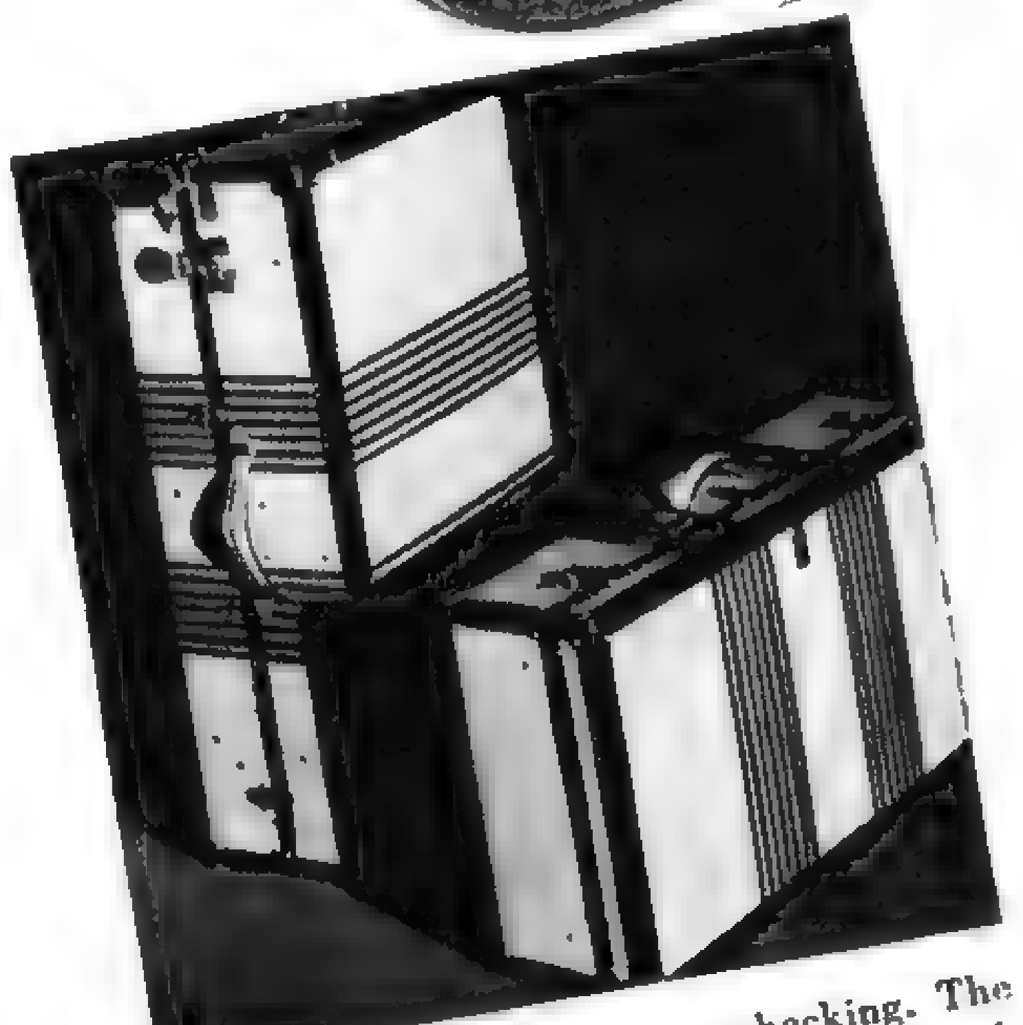
It isn't, as I have duly observed, that what is hospitably received and accepted by the criticalissimi is always and invariably blessed by Jehovah. Far from it. But at the worst it is at least relatively reputable. Nor is it always and invariably, grievous to relate, that they know a worthy play when they see one, as such lapses as happened in the cases of *Richard of Bordeaux*, *The Moon in the Yellow River* and *Within the Gates* sadly intimate. Some of the boys can be as dumb at times as they are sapient at others. But by and large their judgment is surprisingly sharp and, although there is yet much room for improvement, the stage must show the benefits accruing from the hardening of their tastes and prejudices.

On even the lowest condemned planes of theatrical entertainment trash is no longer entirely as trashy as it once was. Many of the plays rushed off to the storehouse by the critics today are really better than some of those that were critically endorsed and that prospered in other days. Even such a murder cheese as *Timber House*, which got such a wholesale critical slating this last season that it was taken off after a single performance, was an infinitely better job of playwriting than some such murder cheese as *Houseparty* which ran for one hundred and seventy-seven performances in the season of 1929. And, similarly, even such a tacky comedy as *Spring Dance* which criticism this last season promptly hooted into the ashcan was greatly superior on almost every count to some such comedy as *It Never Rains*, which ran prosperously for one hundred and eighty-five performances just eight seasons ago. The politeness of critics has given way to the impoliteness of criticism, and impoliteness sometimes avails no less in the instance of the theatre than in the police third-degree or the art of amour.

The day of junk, whatever its relative degree, seems to be pretty well over so far as profit from the American theatre goes. There will doubtless continue to be an occasional exception, of course; one can never tell when another *Abie's Irish Rose* or *Dinner At Eight*

Continued at top of page 196

"TO THE ROYAL DANIELI, I PRESUME"
J. TOBEY



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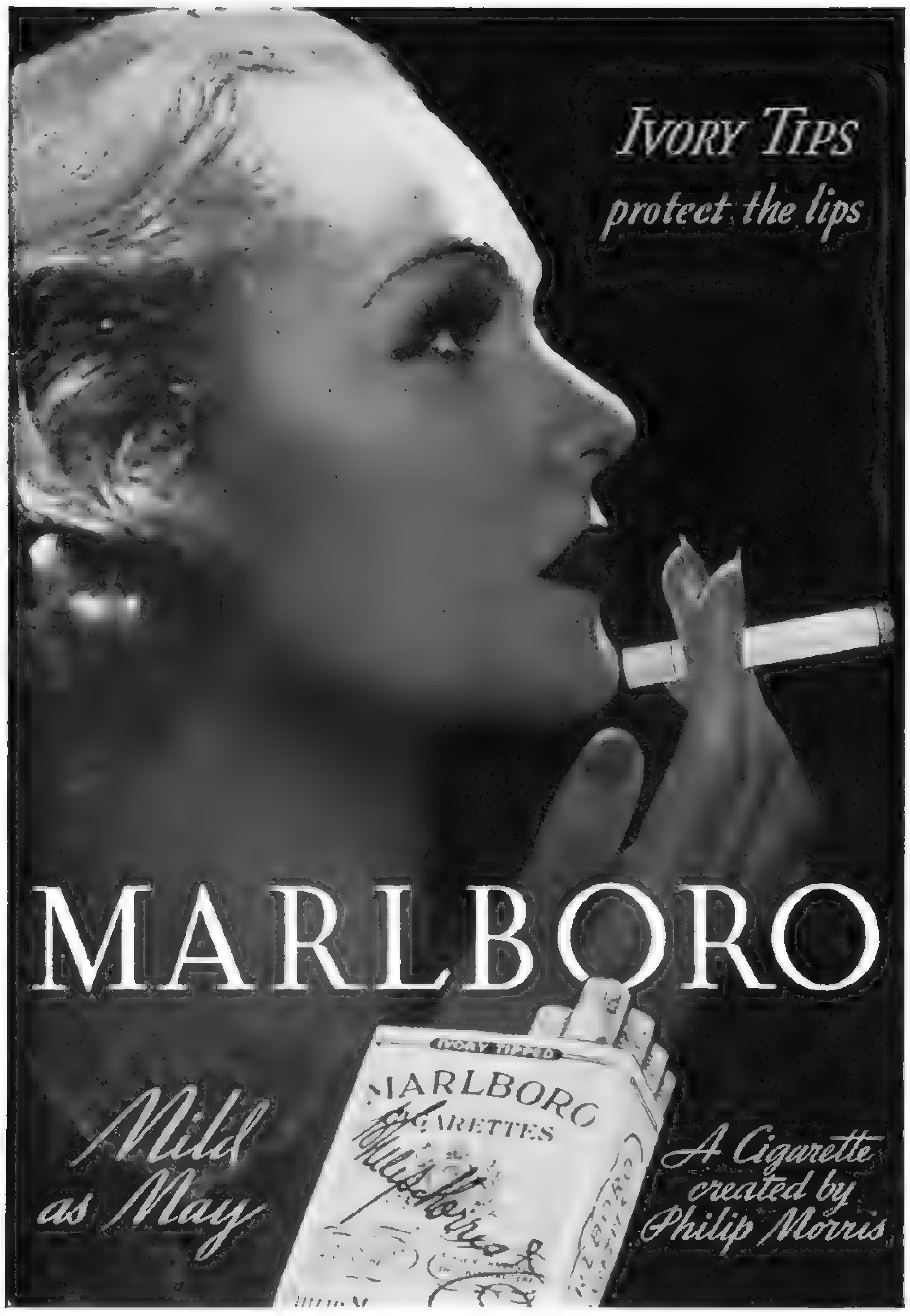

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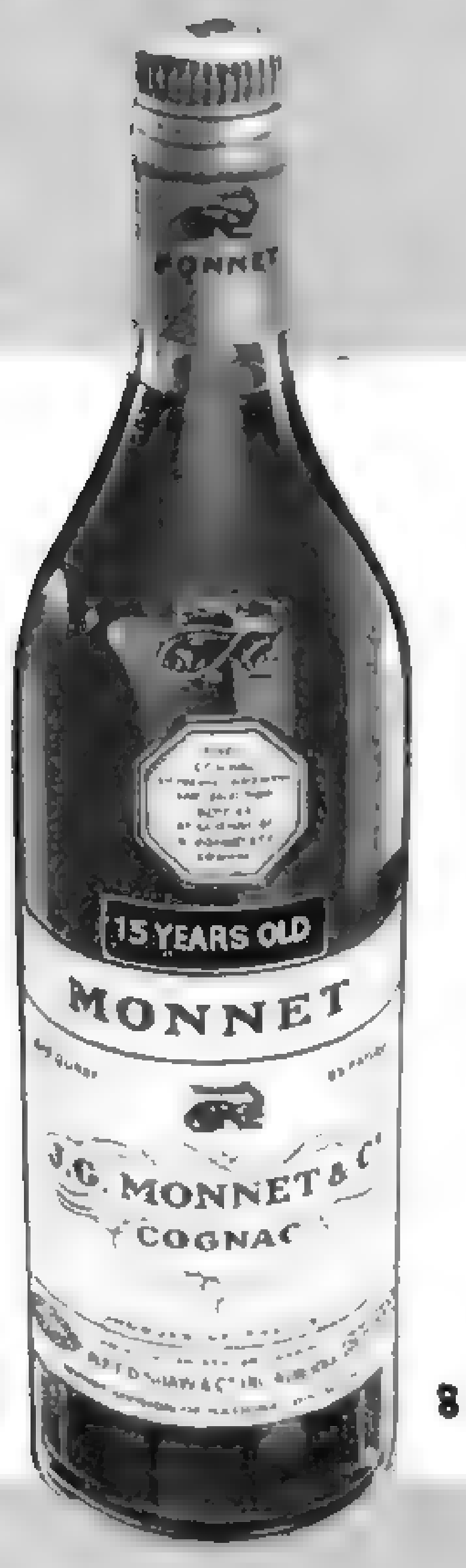


First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 101-195

may come along and find certain critics drunk enough on that particular evening to let it down easily. Nor can one foretell whether the critical boys may not one day again become juvenile and begin to toss nosegays at a lot of neo-Charles Kleins, George Broadhursts, Augustus Thomases and David Belascos. Anything may happen. But I permit myself the honor of doubting it. By no means do I think that everything is consummately rosy and delicious. I think nothing of the kind. But I do think that the progress is enormous, that the march is along the right road, and that tomorrow's finer theatre is just beyond the obscuring cloud of dust.

The critically-created theatre audience of today has become invaluably critical-minded and by and large seems to be working with professional criticism to give that finer theatre its place in the sun. Its tonic derision of hogwash is orchestrated with that of the professional assessors. If there remains a producer who still wants to take a chance on my being a liar, I suggest by way of conclusive clinical experiment that he open his next season with one of those British crook plays in which, for all the exciting presence in the playbill of such characters as "Blinky" Burns, "Badger" Jones and "Slink" Robinson, Sir Basil Nussbaum, S.O.B., is found not long after nine-thirty holding up the action with quiet epigrams on crime, Parliament and Virginia Woolf, and in which Lady Vi Tremaine, S.O.S., the fair prey of the kidnap gang, is found half an hour later holding it up even more by playing the *Moonlight Sonata* on the grand piano fortuitously available in the dingy shack on the moors. Or that he put on something by one of the more remarkable Hollywood scenario geniuses with one of the more remarkable Hollywood acting geniuses in the star rôle. #

Tennis from Bustles to Shorts

Continued from page 54

The first improvement in tennis balls came in 1914 with the acquiring of the Paramount Patent by A. G. Spalding & Bros., from a struggling inventor in Trenton, New Jersey. With this patent it was possible for the first time to make a plugless ball, with the weight, compression and bound absolutely uniform. The core, made of two pieces, was placed in the moulds, baked and inflated in one and the same process. It was but a short while until the machine for vulcanizing the felt cover to the improved rubber core came into use and with it the perfect tennis ball. In the final analysis, the present ball is at least twice as fast as the one used prior to 1914.

The rackets in those days were badly balanced and very heavy, weighing 14½ ounces or more. The handles were enormous, the popular size was 5⅜ inches in circumference, which was just about like gripping a 2 x 4.

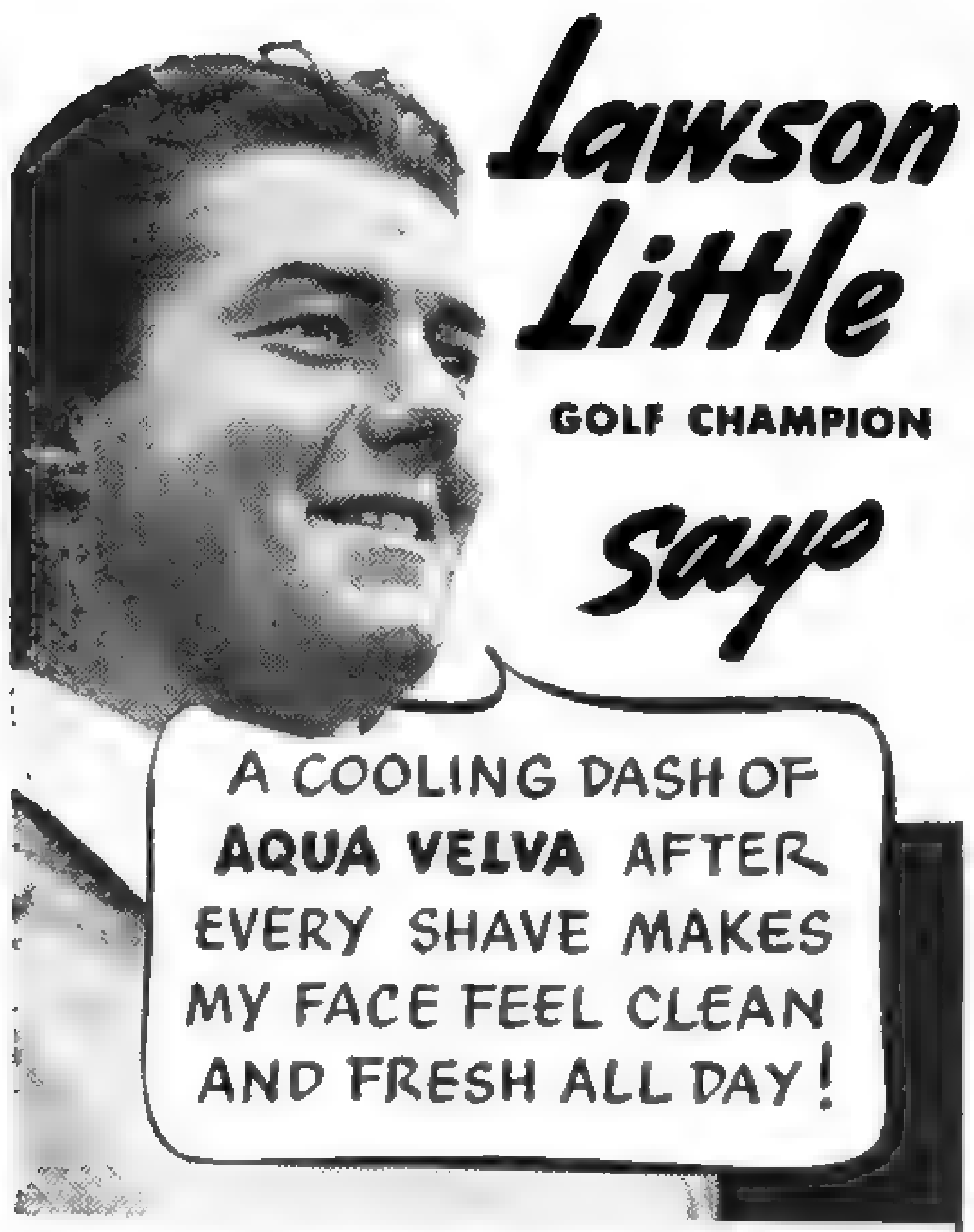
The gut used today is so much better that a comparison cannot be made. Few players had more than one racket and many a contest was lost when a player was forced to finish out a match with two or three broken strings in his bat.

It was the speeding up of the balls and the rackets which led directly to the modern all court game for it forced the players to improve their technique with better timing, faster footwork, smoother strokes and quicker thinking.

The span of years between 1900 and 1914 is often referred to as the golden era of tennis, and many of the old timers who participated, are here and ready to hold forth that in those days tennis reached its peak; that Bill Larned, seven times National Champion and for nineteen years ranked in the first ten, was second to none in singles, including Perry, Vines, La Coste and the great Tilden; that the doubles teams of Holcombe Ward and Beals Wright, the Doherty brothers of England, and Harold H. Hackett and Fred B. Alexander, this last team the winner of ninety-seven consecutive matches in tournaments during a four year period, could make mincemeat out of Allison and Van Ryn, Stoeffen and Lott, or Vines and Tilden. Whether the old timers are right is beside the point, the fact remains that the golden era was the most interesting period in the history of lawn tennis.

Women's tennis developed more slowly than men's. Hampered by the full costume of the times they were loaded down with clothing and it was difficult for them to cover court. When sprinting for a distant ball they gripped their racket in one hand and held their long full skirts in the other. The women played mostly on grass and they were highly insulted when asked to play on the new dirt courts. One could hardly blame them for their skirts and petticoats, dragging on the ground, raised the dust in every direction. A sun tan was not considered ladylike and the women wore broad brimmed sailor hats, pinned to large knots of braided hair, in order to shield their faces from the sun's rays. May Sutton Bundy was the first woman to wear a short skirt; it was shortened from ground length to ankle length and while some frowned upon this lack of modesty they had to admit it enabled her to cover court.

The old timers who played with May Sutton still think a lot of her game. The night before the Women's Finals of the last Wimbledon tournament between Helen Wills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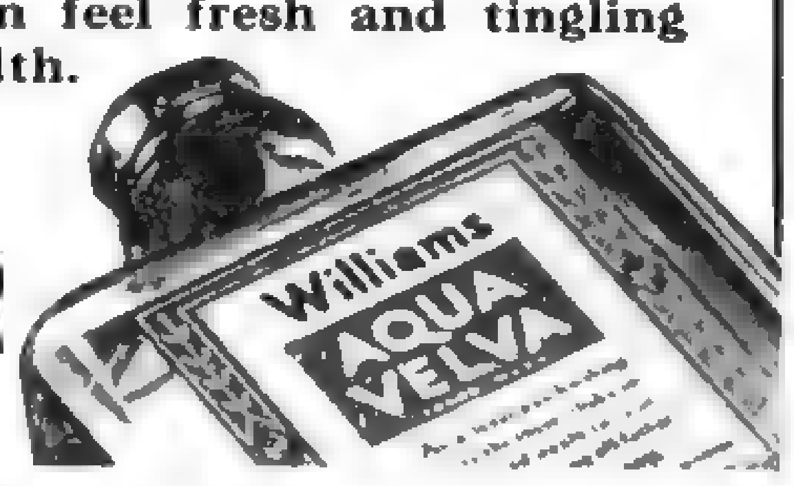

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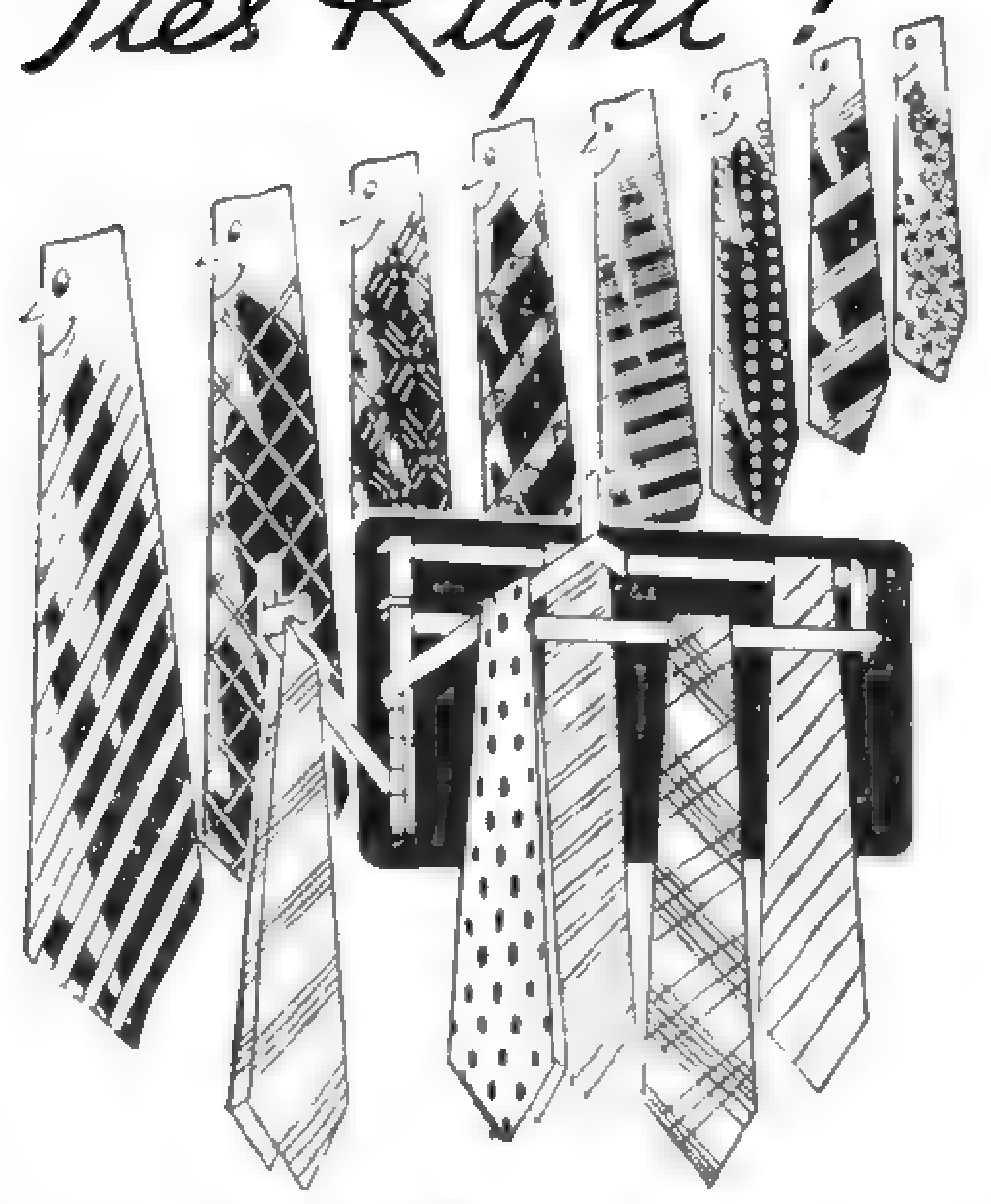

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FOR *Father's* DAY JUNE 20

Campbell TIE RACK

Moody and Helen Jacobs, the excitement in tennis circles was at a fever pitch. A sports reporter called the veteran, Fred B. Alexander, on the phone and asked him, "Freddy, in your opinion, which of the Helens will win?" And his answer was, "What's the difference? May Sutton Bundy in her prime could have licked the tar out of both of them in the same afternoon."

Of late, tennis on the French Riviera has lost much of its charm but during the golden era, tennis in the spring, at Monte Carlo, Nice, Mentone and Cannes, held a place of importance on the sports calendar.

The handicap tournaments were most popular and everyone enjoyed them. Strangely enough, a good player rarely won. Unlike golf, where a certain number of strokes are allotted or taken, the tennis players were rated plus or minus points according to their proficiency. For example, an inferior player would be given plus 30, which meant he need but win two points for a game, whereas a champion has been known to be handicapped as high as minus 50, which meant he must win four points before he could start scoring a game.

When a plus 30 player met a minus 50 player it became possible for a dub to face a champion across the net on an equal basis. The good players could not afford to hit out for one error on their part usually meant the loss of the game. And so they had to resort to a conservative pat-ball defense which made the matches last for hours and hours. Often the players would start a match in the morning, stop for lunch by mutual consent and then resume the fray.

That lovable character, King Gustav of Sweden, still at tennis although close to his eighties, enjoyed these handicap affairs and competed in all of them but usually under a *nom de court*, Mr. Sudderman or Mr. Seton. An old timer who made the Riviera in 1905 told this incident about His Majesty.

The raconteur, playing under the name of Mr. Fawcett, on the Riviera for his first time, met the King in the very first round of one of those handicap tournaments. The morning of the day of the match, a dark strange man, wrapped in a flowing black cloak, called upon him. "Mr. Fawcett," he said, "the King never loses in the first two rounds."

"What's that?" asked Fawcett, a bit bewildered.

Once again, the visitor repeated, "The King never loses in the first two rounds."

Before going on the court for the match Fawcett discussed the matter with his friends who had played on the Riviera for years and he found that the man in the black cloak was right . . . courtesy demanded that the King should win.

Many of the best players from England competed on the Riviera each spring under assumed names. They did this in order to tune up their games without risking the chance of a defeat against their records. Some of the names were rather obvious, for instance; "A Player," "Lowe Score," "D. Wight Lyons," "Winaset," "D. Fault"; and often times a champion would use his initials; "F. G. Freeborn," was in reality F. G. Lowe, the ranking English star.

In those days the old English custom of "resigning" was prevalent on the Riviera although of late years its usage has been abandoned. An Englishman took the attitude that he engaged in a game for his own personal amusement, that when he got tired, or played badly, or thought he wasn't up to his usual standard and the game ceased to be fun he reserved the privilege of "resigning" from the game right then and there, no matter what the score or the conditions. This was not considered a clean cut victory for there was always a shadow of doubt as to which was the better man, and it went into the records as, Mr. So-and-so, "retired."

In 1909 at Mentone, M. J. G. Ritchie, in his day one of England's foremost Davis Cup players, met an American, who shall remain nameless, in the finals of the Riviera Championships. There was always a lot of betting on the French Riviera and this match was no exception, even both contestants wagering heavily on themselves. To everyone's surprise the American won the first two sets easily, 6-4 6-2, and was leading 3-0 in the third. At this point, Ritchie walked over to the bench picked up his things and left the court. The American came over to Will Caudery in the umpire's stand and asked, "What's the matter with Ritchie?"

"Nothing," replied Caudery. "He's through, it's your match."

"What do you mean?" asked the American.

"He's conceding the match, you win the title. Ritchie has resigned."

"Well," said the American, "if the match is over, why didn't he shake hands?"

"In England it's not customary to shake hands after a tennis match," explained Caudery. "They don't believe in it."

That night, the American, still burning over the incident, was dining alone. Ritchie spotted him and came over to his table as if nothing had happened. "How about doubling up with me at Nice in the Southern France Championships?" he asked.

The American, dumbfounded, finally managed to answer. "All right, but only under one condition: that if we meet in the singles final you'll finish out the match."

And the Englishman replied, "Why certainly, of course I will. What ever gave you the idea I wouldn't?"

They did meet in the finals at Nice, the American trounced Ritchie in three straights sets, 6-2, 6-1, 6-2, and they won the doubles together.

Continued on page 198

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Tennis from Bustles to Shorts

Continued from pages 54-197

The English were not the only ones who made use of the privilege of "resigning." At Nice, the Spring of 1909, F. W. Rahe, the German Davis Cup player, met "F. G. Freeborn" in a tournament match. Rahe had played the Riviera for years and spoke French and English fluently, but he reserved his native tongue for special occasions, such as cussing.

Will Caudery was umpiring the match and doing very well considering the fact that he had not a single linesman to help him. For some reason, the fiery tempered Teuton got it into his head that Caudery was not doing so well as he might and proceeded to cuss him out with a flow of German that would have made the Rhine run backwards. It was not long before he had transferred his wrath from the umpire to the adversary, who seemed to be gaining the upper hand. With the score at one set all and 9-8 against him in the deciding stanza, Rahe, after a few "donnerblitzens and donnerwetters," let loose with a series of imprecations that rolled like thunder across the court. "Freeborn," a stolid Britisher, finally stopped at the net, cocked his head and listened with a blank expression on his face. When all was quiet for a moment he spoke, "I say, Rahe, old boy, I can't understand a blooming word you're saying."

With that Rahe actually exploded, he smashed his racket over the net post into a thousand pieces and mumbling to himself, resigned from the court.

The chief tennis centers on the Riviera always stated the value of the prize cups to be put up for their tournament. For example, the announcement would read, "Challenge Cup, value 3000 francs." (The franc was five to a dollar then.) This would serve as a bait to attract the best possible field.

Nowadays there are but two prizes given, one to the winner and another to the runner-up. But on the Riviera in those days they were generous and most clubs gave first, second and third prizes, including both of the semi-finalists. There were also valuable awards presented to the best umpire and the best linesmen; an equitable system which should be revived. Cups and trophies were not always the order of the day, often the prizes were money orders, called bids in French. These bids were orders for merchandise written on the finest shops on the Riviera but there were brokers who clandestinely cashed them for the players at a discount.

Tennis didn't always have smooth sailing in America. As a matter of fact, at the close of the century the game was at a low ebb and it appeared that organized tennis was headed for the rocks.

However, in those days tennis was truly an amateur sport for it was a rich man's game; the major tournaments were primarily summer social events. None of the better players developed on the few public courts. Vincent Richards, who broke into tennis in 1915, was the first great player who did not come of a wealthy family. (Today there are few who do, as witness Vines, Perry, Parker, Budge, Stoeffen, Shields, Lott and countless others.) The top-notch racket wielders were not well-known as they are today and the general public was not interested in tennis; its interest was in what were considered more robust sports, baseball, prize fighting and football.

About this time, Dwight Davis and two of his Harvard classmates, Malcolm Whitman and Beals Wright, were returning from a tennis barnstorming trip to the West Coast where they had played on the hard courts, asphaltum and cement. All three of the boys had made their success in the East on turf; Dwight Davis, in particular, was essentially a grass court player and as a result he was not able to adapt his strokes and tactics to the harder and faster court surfaces in California. Before the trip was over he grew to loathe and detest the hard court game. He has often told his friends, "The abomination of the tennis world is an asphalt court."

From the Yachting Races for the International Trophy which were commanding the attention of the sports public in all the newspapers, Davis conceived the idea that a similar international contest for a tennis trophy would be a boon to the game.

With Dr. Dwight, for many years the president and leader of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the details were worked out, a deed of gift drawn up, and the Davis Cup came into existence.

The cup itself was designed and executed by Shreve, Crump and Lowe, the Boston firm of silversmiths. It was made of sterling silver, weighing 217 ounces troy. Since that time a tray and base have been added to the cup to provide additional space for the yearly inscriptions.

The Davis Cup was first put up in 1900 and only one nation, England, competed for it, but with an inferior team. The second year there was no interest and no challenge. The third year England challenged again and was beaten. Finally in 1903, the two Doherty brothers came over and won the cup for England. The American public hardly knew what the Davis Cup was, but when they read that America had lost it and England had won it, they wanted it back. That was all that was needed to set off the spark and organized tennis and international tennis was on its way.

A few years ago at a tennis dinner Dwight Davis remarked, "If I had any inkling that the thing would take, I would have made the Cup of gold instead of silver."

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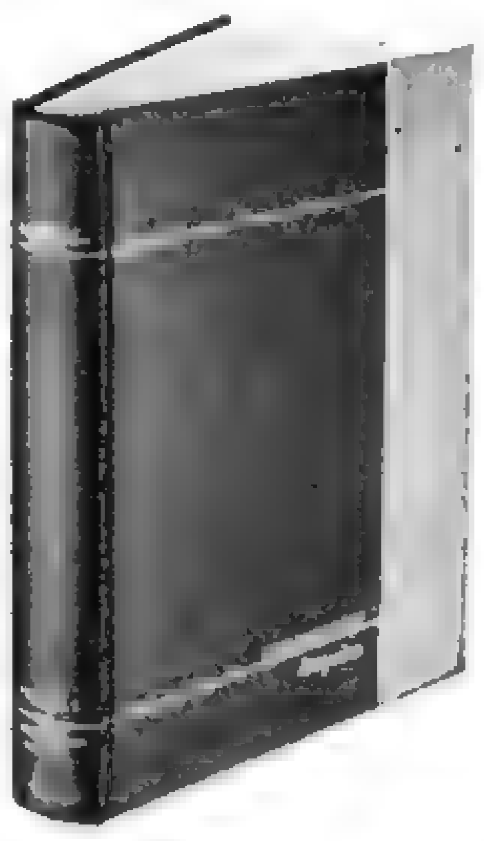

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Today the Davis Cup represents the world's supremacy in tennis, over 35 nations competing for the coveted trophy each year, the present holder being England.

Just the other day a group of us were watching a doubles match between an old time Davis Cup campaigner with a bad partner and a couple of club players. It was a pick-up set, unimportant, nothing hinging on the outcome. That's what we thought! But when the veteran, now in his late fifties, discovered the score 5-1 against him, he began to poach and cover the entire court, crowding out his mediocre partner. He dug shots out of his bag of tricks that hadn't been used in years. He lobbed sky high in the sun and drove deep to the corners. He chased and shagged, from one side to the other, up and back, until he puffed like a steam engine. Finally, the old stager turned the tables, winning 5 straight games for his team, to lead at 6-5, but his legs would carry him no longer. He was spent. He leaned up against the fence, swoony and shaky, at which point the set was called. We helped him off the court and took him home. He was happy for he had staved off another defeat, but he went to bed for a week.

When the veteran showed up again at the club, one of the boys decided to talk to him. "Listen, old fellow," he said, "you should not play that hard, if you don't stop it . . . someday you'll drop on the court."

The old warrior grinned back at him belligerently, "Suits me fine! It's as good a place as any . . . and what better way to go."

And that's the stuff of which tennis champions were made, when grandma was a girl. #

I Ain't No O. Henry

Continued from page 39

Innocent as an unborn babe, he claims. His lawyer howls it's a mistrial on account of passion and prejudice and whatnot. Fischer is innocent because the prosecutor coerced a eyewitness into testifyin', I guess. Anyway, the whole thing's a frame-up. What with appeals an' all, this takes time, maybe a year, a year and a half; pretty soon this Dippy Fischer is got so much on his mind, what with high-class technicalities an' all, he kinda forgets what the hell he's in stir for. He begins to believe they're hangin' an innocent man. When everything else fails they start pleadin' it's all the fault of his environment. Never mind if cops and doctors and famous scientists and state governors come up out o' the same environment. If it hadn't been for Dippy Fischer's environment maybe he'd only mowed down three or four bystanders instead o' nine. If they can't get a full pardon they'll take a commutation to life imprisonment, see. An' then we're stuck with a homicidal maniac for the rest of our lives. Yop. They was every single one of 'em framed. What a color story! If you can get sense out of that you got O. Henry beat.

What you lads don't figger is that us fellows over here got plenty to do beside playin' nursemaid for a few murderin' madmen. We got a whole prison full of crums who the state has dumped on us and said, "See what you can do about rehabilitatin' these here dummies when you ketch a little time." Like I say, I ain't no criminologist; I don't know what the hell makes 'em like they are. Maybe it's poverty. Maybe ignorance. Maybe it's just bad blood they inherited. Or the kind o' greed a dumb cluck gets in his noodle when he sees others with plenty because they got born with a smarter brain than he did. Maybe it's a combination of such-like circumstances. I wouldn't know, offhand. But here's what happens. Whyever they're screwy, anyway they get caught and tried and convicted. Fine. Then they send 'em over here for a spell. So their time is finally up an' we let 'em go. They run back and rob the till again or shoot up the grocery store and commit felonious assault. And what happens? Us boys is on the spot. "Ah, ha!" all these guys holler that don't know their eye from a hole in the ground. Parole system breaks down. Prisoners bein' coddled somethin' awful. Get a new Warden. Fire the screws. Lock 'em up for life on bread an' water—they're antisocial.

Now what can we do? We keep 'em here and make 'em behave and discipline 'em until the law says they can go. We didn't make 'em that way. As for coddlin', well, I don't see nobody walkin' in here of their own free will. You take a guy on the outside, he employs some bird and after a while he don't like his face. Good. He cans him, and that's the end of it. But any nut we get here, if we don't like his face, we just gotta keep on lookin' at it. Maybe we got to try to change it, he is one of these tough monkeys. Right away somebody gets accused of prison brutality. Nice goin'. We get accused of coddlin' 'em or brutalizin' 'em.

Color? I don't see no color in this place. It would take the imagination of O. Henry himself to get any color into a prison story. In the first place there ain't no such thing as a prison story. Take a jail break. That last time, when them three dodos tried to make it through the Main Gate. You lads got here when it was all over. Three poor dumb lugs pinned like rats against the outer wall, the searchlights makin' perfect targets out of 'em, tryin' to beat the rap from a machine gun. Two fold up like dead fish, the other runs back and starts cryin' hysterically, like a baby. That ain't no story. It don't make no sense an' it's

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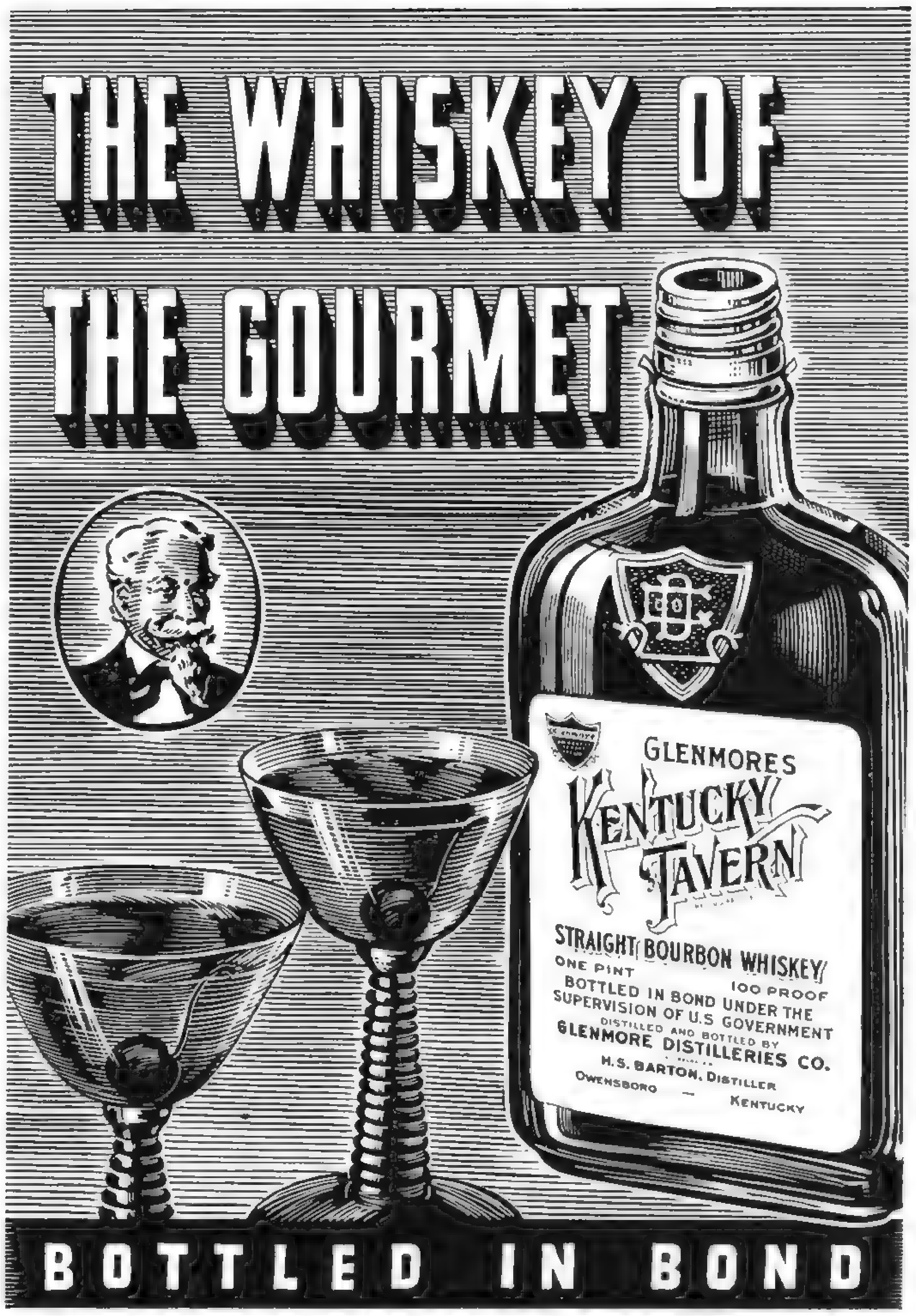
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SPORTOCASIN

I Ain't No O. Henry

Continued from pages 39-199

ugly, like corpses on a battlefield. And as for these here yarns about the nice young goodlookin' con that was framed and who falls in love with the Warden's daughter

Lemme spit. You don't think we'd let no woman walk around to drive these locked-up guys any wackier than they are, do you? These screwballs are still men, you understand. Sure—every guy in here is a nice guy that's here only on account of a terrible misunderstanding. But if the big chief upstairs didn't have no more sense than to let his daughter hang around prison yards and such, he certainly wouldn't be holdin' down no Warden's job very long.

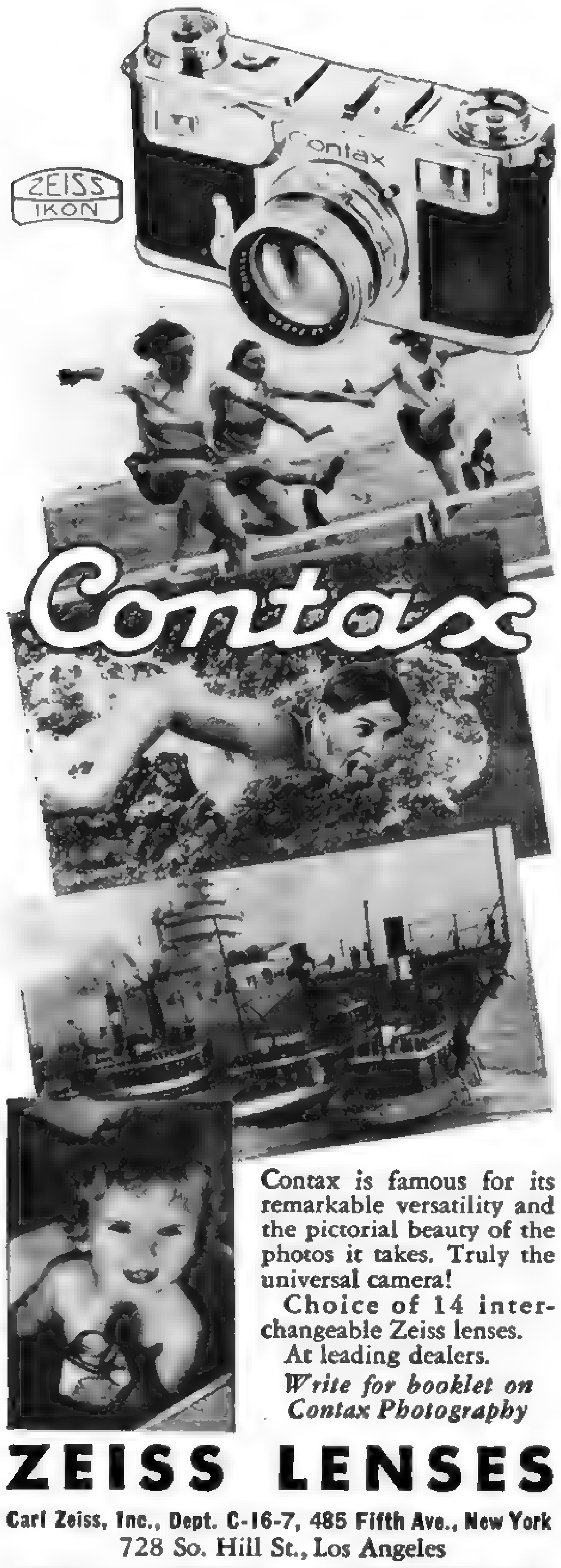
Lemme tell you what we're up against. Take this Willie Squire. Hell of a smart kid. Likable, too. Up here for forgery, second offense. A ten year rap. Now, we try to give the cons a spot of education on the side, them that'll take it. This doc we got over here, this Hanson, the prison psychologist, come into the dinin' room one day laughin' his head off. He says he's been talkin' to this bird, this Willie Squire. And it seems like this Willie Squire wants to take a correspondence course from the outside, which we always encourage. But what this Willie Squire picks on to take in this correspondence course is a course in fingerprinting and criminal identification. He figgers he's in a swell laboratory to study it, and when he gets out he can get a job in one of the police bureaus. In all seriousness, mind you. Hanson says he can't even get it through this Willie Squire's head that an ex-con would have about as much chance to get a job foolin' around police records as he would of guardin' a payroll. What I'm tryin' to illustrate is how these guys can be nice, smart fellers, and not have a ounce o' common sense. And we got to keep 'em on ice around here for five or ten or twenty years.

Well, I ain't makin' a play for sympathy for screws. I admit this business draws some funny people into it. There's a screw in the left wing who works under Captain—Well, never mind namin' names, but this screw's got it in for one guy, he's real batty and belongs in the hospital. But this screw figgers he's stallin' for a psychopathic out. So whenever this nut pulls another of his crazy stunts they whang him on the skull and shove him in the Hole, and he keeps gettin' battier and battier. I don't think that's a way to run a stir either, mind you. About half the bugs in the place oughtn't to be in no stir. They ought to be in good ole-fashioned nuthouses with doctors and padded cells. These criminal types are always slippin' over into real insanity, but the keepers ain't hardly qualified by education and so on to tell the difference. We got to handle 'em as they come.

So it's no fun, no matter how you look at it. Why a man takes one of these jobs I don't know. Me, I got tired poundin' the pavements. But you don't know what you're in for. You got to be fixed up pretty good inside to keep your common sense. There's about five thousand hoodlums layin' around in cells thinkin' mornin' an' night how to put something over, how to get over the Blue Wall, how to beat the rap, how to make a monkey out o' you, how to smuggle contraband—coke and knives and guns and dirty pictures and matches out o' which a clever con can manufacture gunpowder, a thousand damn things you ain't suspectin'. Some louse with a sense o' humor swiped the old tin watch we hang up at the end of the corridor, and we had to shake the dump down three days runnin' before we turned it up. Things like that. Somebody'll fling a cup across the mess hall, just to rouse up the place. They'll worry some weak minded slob into insanity by cuttin' up a hairbrush into his bed or capturin' bugs and puttin' 'em in his clothes or settin' fire to cigarette papers stuck between his toes while he's sleepin'. I see one poor kid blow his top and try to drive his fist through a steel partition. They had to take him over and amputate his hand at the wrist. Just the other day some punk set the rag-shack on fire; wanted to hear the engine, I guess. And you always got a creepin' feelin' that you can't show when you walk up and down them tiers alone. Some half-witted crackpot that imagines you been ridin' him may give you the sharpened spoon in the back.

Excitement, maybe. The kind of excitement you get when you're the innocent victim of two maniacs in an automobile accident. But not no color. That's what they invented prisons for—to take the color out of life. Just lock yourself up in a little room for a week or two, and see how much color you got left in your brain. It's what these hoodlums can't figger when they're pullin' off something phony. And that big rope they got laid away. If it don't take the color out of a mugg's life when it snaps his neck half off, then I don't know what. If you're lookin' for color tell your editor to send you some place else. Go out and interview a captain of industry or a hockey player or a movie star or an inventor. Don't come over here. We're just people that couldn't make a go of it on the outside. No color, son. One day's just like another. One killer's just like another. One con's just like another, and the same with the screws.

Huh? Well, maybe you can get a story out of this gab I been handin' you. Yeah. I know editors are like that. Sure, it's O. K. with me. It's the best I've got to offer. I ain't no O. Henry. Just a has-been copper, doin' a job, that's all. Say—and thanks for the cigar. I'll smoke it later. #



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The War and Cousin Lum

Continued from page 37

get them out of the woods." Pa takes a chew of tobacco. He takes a chew of Honest-Scrap and says: "Have some, Lum."

"Don't chew," says Lum.

"Take a chew," says Pa, "and spit a little ambear in my eyes so I can see clear. Can't see clear as I ought to." Lum takes a chew of scrap with his thumb and index finger. He puts it in his mouth—munches the fine black shavings of scrap tobacco. Then he says: "Ready Uncle Mick." He squirts a bright sluice in Pa's eye. Pa flinches and looks down at the ground. "Wait a minute," says Lum, "you're like a blooded horse prancing around. I got to get the other eye." Pa holds still. A bright sluice into Pa's other eye. Pa wipes the ambear from around his eyes with his dirty leaf-colored handkerchief. "Now," says Pa, "I can see a bug on a black oak at fifty yards."

"Do you want the bottom side of the hill or the top side?" says Pa.

"Makes no difference to me," says Cousin Lum. "I can drop them any place." "If I jump them at the bottom of the hill you need not worry—you'll never get a shot at them," says Pa. "I'll have them before they top the hill. I tell you, Uncle Mick, I never miss. Now we kill them setting too, don't we?"

"Suits me," says Pa, "just anyway to kill them. W'y they are skinning my fruit trees. It always looks like we're going to have to move out and let the rabbits move in until you come around." Pa laughs and laughs and Cousin Lum laughs. The October wind laughs too in the old corn stubbles and the sourwood sprouts. The wind laughs in the dewberry briars and the blackberry vines. It laughs and wheezes like it's got the asthma. "Pow," and Pa walks up and picks up a kicking rabbit. "One for the sack," says Pa. "You said kill 'em a setting didn't you?"

"Yes," says Cousin Lum.

"Not my way a hunting," says Pa, "but I'll hunt that way with you Lum. I used to beat your Pap for pastime. Oh, it would nearly kill old Jake when I got more rabbits and birds than he did."

"Pow," and Cousin Lum walks up and gets the rabbit—kicking by a tuft of broom sage. Its brown wool fluffy to the October wind and the brown hairs on its back the color of oak leaf now drifting to the ground. Blood running from its ribs the color of the frost-bitten sourwood leaves. "One apiece," says Cousin Lum.

I do hate to walk along and carry the sack. I say to Pa: "Looks like you and Cousin Lum could carry your own rabbits."

"That used to be my job," says Pa, "before I got big enough to hunt with a gun. That is your job before you get big enough to hunt with a gun. Son, the old man used to make me step with a coffee sack filled with rabbits. He used to didn't hunt so much but when he did hunt he went into it right. Never let the sun set on him on a short winter day that he didn't have a two-bushel sack filled to the drawstring with rabbits. Now you come along with that sack."

The sun above us in the high October sky. Red around the sun and the leaves floating to the earth. A lazy wind searching the dead weeds—maybe telling the rabbits to get up and move. Mick Powderjay and his nephew Lum Powderjay, a long-legged city-dude from Cincinnati, was right after them. Cousin Lum from Cincinnati with Kentucky hill blood in his veins—the love of the Powderjays to hunt in his blood—their love to kill, to fight, to drink—their love of life, the beauty of the hills in autumn and the great silent rocks, the leafless trees and the music of the barking hound-dogs and the pow-pows of the guns. That is the music that a Powderjay loves—a Powderjay of the old breed—and he loves, if there is love in his blood for anything—he loves the great hills that shoulder to his autumn skies that float above his fields and his woods.

"Pow," and Pa walks over and picks up a cottontail. "Another one for the sack," says Pa. "Come and get it, son." I put the kicking rabbit in the sack. I see the flow of red blood from its flank. I see it bend its pretty neck and its bullet-torn ears drop down—it kicks its leg. It is silent. It is dead. It is with two more rabbits that once ran over this hill—found the green sprigs of clover after frost has fallen—found the scattered grains of corn the crow didn't find. Now these rabbits are dead—dead to the earth, the great fields they loved and the fields we love—the hills, the briar patches, the timber and the skies. They cannot rove over these hills at night or day—play with their mates. They are dead—silent as their big clay silent hills.

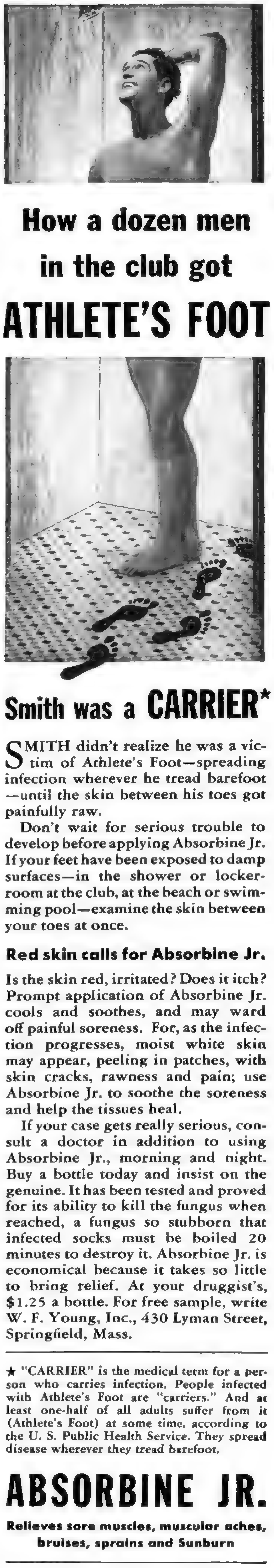
"Pow," and the rabbit runs upon the bank and falls. "I told you," says Cousin Lum "that no rabbit will ever get up the hill to you Uncle Mick." And I go up on the hill and pick up the kicking rabbit and put it in the sack. I do not feel as sorry for it as I did the first one I saw die. "They are to be killed," I make myself think.

"And," says Pa, "never will a rabbit get down the hill to you if I see him first." And Pa eyes every little sprig of broom sage and every little nest of briers.

"Wow-wow-wow," barks Scout. He leaps out of the brush.

"Got him a going," says Pa. "Watch for it. It'll run out the hill there, turn over on the pint and then come back." Rags joins in the chase. "Listen to that music," says Pa, "don't make any sweeter music do they? W'y it's prettier than fiddle music." And it is wow-wow—yow-yow—one in the lead and then the other—following the track and never a lose of the track.

Continued on page 202



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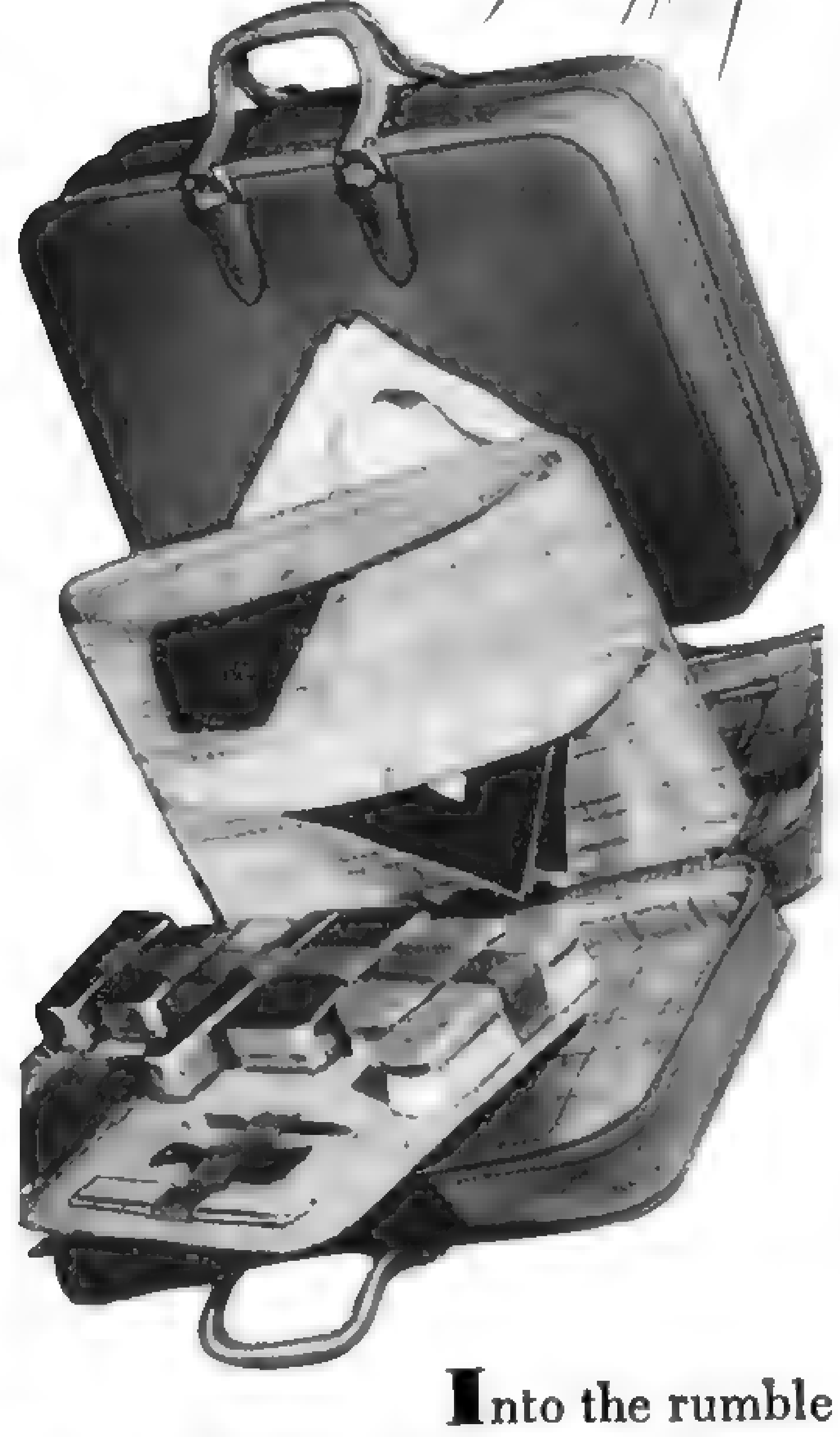

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The War and Cousin Lum

Continued from pages 37-201

"Pow," and Lum walks up the hill. "Pow," and Lum walks over by a stump. "Well, Uncle" says Cousin Lum, "got two that time. Got one here by the stump. Got the one the dogs was bringing around. Got it on you now."

"Luck," says Pa as the dogs run up to where Cousin Lum shot the rabbit. They whiff the blood and lick the leaves where the rabbit has bled on them—they curl their tails and walk on into the brush whiffing as they go. Lum reaches me two rabbits and I put them in the sack. Lum reloads his double-barrel—He breaks down the barrel, blows out the smoke and puts in two nice brass-butted shells and mashes the barrel down with a click. Zoom-zoom-zoom. Out of the brush the covey flies—wings spread like gray sails and they wheeze like bullets out of the brush. "Pow-pow." Two birds flutter down to the earth. "Pow," and Pa's gun speaks as the covey flies over Pa's head. "Three of 'em" says Pa. "Not bad for one shot, do you think?"

"He's a hard old boy to beat," says Cousin Lum to me. "I tell you your Pa hates to let me beat him. I'm going to put the cat on him today. He's got that old single-barrel. You watch me put it on him before the day is over. He'll be wanting more amber spit in his eyes."

I hear the guns like thunder. It is all afternoon. When a gun "pows" something falls. It is first Pa's gun and then it is Cousin Lum's. And I put the game in the sack. Pa is first ahead and then Cousin Lum. The wind blows through the brush and whistles lonesome like. The scattered quails call to one another. The rabbits do not call at all—they do not make a noise. They run for life before the powerful hounds and the truthful hounds. It is hard for a rabbit to get away. The sun is going down in the sky now. The day is nearly over and night will soon come with darkness and the hunters cannot shoot the rabbits. They will get out on the hill and play in the moonlight—just mindful of the fox, the mink, the polecat and the possum—it is the hunters' guns by day and war of their neighbors at night.

"Pow," and Pa walks up the hill. "Pow," and Cousin Lum walks up the hill. "I got him," says Lum.

"Say," says Pa, "take a chew of this Honest-Scrap and put a little ambear in my eyes."

"Say, Uncle Mick," says cousin Lum, "you know that tobacco made me about half sick. You'll just have to hunt the rest of the day without it in your eyes. Day is nearly gone anyway."

And Pa says: "My luck is going. I can't see as clear as I ought to see." And I can barely walk with the sack of thirty-one rabbits and eleven birds.

"Pa," I says, "I can't carry this load any farther. You'll just have to take it."

"What do you say," says Cousin Lum, "that we go in? Aunt Sall won't know what to do with all these rabbits anyway and the dogs will be too tired to possum hunt tonight. Let's quit for today."

"Yes," says Pa, "since you got a rabbit and a bird on me—then you want to quit. Well, I put it on you the first five years. I guess you can beat me once." And Pa looks at the brown hills before him, the sinking sun. Pa puts his hand up and wipes the sweat from his high brown brow.

"To tell you the truth," says Cousin Lum to Pa, "I wanted to come and take this hunt with you. It might be a long time before I get to come back and take another hunt with you Uncle Mick."

"Why," says Pa, "Lum are you talking like that. I ain't made you mad have I? Just tried my damndest to beat you is all that I have done. You know that has always been a old game in this family, Lum and you mustn't get mad because I come nigh as a pea putting the cat on you. Just a little more ambar and I would. You know my eyes ain't clear as they used to be."

"No," says Cousin Lum, "Uncle Mick—it ain't that. I am going to take a bigger hunt. You see that hawk up there in the sky don't you?"

And Pa says, "Yes, I do Lum."

"Well," says Cousin Lum, "I'm going to be flying around like that hawk in a short time. I am going to join the Army and get in the air service."

"Fly a airship?" says Pa.

"Yes," says Cousin Lum. "War is coming to this country and I am going to join. We are going to be in it. I am going to enlist."

"I'll be dogged," says Pa, "but I guess if I was a young man I'd be right in it." We walk out the ridge—past the old cornfields, the saw brier clusters that have caught great armloads of leaves, the blackberry briers and the thickets of sourwood sprouts.

I carry the heavy sack of rabbits back of the smokehouse. Blood has seeped through the sack and stained it in big dark reddish circles. There is a nail on the back of the smokehouse where we hook the leader of a rabbit's hind leg and then we start jerking his fur down toward his head—jerking off pieces of his brittle hide. Jerk the fur off down to his head and then we cut off the head and take out the entrails and fling them on the ground. The hound-dogs come around and eat the best parts we throw away of the rabbits. They lap up the blood with the long clean tongues. "Sall," says Pa, "Lum is going to leave us. He's going to jine Uncle Sam. Going to fly a airship and get in the war."

"What makes you want to do that?" says Mom. And then she says, "Guess I'd be doing the same thing if I was a man and was a young man."

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And Lum says: "I've done joined. Just waiting for them to call me. No backing out now. I am in the Army. I think I'll like it better than I do living in town. It's nearly killed Pa living down there. But you know Ma—she likes it and won't live any place else."

"That's the way of a woman," says Pa.

We skin the rabbits. Pa and Cousin Lum skin them and I help. We put them in crocks of salt water to soak overnight. Mom picks the feathers from the birds. She has a teakettle of hot water she scalds them in and then she peels off their feathers and throws the naked birds into a crock. "We'll have plenty of rabbits and birds and possums while you are here," says Pa. "I believe you like possum baked with sweet-taters. We got plenty of sweet-taters and just whatever you say you want to eat we'll have it—even to groundhogs," says Pa and Pa laughs and laughs. The wind laughs in the hickory leaves back of the porch and the red-brownish leaves fall to the earth.

In the morning Pa goes to the bed to wake Lum. He says: "Lum you'd better roll out'n that bed. Don't you know it's getting up time at this man's house? It's four o'clock, and breakfast will soon be put on the table." Pa hollers and hollers at Cousin Lum. Cousin Lum does not answer. Pa says: "Get me some cold water and I'll bring that Jasper out'n the bed." He gets a cup of cold water and walks in Cousin Lum's room.

"He's gone," says Pa, "slipped out at night. Just like Brother Jake used to be for the world. He's gone—slipped out last night. W'y he never stayed to eat any rabbits or birds. Got the Army on his mind. Flying like a hawk or a buzzard. Got fighting on his mind. Just slipped out of here like he come in. He's left on a freight train."

"He's been here six times," says Mom "and we never have knowed when he's a going to leave. I don't see any use making a big to-do over it. He's just caught a freight train back to Cincinnati. That's the way he always goes. Just blows in like a leaf—a short time here—and he blows out like a leaf. We never know when the wind is going to blow neither."

Uncle Mel come to our house. He says: "Mick you know I saw the funniest thing the other day in Gate City. Guess you wouldn't think of who I saw in a thousand years?"

"No," says Pa.

"W'y," says Uncle Mel, "I saw Brother Jake's boy Lum."

"You did?" says Pa.

"Yes, I did," says Uncle Mel. "I thought I saw the back-of-a-head and some dirty-colored hair that looked familiar. I saw him on the train. I went up and shook his arm. He was on a train eating a biled tater. He was taking the bark off it. I says: 'Where you going Lum?' And he turned to me and says: 'W'y it's Uncle Mel.' And then he told me he was going to Berlin to get the Kaiser. He said he was going to France to fly a warship. God, I thought first I was dreaming but it was Jake's boy Lum shore as the world and he left on that train."

Pa comes in and he says to Mom: "Lum was right. We are in the war. We have to fight in France. God, I'd like to take that trip. I'd like to jine up."

And Mom says: "That's in your blood, Mick Powderjay. It's in your blood to fight and kill. Look at your father before you. Look at the men he killed. Look at you how you want to go to France and leave me with all these little children. W'y you just can't do it."

And Pa says: "Look at Joe's boys. They've gone, ain't they? Look at Jim's boys. They have gone ain't they? Look at sister Belle's boy, Harrison? He's gone, ain't he? All the boys are going—and here I'm at home hunting and plowing."

"They are your brother's boys, too," says Mom, "not your brothers." "I know," says Pa, "but I'm just about their ages. You know I'm the eleventh child—the youngest of eleven. I'm not too old to fight in France."

We never hear from Cousin Lum. The days pass into weeks, the weeks into months and the months into years. The clouds of autumn—the great red skies of October float above woods where the rabbits play and the foxes hunt the rabbits and no man hunts the foxes. Men from America that used to hunt these woods are hunting men in France and not rabbits. The rabbits go free to play now—Pa does not hunt like he did. "Wish Lum was here," Pa says, "to take another hunt with me. Would like to know what he's got to say about the war. I'd like to put the cat on him too. I believe I could do it now." And Pa looks at the great brown autumn hills where the boys who left the hills do not return to hunt the rabbits, groundhogs, birds and possums and coons on their slopes. The winds of autumn blow over these hills so desolate and forlorn. Cousin Lum does not return to shoot the rabbits and the birds. Pa does not hunt any more. There is so much work to do—wages are so high. Man-power is so scarce. Pa does not have time to hunt. He clears more land and plants bigger crops. Pa is working at home while men are killing one another under different skies.

"I'd love to be on the other side of the pond," says Pa, "as to be here tending these hills where everything is so quiet. That's what the years bring a man and—time brings gray hairs to his head. And he can't do the things he used to do when he was a young man. Look at me now—couldn't get in the war. Couldn't get in the war because I was too old and had a family. I could outshoot half the men they have in there. Yet,

Continued on page 204

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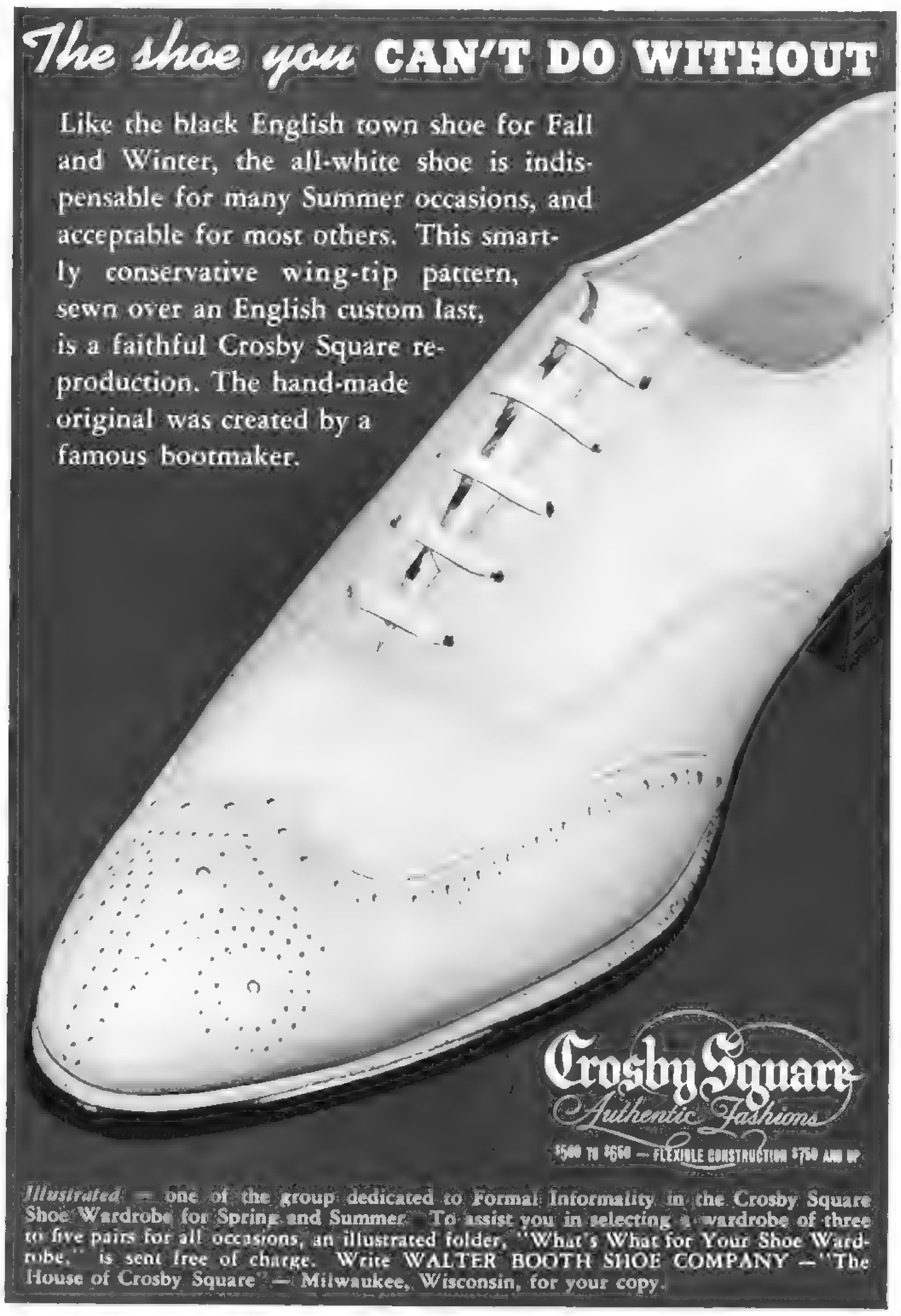
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The War and Cousin Lum

Continued from pages 37-201-203

time will not allow me to go." And Mom says: "You are driving me crazy, Mick. You talk about the war all the time—wishing you was single. Wishing you was in the war. I wish you was in it. I wish you was right over there with Lum and Joe's boy and your sister Belle's Harrison. I wish you was all right together."

"You don't wish it any more than I do," says Pa, "just to have to stay here and see the boys all go. Have to stay here and hunt by myself. It's a dead world without the boys."

The paper says: "Lum Powderjay killed in action in France." It went on and said he was shot down by an enemy plane in France. That Lum was killed in action "bravely defending his country" and so on. And then it said: "He soars with the eagles." And Pa didn't wipe a tear when he heard it read. He says: "W'y Lum 'll be back here. He don't soar with no damned eagles nor hawks nor buzzards. He'll be right back here to take a hunt soon as that war is over. You can't kill old Lum. He'll be back across the seas if he has to fly his airship across them."

The wind blew across white fields and a million rabbit tracks and bird tracks on the white sheets of snow. The winter sun, a weak yellow sun, would cross the heavens and settle in the west—not molesting the deep snow that laid on the winter long and the shaggy cattle walked out in the barnlot, munched at cornstalks and drank water where the ice was chopped through with a broadax. They slept in their stalls at night and heard the wind rattle in the barnloft of hay above their heads and through the bare chest-oak twigs on the rocks above the barn. Pa walks out to the barn. He says to himself as he forks out hay to the cattle: "I believe old Lum will get back. He'd soon die as to live. That's why I believe he'll be back."

I remember 1919. It was autumn again. The crops of 1919 were good crops on the hills—but in the valleys between the high hills, the craw-dads come out of swamp holes and pinched off the corn. We couldn't get a stand of corn. It just wormed up spinly stuff through the swamp grass and the corn on the slopes was a green heavy cloud that summer and it turned like the color of the rabbit's back—to a brown autumn wave in autumn. It was a heavy crop. I remember the great hills—autumn colored in the sun and the winds blowing the leaves from the hickory back of our smokehouse. I remember the way the saw brier leaves turned that year, the sassafras sprouts turned on the slopes. I remember the calls of the wild geese going over the great wastes of deserted acres the old men couldn't farm while the boys were in France.

"I just feel like," says Pa, "it's not going to be long until old Lum rounds in here for a rabbit hunt. It just seems to me like it's time for him. Leaves turning and the war over. Rabbits getting ripe in the Kentucky hills. Wherever old Lum is he'll think of these hills if he can think at all." Mom saw Lum first. She thought it was Lum. She says: "Mick ain't that Lum coming down through the orchard there?" And Pa says: "Yes, not another man in Kentucky's got the legs Lum's got. That's Lum all right. That's Jake's boy Lum. I told you he didn't soar with no damned eagles, hawks, nor buzzards. I told you Lum would be back. He's the kind of fellow that don't give a damn and he ain't afraid of death nor anything that looks like it. That's why I said Lum will get back. That's Lum shore as the world. He's just not walking as fast as he used to walk. Guess he's been used to wings and not legs." And Pa laughs. "Lum, is it your ghost?" says Pa. "Is it your sperit or is it you?"

"It's what's left," says Lum and he reaches his hand to Mom and to me.

"Where is your uniform," says Pa, "what are you wearing that old blue-drilling for when your name has been in all the papers about the things you was doing in France?"

"I'm just tired of a uniform," says Lum, "tired of seeing so many of them. Want to feel the good old clothes again." And Lum and Pa sit down on the chop-block and begin to talk.

"How did you like the war?" says Pa, "I've just been doing everything I could to get in it. But my wife and children and the years on top of me kept me out of the war."

"You ought to have been proud of that," says Lum. "It was a poor hunt. The men I hunted—well, I liked them better than the men I hunted with. I had an old crate for a plane. It was a real old dangerous buzzard—but I brought down a few with it—waved to them goodby as they zigzagged down to the earth and went up in flames. I just didn't give a damn. Would as soon died as to have lived. I escaped some way. I am here to tell the tale—much as I want to tell. How's the rabbits—let's don't talk about the war." And Cousin Lum looked into the bright blue October air—at the brown stretch of hills.

"Rabbits are plentiful," says Pa, "I've just said if you didn't get back w'y I was going to move out and let the rabbits move in. But Rags and Scout have gone to the happy hunting ground. Somebody pizened them on fried Irish-taters. Spread them all over the hills here for the hounds after somebody's killed a couple of Mort Hawkin's sheep."

Cousin Lum wipes the tears from his eyes. "And the dogs are dead," says Cousin Lum. "I hate

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to hear that. Funny me shedding tears for dogs and I never shed them for a man in France. When a man was killed we looked at him and said: 'You lucky son-of-a-bitch.' That's the way I felt about the whole war. Didn't know who you was killing—and you just didn't give a damn."

"What do you say," says Pa, "we go out and get a mess of rabbits. Are you too tired?"

"No," says Cousin Lum, "I brought my double-barrel along. I am ready to hunt with you. But you won't need any amber in your eyes to beat me now."

"Why," says Pa, "ain't you the shot you used to be, Lum?"

"No," says Cousin Lum, "I'm getting tired of shooting and killing, Uncle Mick. I have been hunted like a rabbit. I have hunted man closer than I hunt the ground for rabbits."

"Get the sack, Quinn," says Pa to me. "No need to bring a sack this time," says Cousin Lum. I leave the sack and walk along behind them. Lum does not walk like he used to walk with his giant road-scraper shoulders weaving with his body. His great arms hanging loose—his dirty broom-sage colored hair loose to the wind.

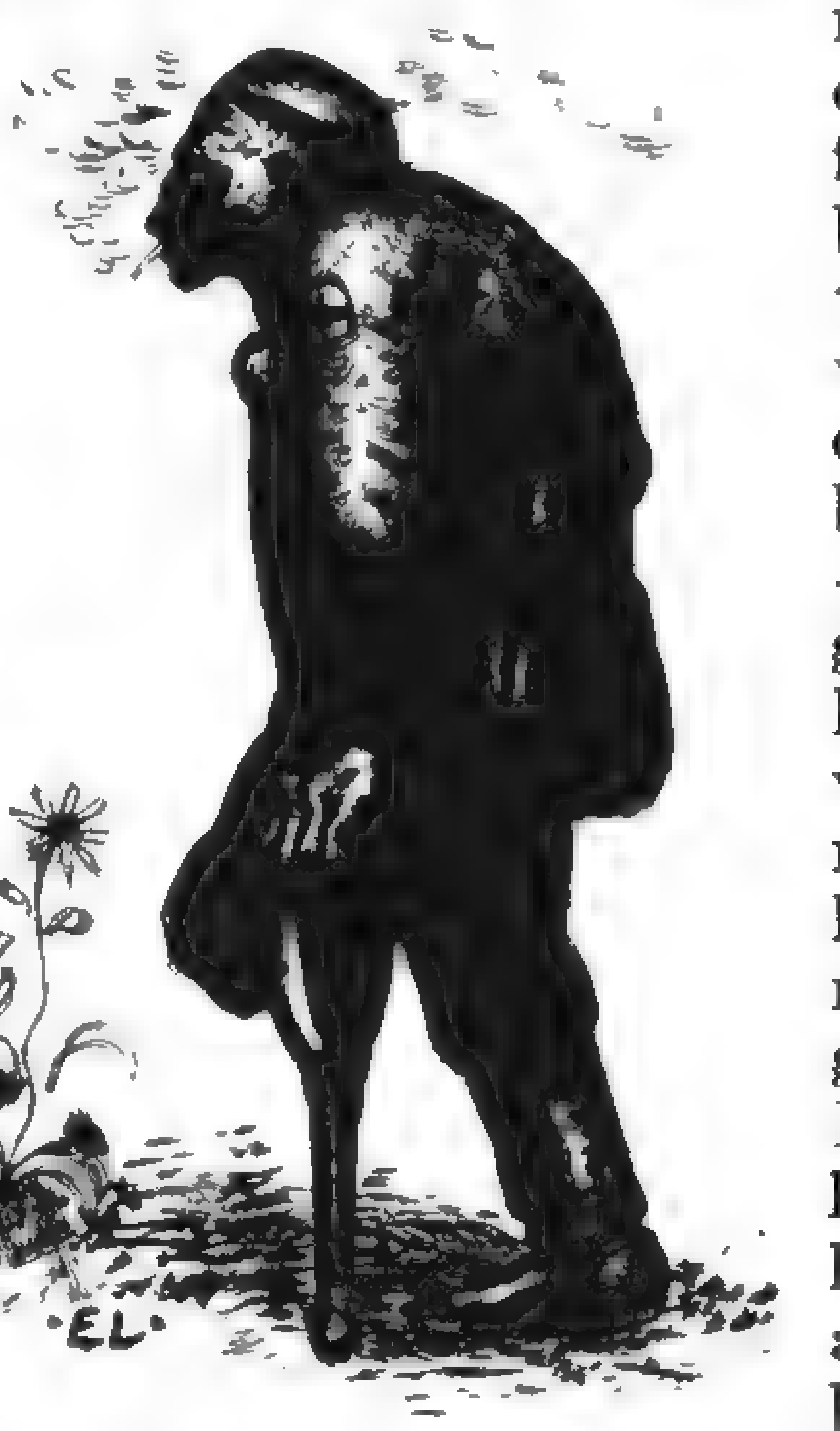
We walk over the gap out by the barn and over the rocks into the sprout pasture where there is always a crop of rabbits. "This is the very way we went the last time," says Pa.

"Yes," says Lum, "I remember old Rags hunting out that brier patch there. I remember old Scout jumping that first rabbit the dogs brought around and I got—jumped it right over there by that stump."

"Pow," and Cousin Lum walks up the hill. "Pow," and Pa walks up the hill.

"I got him this time," says Pa. "Why do you shoot from your left shoulder instead of your right? You used to shoot from your right."

"Look at my eye," says Cousin Lum. And Pa looks at his eye. He does not speak. We didn't notice it when he walked into the woodyard. He does not have an eye that furnishes sight. It is a man-made eye of glass. "Glad I got one," says Cousin Lum. "I'm not cussing about it. Lucky to get out with one good eye to get to see these old hills again. A lot luckier than a lot of poor devils who don't have any."



We walk around the hill. The wind laughs again in the briers after these few years. Maybe it laughs at the rabbits that play and man has gone. Man is not here to kill the rabbits and to hunt for sport as man has been. Man has gone this time farther away for bigger game in bigger hunting grounds. Man has gone to hunt man and so many have not returned. Cousin Lum is back but he can't hunt like he used to hunt. The wind laughs through the dead leaves—the saw brier leaves in old October hanging to the briers—still clinging to the stem of life that nourished them. Maybe the wind laughs for the dead dogs, Rags and Scout, that used to hunt these hills—maybe the wind laughs for the hundreds of dead rabbits that have been shot on these hills.

The wind laughs and laughs—maybe the wind laughs about the crazy war where Lum has been—who knows why the wind laughs. It just laughs and laughs.

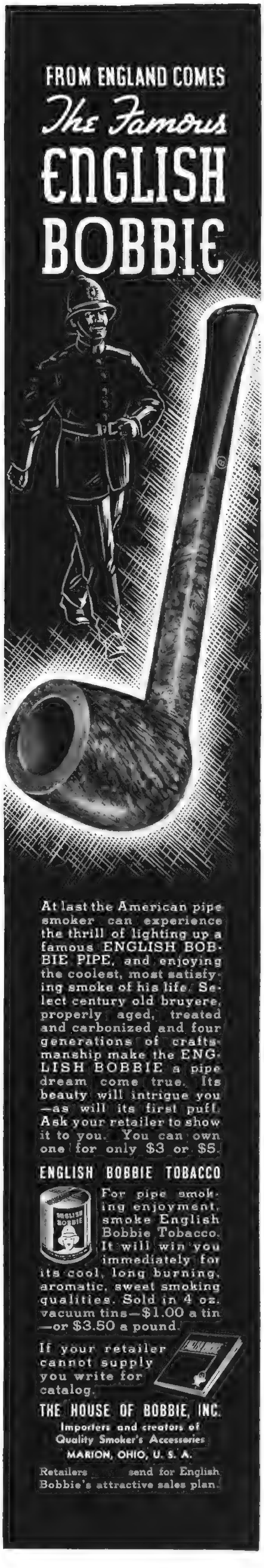
Autumn is here—October again and the wind blows and the land is lonely. The dogs are dead and Pa has been lonely. "I tell you," says Cousin Lum, "war is not what it used to be when Grandpa fought at Cold Harbor and Gettysburg. He could see the men he was shooting at. We couldn't see the men we were shooting at. We just figured out on a piece of paper about where they were and started feeding them the hot lead. We fought in the air like a bunch of buzzards—shot each other to the earth. You wouldn't have liked that war, Uncle Mick. I'm telling you you wouldn't." And Cousin Lum pitches over the hill tangled in briers. He lies there beneath the sun of October and the wind that laughs. "Lend me a helping hand, will you, Uncle?" says Cousin Lum. "I'm afraid I can't get back unless you give me a lift."

"W'y," says Pa, "what's the matter, Lum? Any bones broke?" And Pa looks down and sees one of Lum's feet has come off. "Oh, I see," says Pa, "yes I see."

"I just lost that one," says Cousin Lum, "honest I did, Uncle Mick. Just lost that foot. Lost the toes off the other one but not my whole foot. I am so tall you know it's hard for me to hold my balance on one-half of one foot where I've been used to two good feet when I hunted over this hill before with you—with two good dogs that have gone where one of my feet and half of one of my feet have gone." Cousin Lum tries to laugh and him lying down among the briers—the sun beaming down on him from the October sky.

The wind laughing in the briers above his ears. Maybe he cannot hear as well as he used to hear after the thunder of guns. He wouldn't tell us if he could

Continued at top of page 206



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The War and Cousin Lum

Continued from pages 37-201-203-205

not. Pa sheds tears. He lifts Cousin Lum from the briers. Pa is a little man and he has a big load to lift big Cousin Lum back up the hill.

"Wait till I get my foot back on," says Cousin Lum, "then I'll be ready. We got to take it a little slower, Uncle Mick. I can't get around like I used to get around, remember." And we walk through the dead grass, the briers, the autumn sprouts on a Kentucky hill where the frosts of autumn have changed the color from the green of summer to the brown, gold, yellow, light-yellow and the rabbit-blood red sourwood leaves of old October. "To tell you the truth," says Cousin Lum, "I've never been discharged from the army yet. I walked out too soon. Guess they'll get me. I don't care. When I got to this side—I thought of the ripe rabbits and October here—I thought of you, Uncle Mick and I wanted to come back to these hills and hunt. So, I just walked out like I walked out and left you the last time without saying good-by. If they want me they can have me—all that is left of the real me. I just left six days too soon. Don't think they are going to raise much stink about that. They have my war record. Never deserted in time of battle. They'll tell you that. And I never was shot in the heel." And Cousin Lum smiles a little. He does not laugh now and Pa does not laugh.

"You can stay here with us," says Pa, "until they find you. I'll harbor you Lum. You know I'm glad to see you back even with just one eye and a half of one foot. Better than not having any eye or no foot at all."

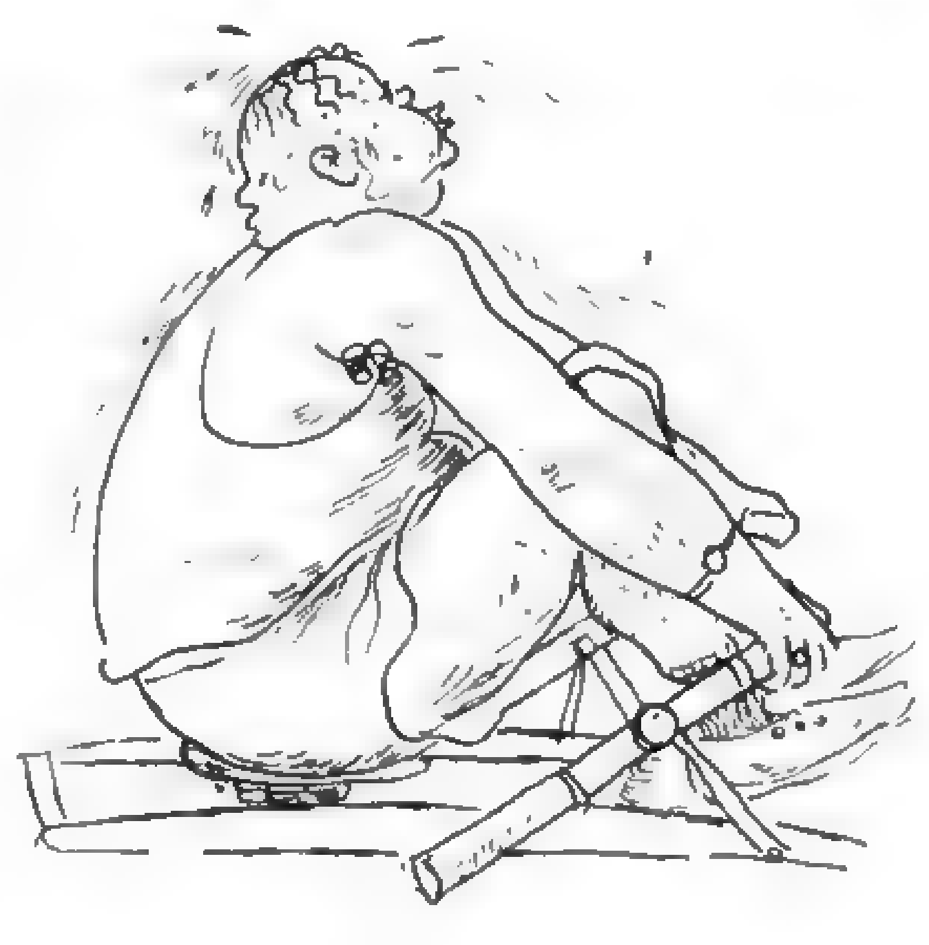
The sun of October burns red on the sassafras sprouts and on the dust of the Powderjay dead and the Powderjay living. There is Powderjay dust at Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, Bull Run—and there is Powderjay dust sleeping in old Virginia, North Carolina and plenty of it in the hills of Kentucky where the Big Sandy River winds between the high Kentucky hills and the West Virginia hills like a pied cow-snake. There is the dead and living Powderjay dust in the West Virginia hills. There is the Powderjay dust in France—dust sleeping now that the wars they have known are done. That the hills now have taken back their blood for rest—a long rest. "I'm not going back and serve that six days," says Cousin Lum, "unless we have another war." And we walk around the hill among the dead weeds and the blood-tipped sourwood sprouts. We hear the wind laugh—maybe it laughs because we have returned after these few years to hunt rabbits on the rugged slope without old Rags and Scout. ⧺

The Uses of Exercise

Continued from page 42

of the natural strong man. He really was that kind of person himself. The only muscles he ever moved habitually were those of his jaw in eating, and occasionally the opening or closing of an eyelid.

He went away once on a short vacation and returned with two tiny duodecimo volumes, one folded under each arm. He threw himself into an enormous chair and when my father asked what he did at the Springs, he said with a sigh, "Just rested, thoroughly rested."



The only time I ever saw him exert himself was when four men got stuck trying to get our neighbor's grand piano through the door. One end required two men and they and the piano were too much for the space. So Uncle Johnnie put down his *Leslie's Weekly*, left his summer porch chair, went over and took that end of the piano in personally, alone.

His illustration of the natural strong man was Ulysses and the bending of the bow. He drew a picture of the suitors after Penelope had agreed to marry the one who bent the bow of Odysseus. He pictured them working up their muscle in the gymnasium, and hiring trainers. He said for a while the lanes around Ithaca were impassable on account of the be-sweatered suitors taking their workouts and heaving large rocks around in a circle like a medicine ball.

And, after all, when the time came for the contest, none of them could bend the bow, but here came poor old tired Ulysses. He wasn't in condition at all. He was all worn out and he had been sleeping around anywhere and eating whatever came to hand. But even so, he bent the bow of Odysseus and the string twanged sweetly at his touch. It all came said my Uncle Johnnie, from being a natural strong man and not wasting his time in gymnasiums.

(P.S.—For sale or exchange, one Abercrombie & Fitch rowing machine. In mint state, hardly used; in fact, used less than if it had remained on the display floor of the store. Address author of this essay, care of ESQUIRE.) ⧺

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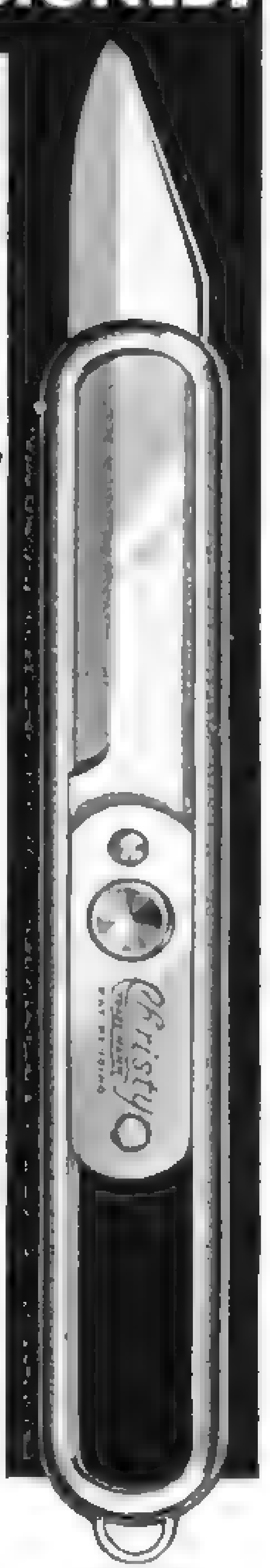

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The Old Raid Mule

Continued from page 47

thin' about this car I ain't never bothered to show nobody else. Did you ever notice them new streamlined cars the way they have to get a larrapin' start an' go bustin' up a hill in *high*? Naow right here is what I'm agoin' to show you. Yuh see I done come to a stop. Naow I'm agoin' to start right off from here and take 'er in *low!*' An' I'll be dadbobbed if he don't do it!"

"That Ben, he's a hand with a car, he is," the lanky fellow drawled.

"Ben's a hand with anything, I'll tell you," said a fellow with a necktie. "Pity he don't put his sharpness to some good."

"Did he git yuh down to Plum Valley all right, Mr. Gatemyer?"

"Yeah, he got me there all right. We goes whizzin' right on in. People is cranin' their necks worse'n if they was at the stock show an' I be dadbobbed if I don't feel right proud."

"Well, how was yore sister Millie? How'd yuh find her?"

"Oh, she was in a right bad way. Wouldn't let on though. Settin' out on the front porch fannin' herself when we rolled up. Millie always did have a terrible time with the heat. She peers out an' says, 'What you doin' here, Thatch? Musta heared 'boutn Clatterbaugh gettin' the job on the cars an' come to borry more money. Wail, yuh might as wail git along on back whur yuh come from—Clatterbaugh ain't got none to spare.'

"Wail, I starts right on back out towards the car but Ben grabs hold of my arm an' whispers as pious as a preacher, 'Naow don't let yer temper get the better of yuh. Remember pore Miss Millie is outa 'er head an' near onto death sick with the ravin's.'

"So I says, 'Naow jest you lissen here, Millie. You hold yer tongue. I didn't come here to borry none of Clatterbaugh's money er nothin' else you or him has got. I don't reckon I be needin' to ask you fer anythin'—'

" 'Nao sir, Miss Millie,' Ben cuts in, 'Mr. Gatemyer don't need to be askin' you nor nobody else fer nothin', do you, Mr. Gatemyer? You see that air car out there he driv up in, don't yuh Miss Millie?'

" 'Is that air yore car, Thatch Gatemyer?' she says snappy as a turtle.

" 'Wail,' I says, 'I ain't asayin'.'

" 'Yessir,' says Ben, 'supprisin' how Mr. Gatemyer's gittin' up in the world. It's the talk of everybody round Deer Meadow. He's jest too plumb modest to tell yuh about it.'

" 'Wail,' says Millie, 'ifn Thatch Gatemyer is gittin' up in the world I reckon it's gittin' 'bout resurrection time. How'd you come by that air car, Thatch?'

"I jest sets there stobbin' at the porch with my knife blade. 'I ain't asayin',' I says.

"Millie looks at Ben powerful sharp an' says, 'What's yore name?'

"Ben's mouth flys open wide 'nough to put a full-grown putater in it an' he jest says, 'Why Miss Millie!'

"Millie says, 'Don't set there asayin' why Miss Millie like a idjit. What's yore name?'

"Ben kinda drops his haid an' says, 'Why I'm Ben—Ben Coles. Never thought you'd afergot me, Miss Millie.'

" 'Hump,' says Millie in that sharp way of hern, 'didn't know any of the Coleses was named Ben. Thought they all had Bible names.' Then she turns 'round to me an' says, 'What you come pokin' daown here to Plum Valley fer anyways? Never seen yuh in my life you wasn't atter somethin' somebody else has an' you was a wantin' to git.'

"I says, 'Wail, I guess that's what a man gits fer tryin' to do the right thing by his own kin. I jest come daown here to visit with yuh afore yuh passes on seein' as haow you was asick with the ravin's. Guess I'll be gittin' on along naow an' go on back an' feed ole Raidy.'

"Millie snorts like a stuck haog an' says, 'I ain't asick with the ravin's an' I ain't asick with anything else. An' I ain't aimin' to be.'

"So we jest goes on out an' drives off leavin' Millie settin' there rockin' an' fannin' herself an' all blowed up like a toad.

"We don't hardly git out onto the Pike when Ben starts to bresh at his eyes with his sleeves and says, 'Jest can't git my mind off pore Miss Millie.' I says, 'Wail, she don't 'pear so powerful sick to me; she's jest uppity since Clatterbaugh has got hisself the job on the cars.' 'Nao,' says Ben, 'tain't that. She's jest natcherally near onto death sick with the ravin's. Only she don't know it. Jest can't git over her not r'membern me—cuts me all up insides.'

"I says, 'Come to reckon back on it she shore did 'pear pale 'round the gills at that.'

" 'Yessir,' says Ben, 'pale as a flour barl. Powerful hot too. Notice how she was afannin' herself? Yessir, once a woman gits asick with the ravin's they don't never git over it. Not once in ten thousand times do they. Don't reckon she'll last mor'n a week at the outside.'

" 'Ain't they no cure atall fer them, Ben?' I says.

" 'Nao,' says Ben, 'ain't never no cure been found atall.' Then he sighs an' says, 'You know, Mr. Gatemyer, I'm powerful worried about somethin'.' An' I never seen a man look as downcast as Ben was. 'I'm jest distressed in my mind,' Ben says, ' 'bout how yore goin' to git that tribe of datters of yore's down to Plum Valley fer the funeral. Yuh kinda let on to Miss Millie like you was gittin' up in the world an' had a car an' all an' they ain't a doubt but what she'll brag to Clatterbaugh

Continued on page 208

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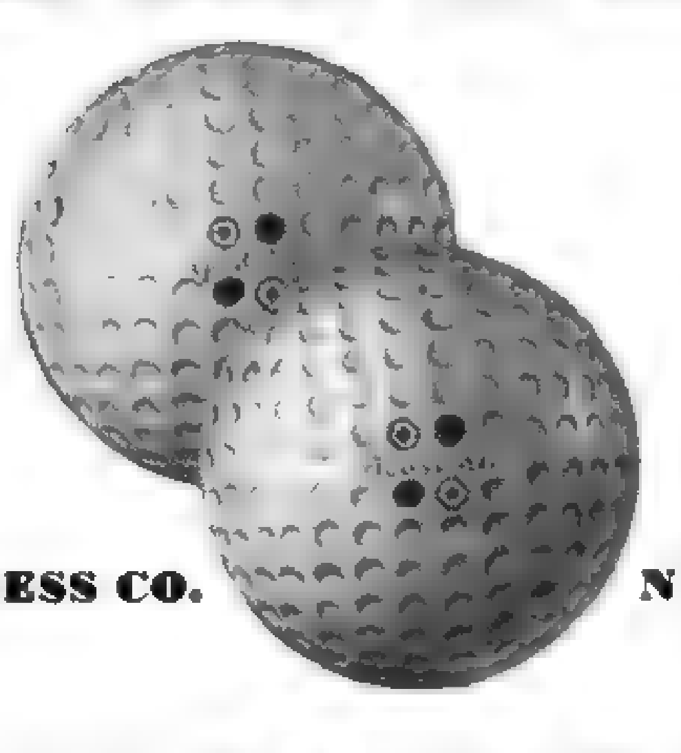

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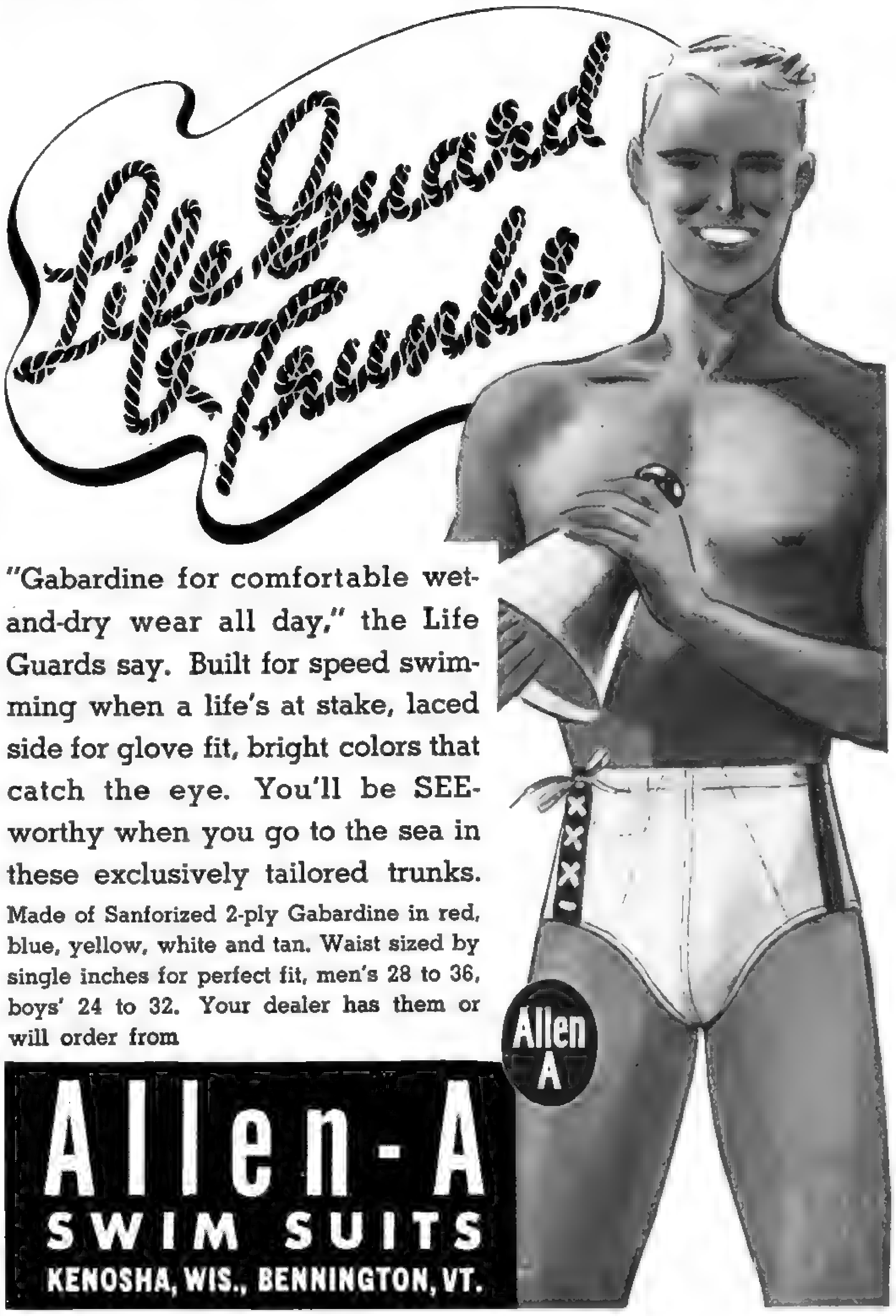

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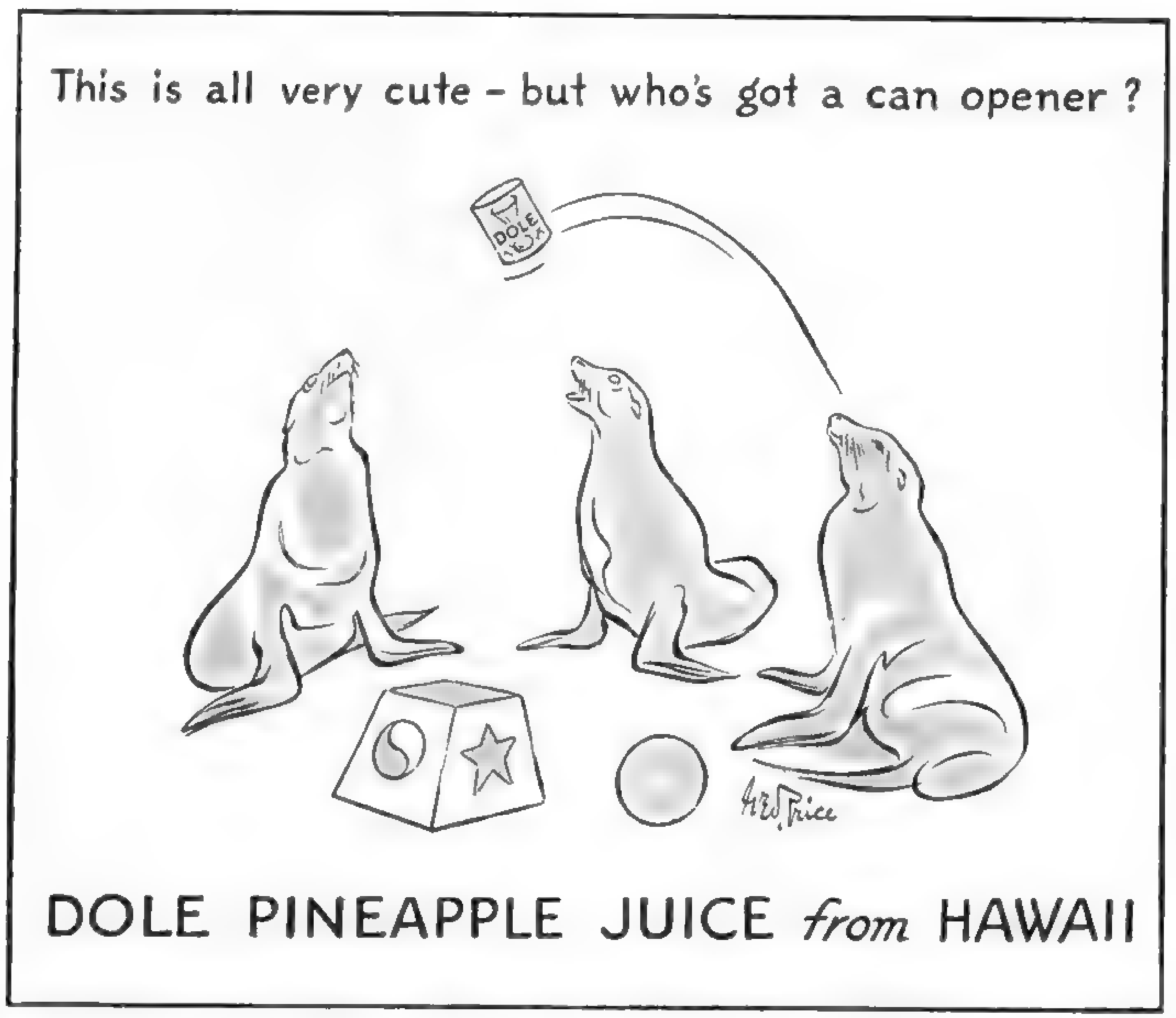

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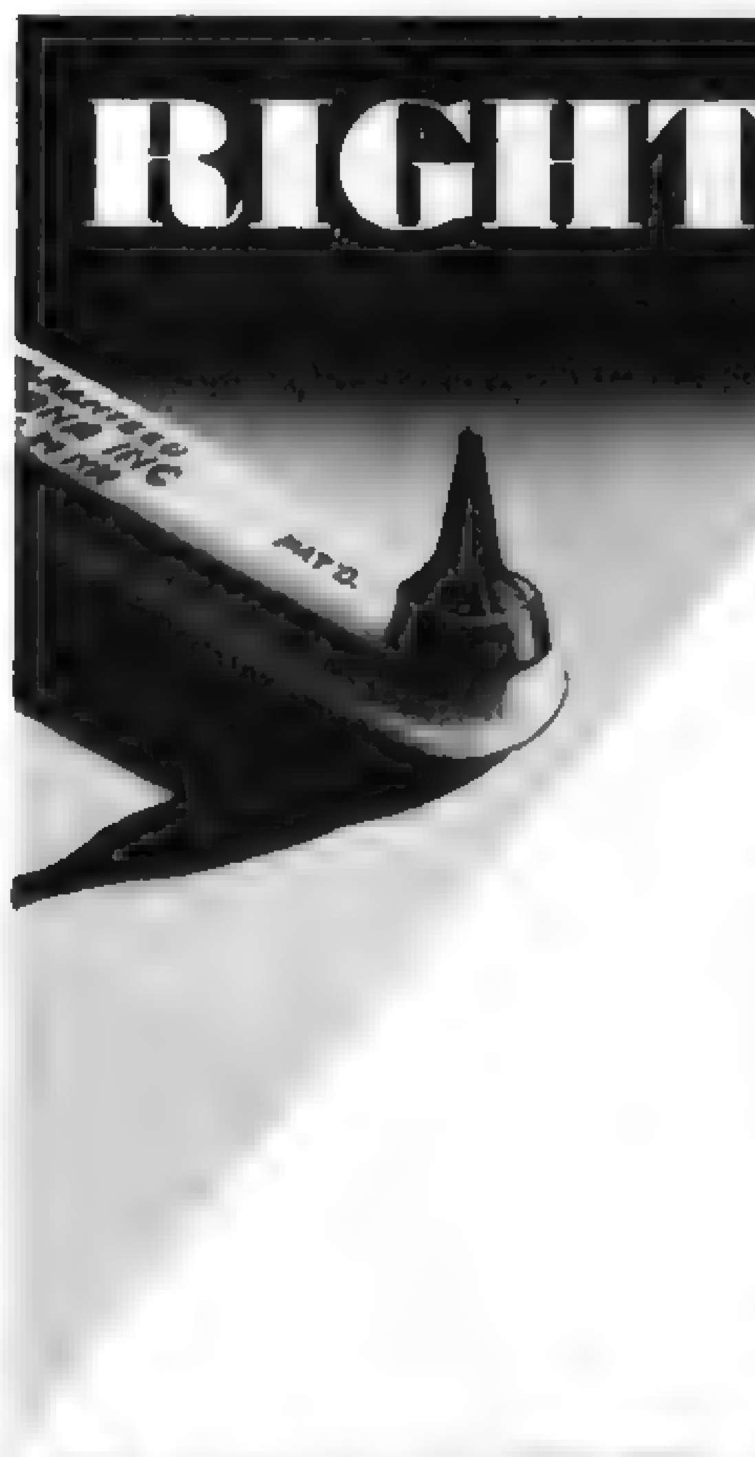

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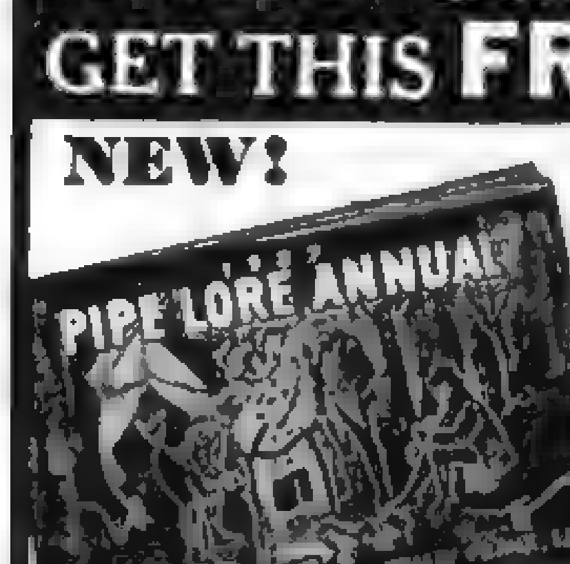

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The Old Raid Mule

Continued from pages 47-207

on it an' it shore would make you feel small to go *walkin'* up to Clatterbaugh's fer the funeral with all that tribe of datters trailin' along behind. Tain't possible fer all of you to ride on that ole raid mule neither. Shore would be a sight fer one or two of yore datters to come ridin' up to Clatterbaugh's an' all the rest of them trailin' along on foot. Shore do wish I had some way of helpin' yuh out.'

"Wail, to make a long story short I ups an' trades Ben my ole raid mule fer that ole rattletrap of a ortomobile. He hems an' haws fer a long time, sayin' as how he's might near built that ortomobile hisself an' how he's powerful proud of it an' all, but finally says, 'Wail, it purty near breaks my heart to do it, but I'll swop yuh. Wouldn't do it though 'less it was to help yuh out in some kinda sadness like this.' "

Gatemyer went to the door and squinted at the sun.

"A man shore is powerful low an' full of mean sharpness to swop with a man thet way," someone said. "Betcha that ole rattletrap wouldn't run an' you had to walk to the funeral after all, didn't you, Mr. Gatemyer?"

"Nao," Gatemyer said, going over and picking up the gun, " 'twarn't that. The old ortomobile will run purty wail. Air leaked out of the tire on one of the back wheels. But she'll make out. That ain't the way Ben skunt me. I jest ain't got no place to go in it."

"Well, I guess you got to go to the funeral in it, didn't you, Mr. Gatemyer?"

Gatemyer gave his peevish mimic again. "Funeral! They wasn't no funeral. Loosh Wade come along agin today an' tells me he guesses he was wrong 'bout Sister Millie. Says 'twas some other woman named Millie. Wife of a newcomer named Hudgins. Hadn't been in Plum Valley more'n three, four year.

"So when Loosh tells me Millie ain't bad sick, I gits mad 'nough to bite a ten-penny nail in two. I says to myself, 'Betcha that Ben knowed all along they wasn't goin' to be no funeral. Be dadbobbed if that haound ain't skunt me agin.' "

Gatemyer put the gun under his arm and started out the door. "Wail, guess I'll be gittin' on up the road an' kill me a Coles 'fore the sun rests. Guess I'll git to take my datters to *somebuddy's* funeral."

The crowd filed out of the store as Gatemyer sprang down off the porch and clumped up toward Ben Coles' tar-papered shanty in easy view a half-mile up the road.

"Old Gatemyer shore is a caution if there ever was one."

"Yeah, but ain't that Ben a case to take 'vantage of the old man like that? The old man ain't got no more 'n good sense noways."

"That Ben oughta be shot."

"Guess maybe that's what he's goin' to be 'fore long."

"Old man's got good 'nough sense fer *that*, anyways!"

They watched Gatemyer cross the bridge, reach the shanty, wheel and enter with the gun at his shoulder.

"Betcha old Ben is prayin' now."

"Betcha his voice is ringin' out louder 'n it ever rung out in the choir."

The speculation ran on, became torpid. The sun took a last look at the burned meadows of the valley before hiding behind Hankey Knob.

Finally they saw Gatemyer backing out of Ben's shanty, lugging an object too big for him to handle.

"There he comes now!"

"What's that he's got on his back?"

"What you reckon it is—that's *Ben!*"

"Old Ben's done done his last skinnin'."

"Yessir, the old man's done fixed Ben."

"Couldn'ta. They wasn't no shot."

"Guess he musta stobbed 'im."

"Don't look like Ben he's carryin' to me. You got turkey-huntin' eyes, Mr. Rhea, what's that the old man's carryin'?"

"Looks like a big long box of some kind. Looks kinda lika a coffin from here."

"Shore as yore born that's what it is. The old man's done fixed Ben and's totin' him along in a coffin."

"Where you reckon Ben got a coffin?"

"Where'd Ben git *anything?* Picked it up at a sale somewheres I guess."

"Shore was handy to have it when the old man stobbed him."

Gatemyer came plodding stolidly down the road, struggling under the burden.

"Don't look zactly like a coffin to me. Ain't hardly long enough."

"No that ain't *near* long enough to be a coffin. Can't say I ever saw anything exactly like that before."

The lanky fellow got to his feet.

"Hey there, Mr. Gatemyer," he called, "reckon you could stand one more bottle of strawberry 'fore you gits on home and slops yore pigs?"

Gatemyer left the road, staggered through the crowd and entered the store with his box as someone held the screen door aside for him. He managed to set the box on end against the counter and stepped back wagging his head. "Haow you like the looks of *that* fer a real old-timey grandpa clock?" he asked.

"Does she run?"

"Acourse she runs. See how she's a tickin', don't you?"

"She's tickin' all right. Kinda slow though."

"How'd you come to get the clock, Mr. Gatemyer?"

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"Wail, I goes on up to Ben's shanty and shoves my gun in the door an' there's Ben sittin' there rockin' away. Ben says, 'Good evenin', Mr. Gatemyer, come on in. Glad to see you—bin thinkin' about yuh all day long.' I says, 'Wail, Ben, guess yore thinkin' days is 'bout over—I come up to shoot you.'

" 'Wail,' Ben says, 'come on in an' set a spell first. Got somethin' here I want to show you anyways.' 'What's that?' I says, easing my gun down.

" 'It's a real, genuwine old-timey grandpa clock. Don't never see a clock like thisn no more these days.' An' he keeps rockin' away."

"Ben shore was doin' a lot of rockin'. Never heared of Ben settin' an' rockin' before."

"Wail, guess his laig was a hurtin' 'im. I says, 'Ben, is that a real, genuwine old-timey grandpa clock?'

"He says, 'Yessirree, a real genuwine old-timey one. Wouldn't part with that clock fer love ner money.'

"An' he keeps right on rockin' an' I keeps right on jobbin' at the floor with my knife. I jest pertended I didn't have no more interest in that clock then in a wart on a dog's back.

"So I says, 'Wail, Ben, guess I'll be a shootin' yuh now an' git on back up the holler an' slop my pigs.'

"Ben keeps right on rockin' an' says, 'Wail, Mr. Gatemyer, tell yuh the Gospel truth I'm kinda glad yuh are a goin' to shoot me. I guess I been kind of a mean skunk in my life an' it's been preyin' on my mind lately. I guess maybe Deer Meadow would be a better off place if I was underground.'

" 'Wail, Ben,' I says, 'that's jest where I aims to prepare yuh fer.' Ben keeps on a rockin'. He—"

"Ben shore was doin' a lot of rockin'."

"Guess his laig was a hurtin' him I tole yuh. Anyways Ben says, 'But afore yuh shoot me, Mr. Gatemyer, they's jest one thing I'd like to have you do fer me to put my mind at peace with the world.'

" 'Wail, Ben,' I says, considerin' fer a minute, 'what's that?'

" 'Wail,' Ben says, 'I kinda played a sharp trick on you an' I don't believe my soul'll let me rest peaceful underground if I don't do somethin' to make up fer it.

"Now, Mr. Gatemyer, I prize that there clock above anything else I got in the world. An' I'd like fer you to have it. I'd rather fer you to have that clock to remember me by than anybody else in the world. So you jest go along an' take it. A course I'd have to have jest a little somethin' fer it. Jest any kind of a little trinket like.'

" 'Ben,' I says, 'that shore is kind of yuh. But I ain't got nothin' with me that can be swopped.'

" 'Aw,' says Ben, 'jest any kind of a little trinket. Why I'd even take that there ole rusty gun of yourn.'

"He shore was feelin' low an' contrite when he talked like that. I says, 'Be dadbobbed, Ben, if it ain't a trade.'

" 'All right,' Ben says, reachin' out his hand an' still rockin' away, 'hand her over an' take the clock on along with yuh.'

" 'Nao,' I says, 'goin' to shoot yuh first.'

"Ben shakes his head an' says, 'Nao, won't 'low no shootin' with my gun. Might bust it. Want to git her in good shootin' order afore she is shot. I'll tell yuh what I'll do though,' he says, 'I'll git word to yuh when I got 'er in good shootin' order.'

"Wail, it's gittin' kind of late to do me a killin' anyways an' so I hands over the ole rusty gun afore Ben goes back on his bargain."

Gatemyer stood back admiring the clock. "Lissen at 'er tick!"

"Seems to be kinda slowin' up a little," someone said.

"Slowin' up!" another said, "She ain't slowin' up—she's done *stopped!*"

Gatemyer snorted. "Stopped! Can't be. She was tickin' wail 'nough up to Ben's shanty an' all the way down heres."

The crowd surged up to the clock, gaped, began to inspect.

"This here's the funniest grandpa clock I ever laid eyes on. She's done sprouted a tail." The fellow with the necktie held up a long piece of cord previously unnoticed.

"That ain't no tail. That's plain old binder twine."

"Wonder what she's hitched to?"

"Hitched to somethin' inside. Open 'er up, Mr. Gatemyer, an' see what she's hitched to."

Gatemyer purpled in fury and incredulity. "Wail, don't know why she shoulda quit tickin'. She was tickin' wail 'nough comin' down the road. I could hear 'er."

"Pr'bably 'cause you was jostlin' 'er."

Someone flung open the door, began to peer, feel around inside.

"Look here, this binder twine's hitched right around the ticker. She's plumb stopped now though."

"She was tickin' wail 'nough up to Ben's shanty," Gatemyer wailed.

The lanky fellow picked up the loose end of the twine. "Look here," he drawled, "this end's still all curled up where she's been hitched around somethin'." He puzzled over the twine. "Well, I'll swan," he said. "You know what that haound Ben done, Mr. Gatemyer? It's plain as day. He had that air twine hitched around that rockin' chair of his. That's what he was doin' all that anxious rockin' about. He was a doin' it to make this old grandpa clock tick!"

Gatemyer leaped ceilingward, spun like a jumping jack. "Be dadbobbed!" he screeched, "That confaund haound! Where at's my gun?" #

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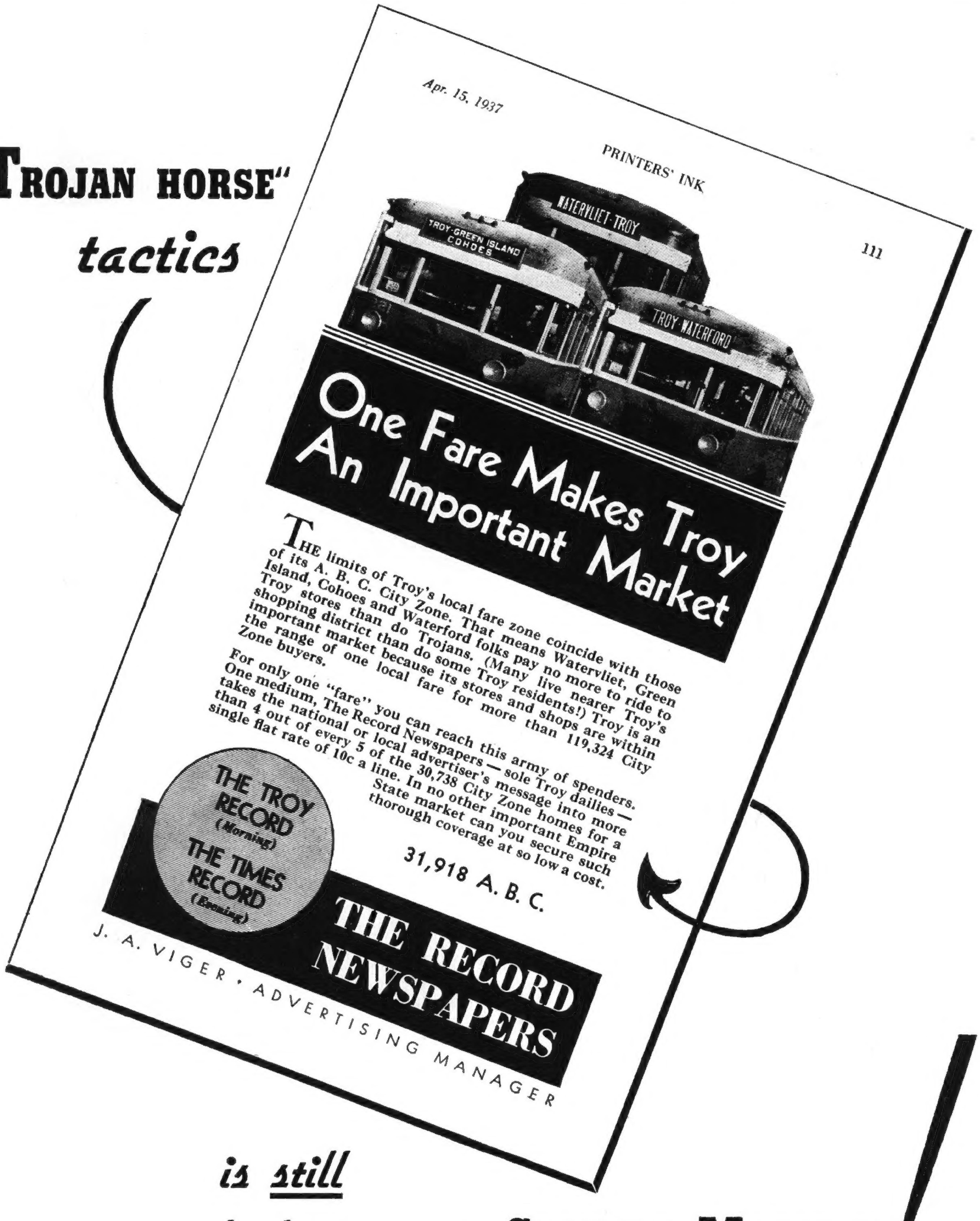
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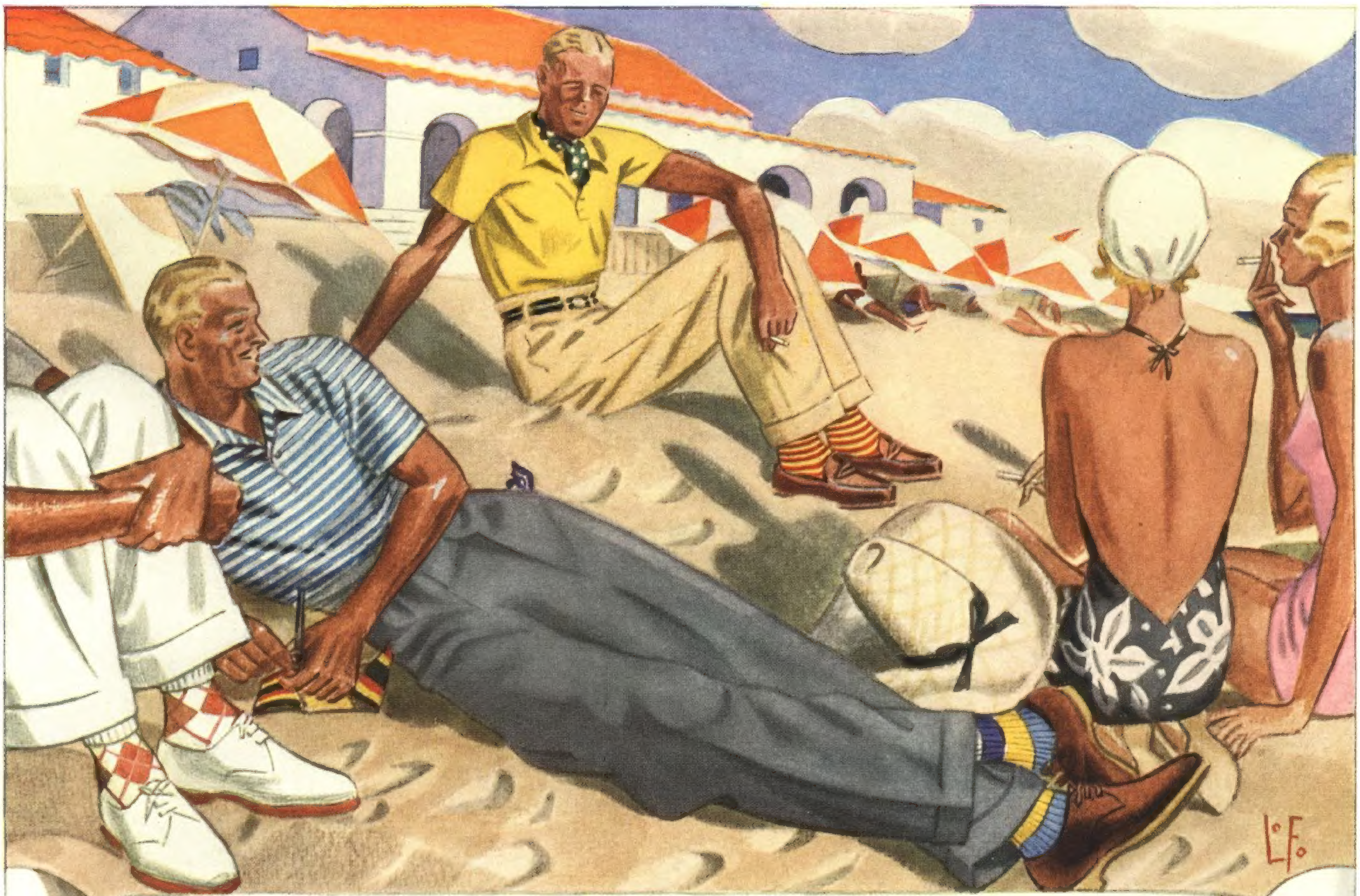

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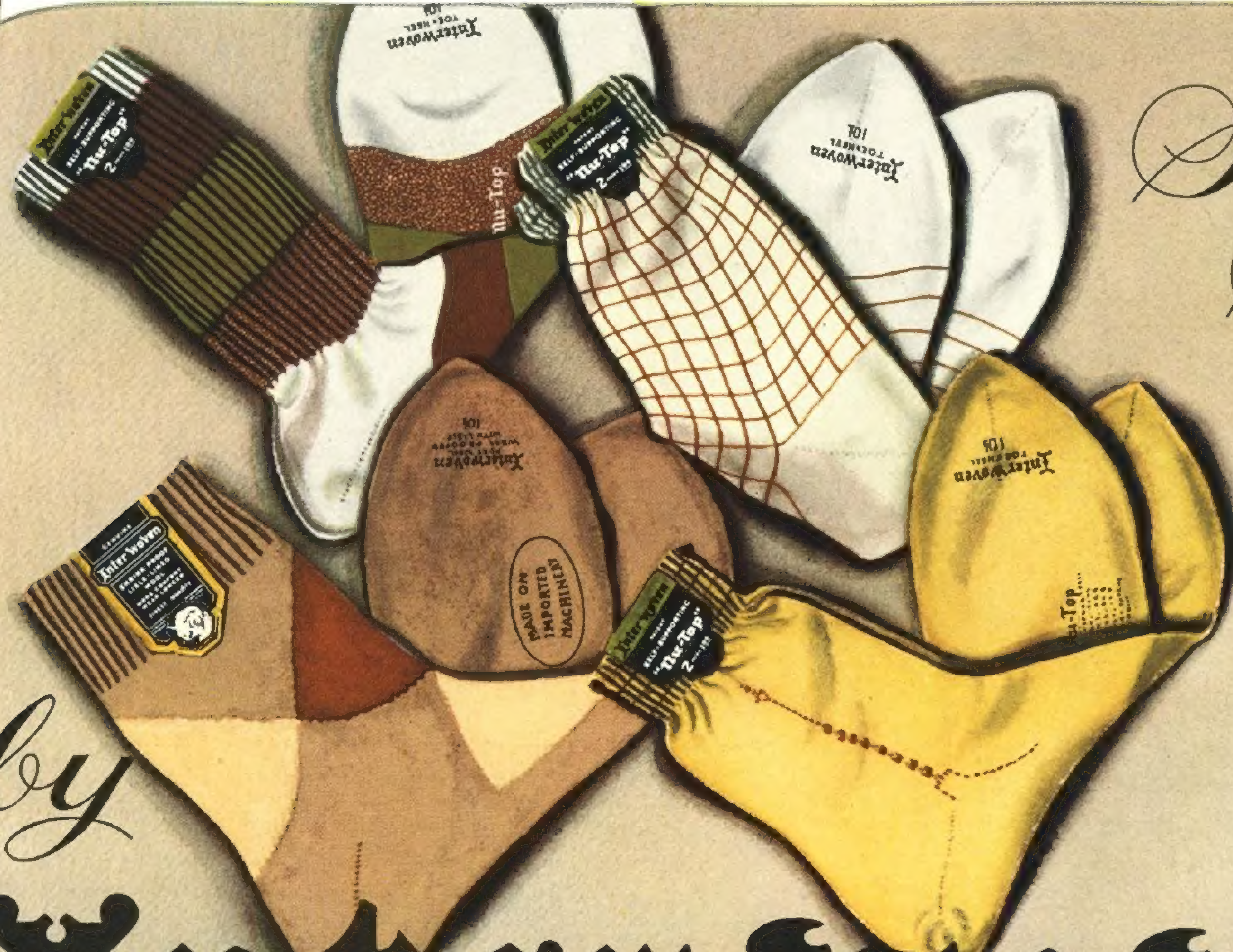
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